

WONDERFUL JESUS
AND
OTHER SONGS.

Mrs Henry L. Yost

1421 Argonne Drive
Stockton, Calif.

WONDERFUL JESUS AND OTHER SONGS

Used Exclusively in the
GIPSY SMITH CAMPAIGNS

A Splendid Collection of Useful Gospel
Songs for the Church, the Sun-
day School, the Home, and
Evangelistic Campaigns

Compiled by
GIPSY SMITH

Music Editor
E. EDWIN YOUNG, Mus.B.

PRICES

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FOREWORD

THE singing of these songs has resulted in the salvation of many, and in the spiritual uplift of many more.

So great has been the demand for these songs, I have decided, with the full permission and blessing of the owners and writers, to publish them in this form, that they who wish to have them in their own homes and sing them with their families around their own fires, thus bringing back the memory of the day when through the vehicle of words and music they saw Jesus with a new vision and felt their hearts strangely moved to a new consecration, may again renew their covenant.

GIPSY SMITH

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

We tender our hearty thanks to the several owners of copyrights who have allowed us to use their songs. In fairness to them and to ourselves we say that no copyright in this book can be used without the permission of the respective owners.

GIPSY SMITH

E. EDWIN YOUNG

No. 1.

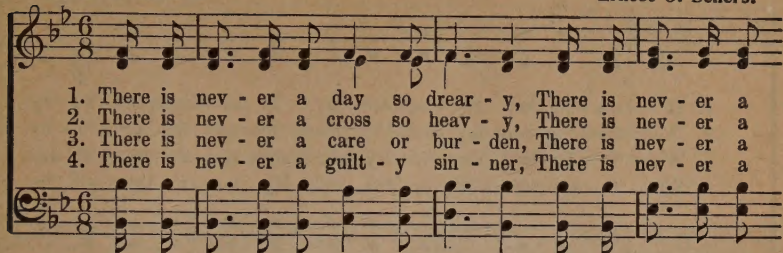
Wonderful Jesus!

(The Gipsy Smith Campaign Song.)

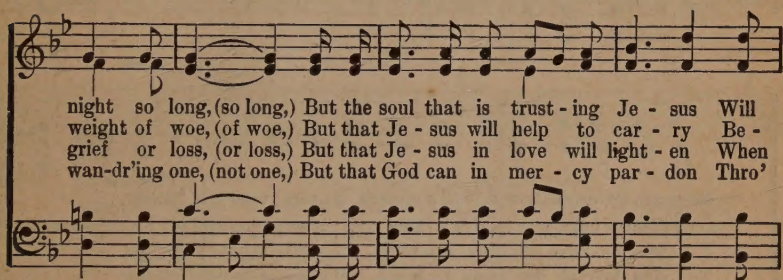
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Annie B. Russell.

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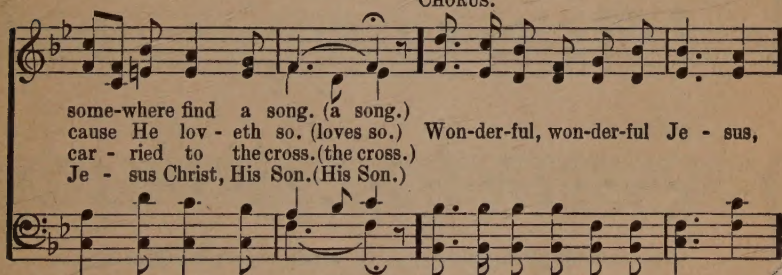


1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a
 3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a
 4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a

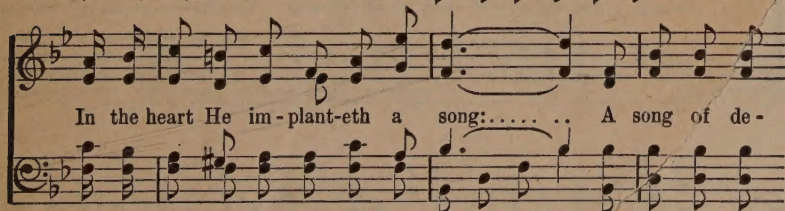


night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus Will
 weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be -
 grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
 wan-dr'ing one, (not one,) But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thro'

CHORUS.

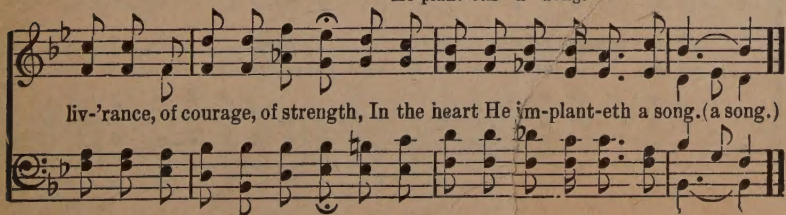


some-where find a song. (a song.)
 cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,
 car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)
 Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)



In the heart He im - plant - eth a song:..... A song of de -

He plant - eth a song:



liv - 'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im - plant - eth a song. (a song.)

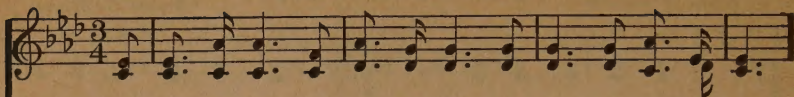
No. 2.

Grace, Enough for Me.

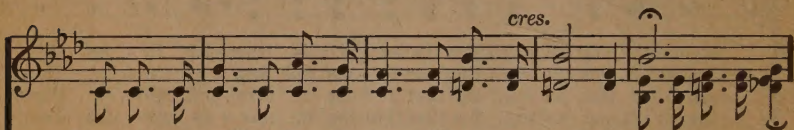
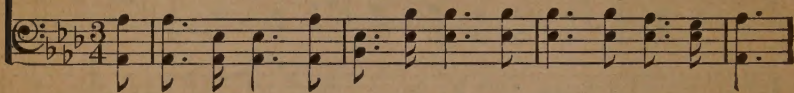
E. O. E.

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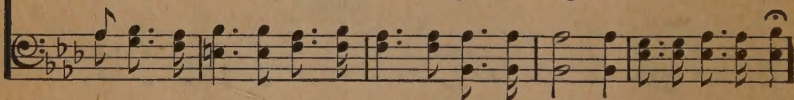
E. O. Excell.



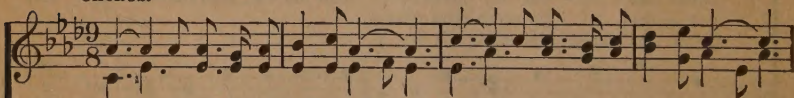
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand - ing there, my trem - bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,



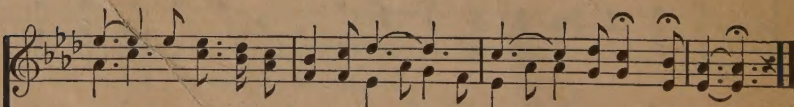
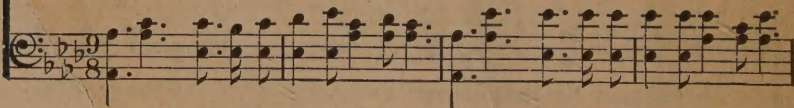
Be - neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e - nough for me.
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e - nough for me. (enough for me.)
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e - nough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e - nough for me.



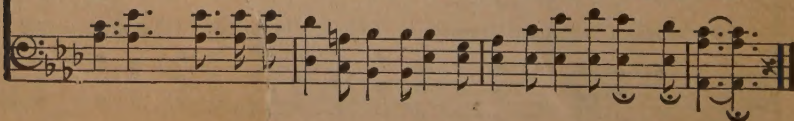
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . . .
 Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va - ry for me, Grace as fath - om - less as the roll - ing sea,



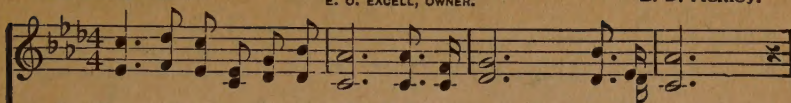
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, e - nough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A - bun - dant grace I see, e - nough for me.



Ina Duley Ogdon.

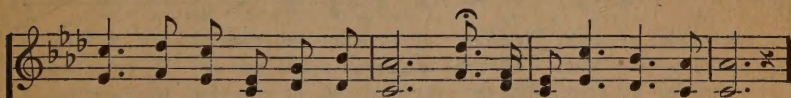
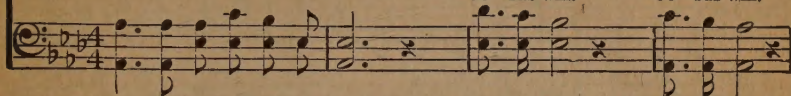
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B. D. Ackley.

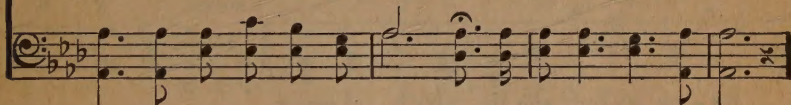


- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1. Who will o - pen mercy's door? Je - sus will! | Je - sus will! |
| 2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! | Je - sus will! |
| 3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! | Je - sus will! |
| 4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! | Je - sus will! |

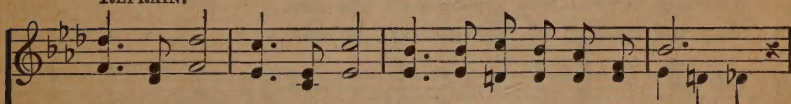
Je - sus will! Je - sus will!



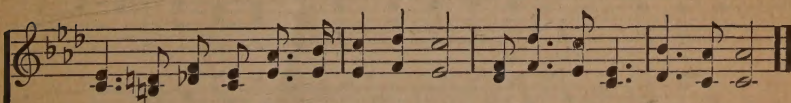
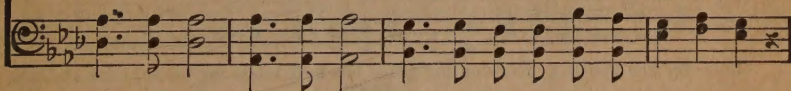
As for par - don I im - plore?	Je - sus, bless - ed	Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with - out, with - in?	Je - sus, bless - ed	Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears?	Je - sus, bless - ed	Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end?	Je - sus, bless - ed	Je - sus will!



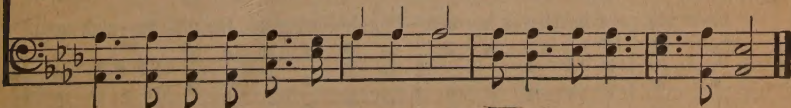
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;	sure - ly will;
--	-----------------



He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!
--



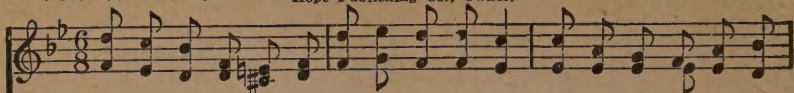
No. 4.

Pardoning Grace.

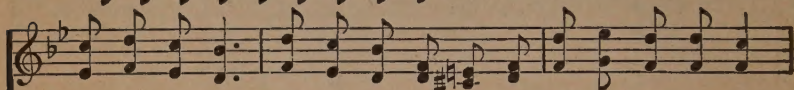
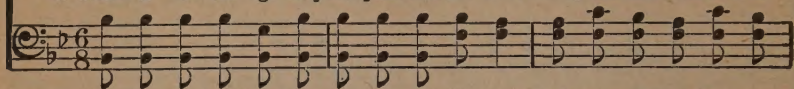
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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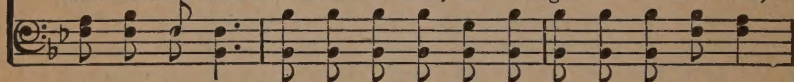
B. D. Ackley.



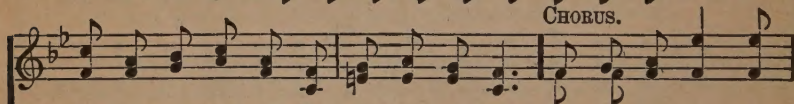
1. Sweet-er than all is the love of the Sav-ior, Dear-er by far than earth's
2. Won-der-ful tho't! how it fills me with sing-ing! Je-sus has spo-ken, His
3. I am con-tent, for I know He is near me, Keep-ing me pure by His
4. There is a ref-uge be-yond pain and sor-row! When He shall call me to



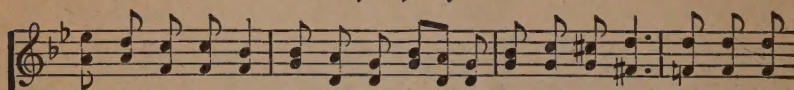
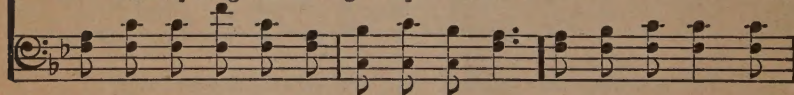
jew - els so rare, Flood-ing my soul by the grace of His fa - vor,
word is di - vine; I can re-joice, for His mer - cy is bring-ing
won-der-ful grace, Whis-per - ing words full of com-fort to cheer me,
dwell with Him there I shall be - hold, in a bright-er to - mor-row,



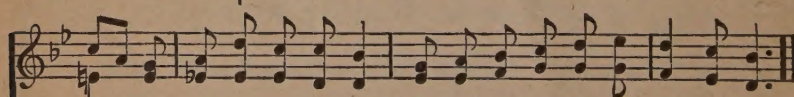
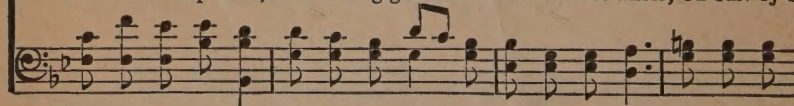
CHORUS.



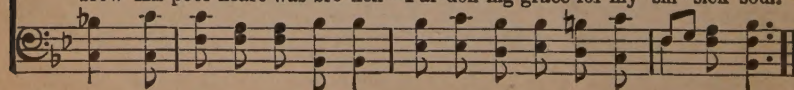
Fill - ing my heart with the spir - it of prayer.
Life that is bless - ed and sweet in - to mine. Par - don - ing grace the
Light-ing my soul with a glimpse of His face.
Je - sus my King all His glo - ry to share.



Mas - ter has spo-ken, Par-don-ing grace has now made me whole; On Calv'ry's



brow His poor heart was bro-ken—Par-don-ing grace for my sin-sick soul.



No. 5

Not Dreaming.

Gipsy Smith.

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E. Edwin Young.

1. The world says I'm dreaming, but I know 'tis Je - sus Who saves me from
 2. My home in the glo - ry is fair - er than morn - ing, And Je - sus my
 3. Oh, let me fight on... for Je - sus my Sav - iour, And tell of the

bond - age and sin's guilt - y stain; He is my Lov - er, my
 Sav - iour will wel - come me there; No, I'm not dream - ing! I'm a -
 love He so won - drous - ly gave; Preaching or sing - ing,

Sav - iour, my Mas - ter, 'Tis He who has freed me from guilt and its pain.
 wake, it is dawn - ing, His smile and His love I'll e - ter - nal - ly share.
 liv - ing or dy - ing, In life or in death He is might - y to save.

CHORUS.

Let me dream on, If I am dreaming; Let me dream on, My sins are gone;
 Let me dream on, dream on; My sins are gone;

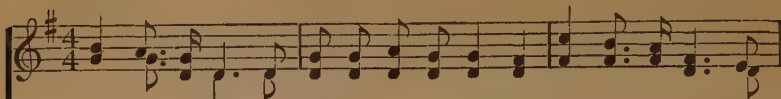
Night turns to dawn, Love's light is beaming, So if I'm dreaming, Let me dream on.
 Night turns to dawn's bright beaming, Let me dream on, dream on.

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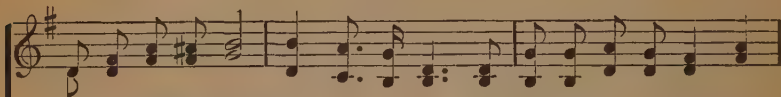
James Rowe.

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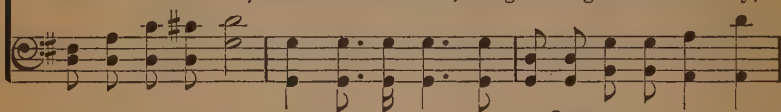
Harry Dixon Loes.



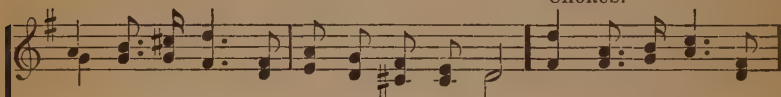
1. Joy fills my soul! in Christ I am re-joic-ing! His ev-er-more my
2. Once I was down, in ut-ter darkness grop-ing, But Je-sus came in
3. Joy fills my soul! for now I see my du-ty, My work for Him, while



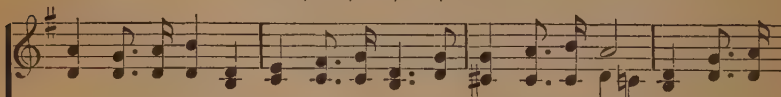
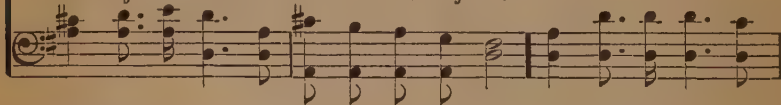
love and praise shall be; Wher-e'er I am His good-ness I am voic-ing,
 an-swer to my plea; He sat-is-fies my long-ing and my hop-ing,
 here I have to be; His ev-er-more, I'll grow in grace and beau-ty,



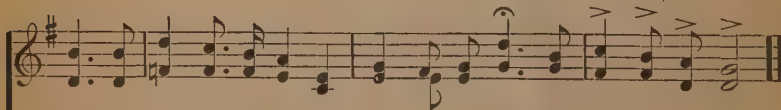
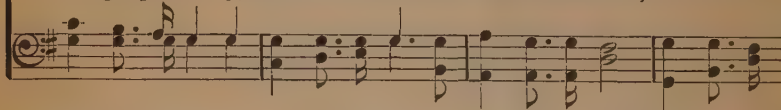
CHORUS.



For I was blind, but now His light I see!
 For, bless His name! He caused my soul to see! Once I was blind to
 That my Re-deem-er I at last may see.



love's gos-pel sto-ry, Once doubted Christ could make sinners free; Now this I



know—to God be the glo-ry!—Once I was blind, but now I can see.

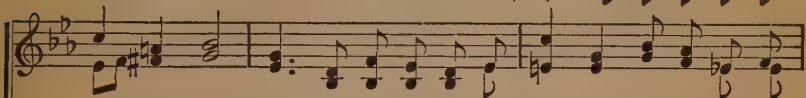


Ensign Edwin Young.

Harry E. Storrs.



1. Is your ship far out up - on life's sea? Can you nev-er-more the
2. Life will al-ways be a world of care, Till the Sav-iour is a-
3. Down from heav'nly splendor Je - sus came, Died for sin-ners on a
4. Je - sus on the cross His life - blood gave, Yet He rose vic - to - rious



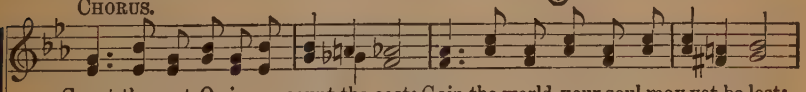
har - bor see? There is One who will your pi - lot be, And He will
bid - ing there; Then the heart will be a place of prayer, And there will
cross of shame; He was guilt-less, yet He took our blame, And by be-
o'er the grave; On - ly trust and He has pow'r to save, For there is



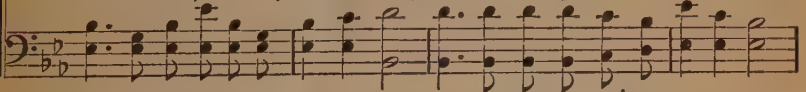
guide you safe - ly back to the shore. (to the shore.)
come in - to your soul bless - ed peace. (bless-ed peace.)
liv - ing on His name there is life. (there is life.)
par - don by the way of the cross. (of the cross.)



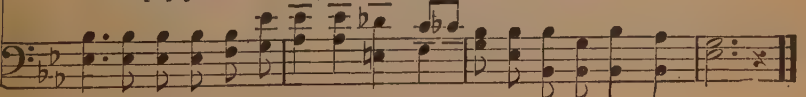
CHORUS.



Count the cost, O sinner, count the cost; Gain the world, your soul may yet be lost;



Can it pay you to be tem-pest-tossed, While Jesus waits to bless and save?



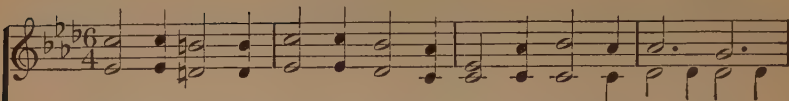
No. 8.

I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe.

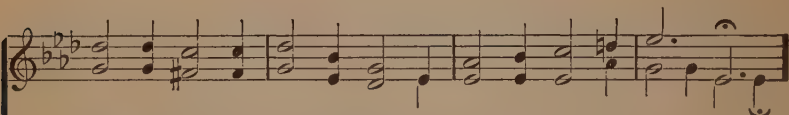
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.



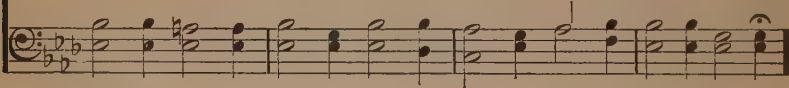
1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

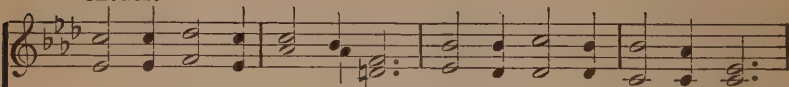


Noth - ing world - ly shall en - thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
 That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
 Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
 That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

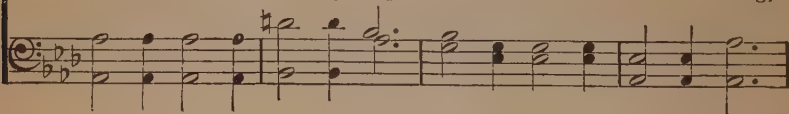
would be like Je - sus.



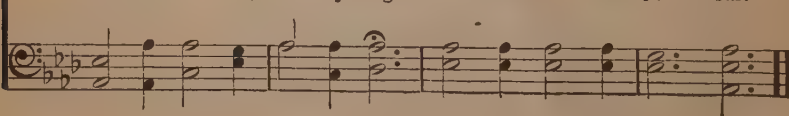
CHORUS.



Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;



Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

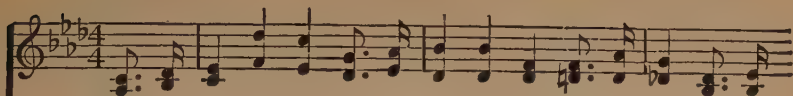


No. 9. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

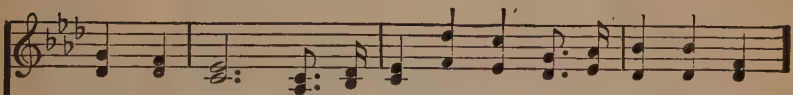
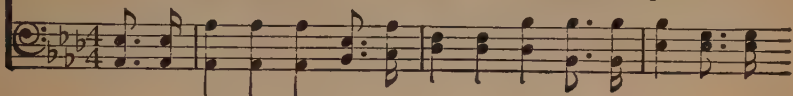
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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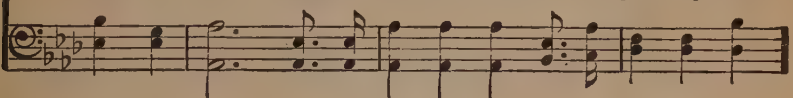
Henry P. Morton.



1. There are days so dark that I - seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of

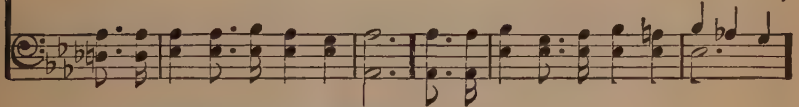


Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



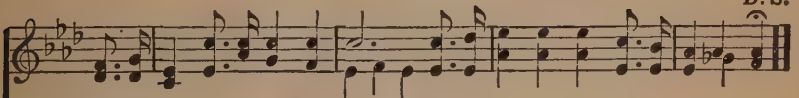
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,

on mine,

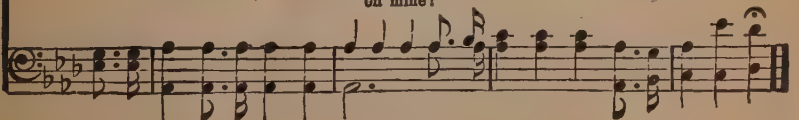


D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.



Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

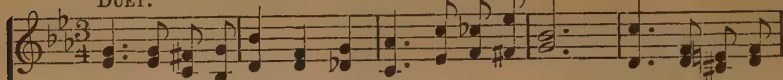


No. 10

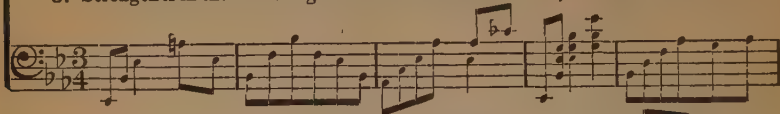
God Will Not Forget Me.

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 William M. Runyan. PRINTED IN LONDON, ENG. ON SAME DATE. Harry Dixon Loes.

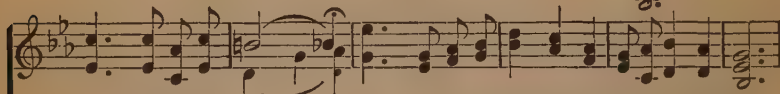
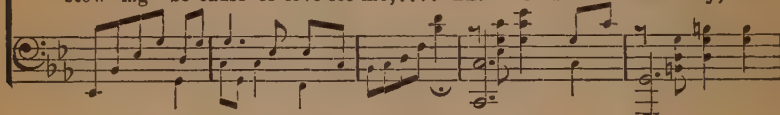
DUET.



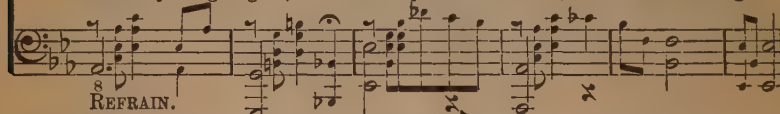
1. God will not for-get me, wher-e'er my path may lie, He will walk be-
2. Tho' a-long life's pathway I seem to walk a-lone, Tho' they seem far
3. Strength is in the know-ing that He will faith-ful be, Grace He is be-



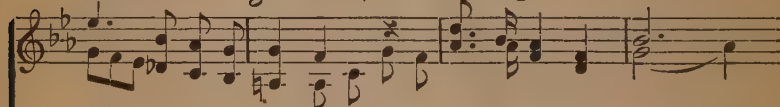
side me, my ev-'ry need sup-ply.... He, my con-stant Help-er, has
 from me whom I may call my own,... This the tho't that cheers me, lest
 stow-ing be-cause of love for me;... Tho' I be un-wor-thy, and



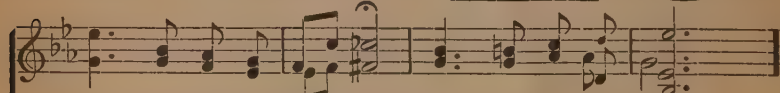
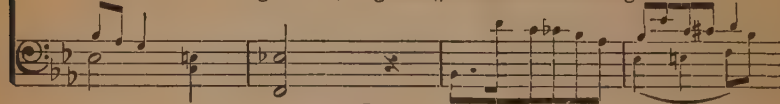
nev-er failed me yet,..... On I go, re-joic-ing that He will not forget.
 I should pine and fret,..... He will not forsake me, and He will not forget.
 faults may bring re-gret, Still my God doth love me, and He will not forget.



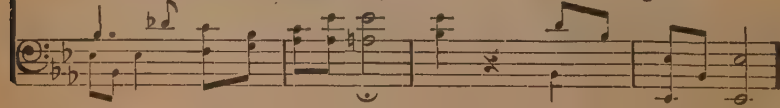
REFRAIN.



God will not for-get me,(for-get me,)He will not for-get:.....



This the tho't that cheers me,— God will not for-get.



No. 11. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

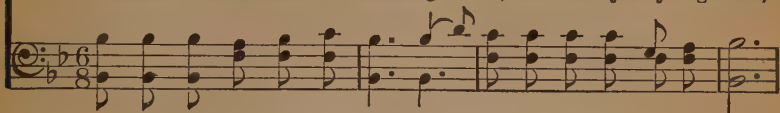
El Nathan.

Copyright, 1893, 1910, by Charles M. Alexander.
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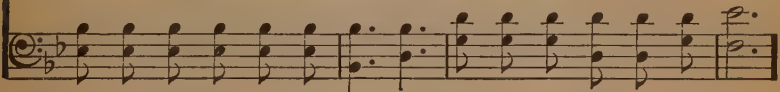
James McGranahan.



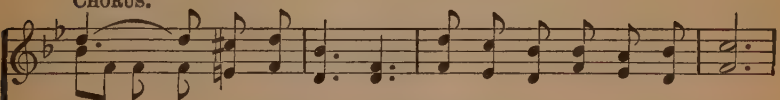
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



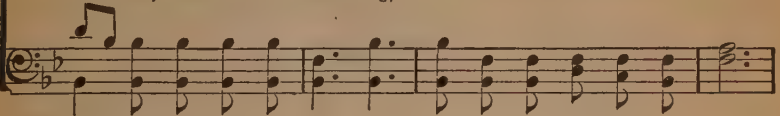
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



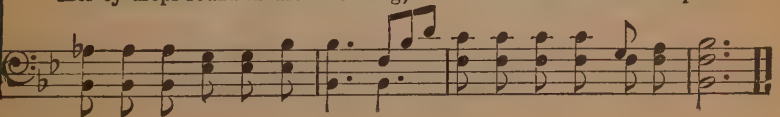
CHORUS.



Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show-ers, show-ers of bless - ing,



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



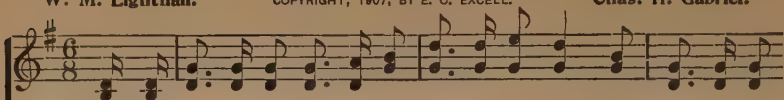
No. 12.

A Sinner Made Whole.

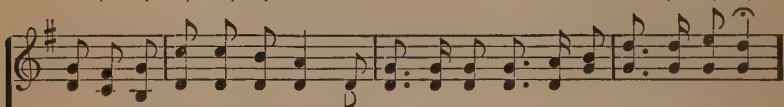
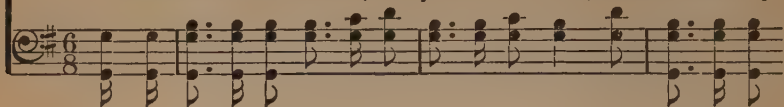
W. M. Lighthall.

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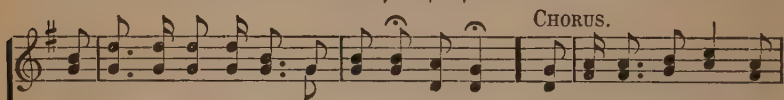
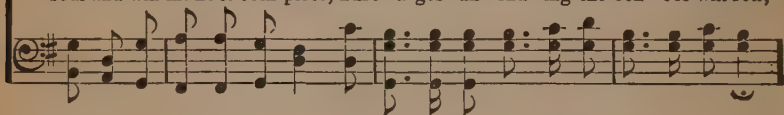
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu-sic of Heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

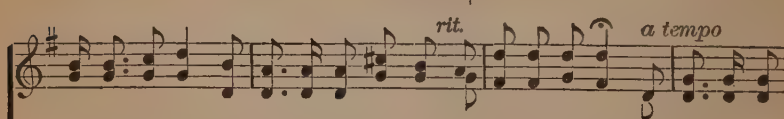


high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,
im-age, conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
soul and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

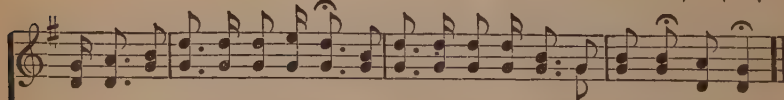
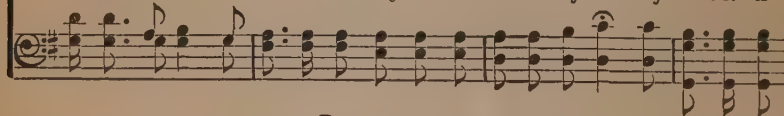


CHORUS.

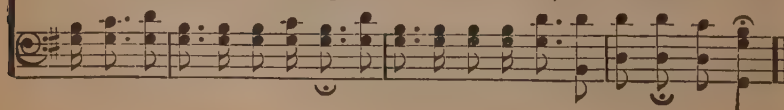
For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a



sin-ner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is

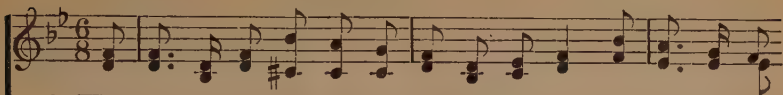


sing-ing, the anthem is ring-ing, For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

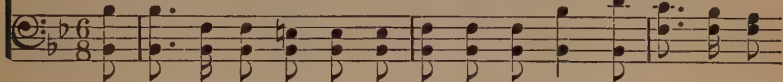


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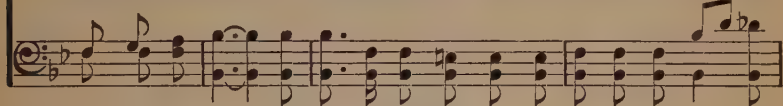
Harry Dixon Loes.



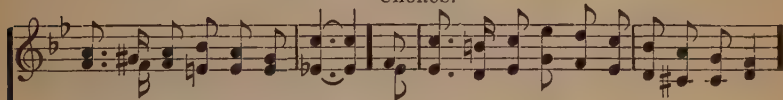
1. When I was a cap-tive and fet-tered by sin, Came Je-sus de-
2. Thro' faith in His prom-ise my sins are for-giv'n, His blood does the
3. I think of the day when, be-hold-ing His face, The dear-est of



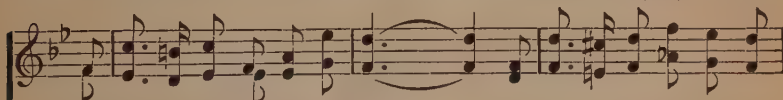
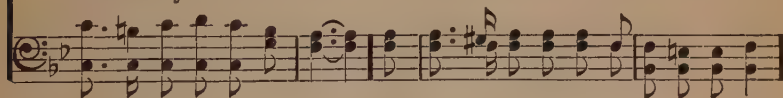
liv-'rance to bring; I learned that His grace wrought salvation with-in, So
 cleans-ing, I know; I have in my heart the clear witness from heav'n, His
 friends that are dear, I'll dwell with the Sav-ior who died in my place, Who



CHORUS.



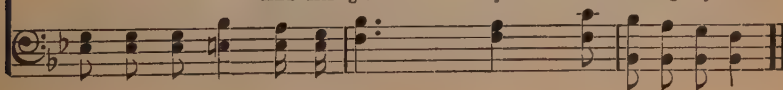
made Him my Savior and King.
 bless-ings my life o-ver-flow. How can I but love Him who suffered for me?
 ban-ished my sorrow and fear.



On Him ev-'ry bur-den I roll;..... His love is a foun-tain of
 On Him ev-'ry bur-den I roll;



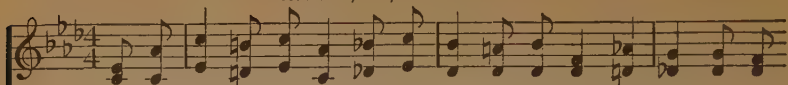
joy in my heart, And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.....
 And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.



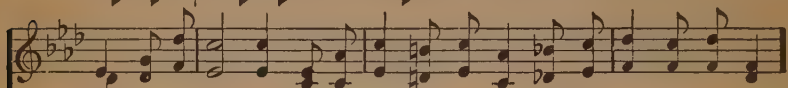
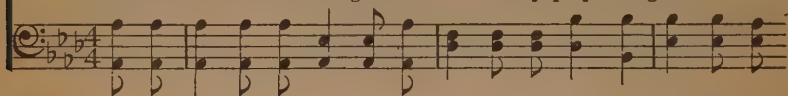
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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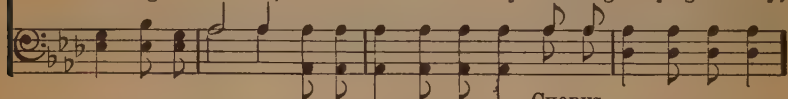
Chas. H. Gabriel.



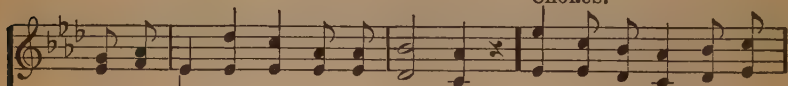
1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no lon - ger! but ear - nest-ly pray For grace to the



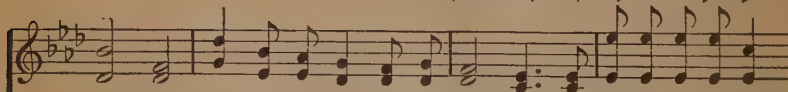
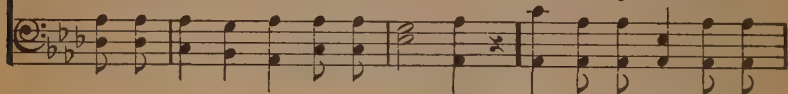
told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say,
bro't un-to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a - gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him,
tell - ing of Je - sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,



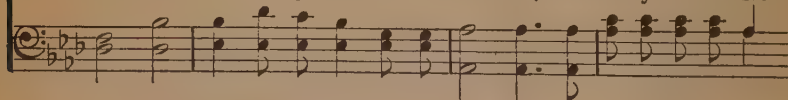
CHORUS.



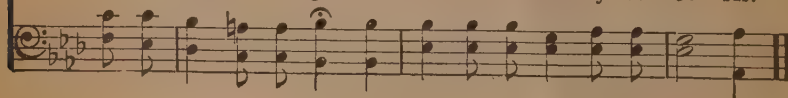
"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus," No - bod - y told me of



Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So man-y I have met—



but they seemed to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.



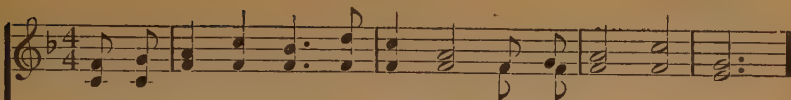
No. 15

The Same Old Way.

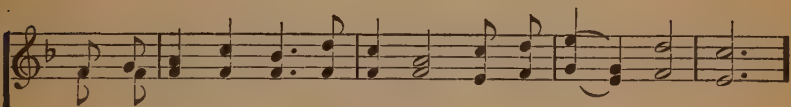
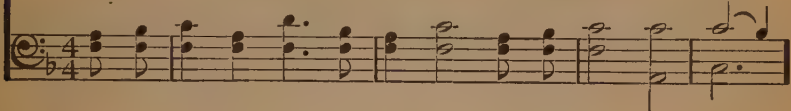
J. P. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

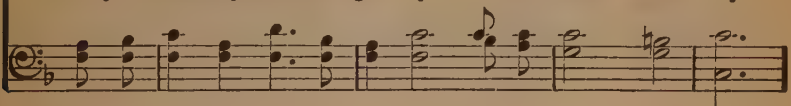
J. P. Scholfield.



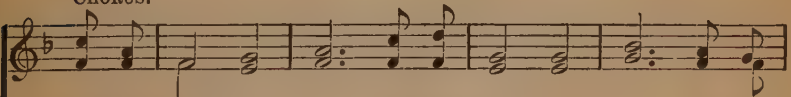
1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
 2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
 3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
 4. Will you tell the won - drous sto - ry In the same old way?



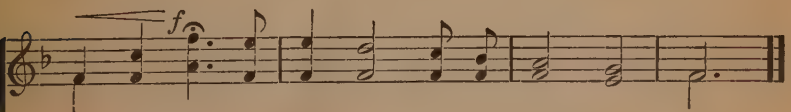
He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
 Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
 He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
 That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?



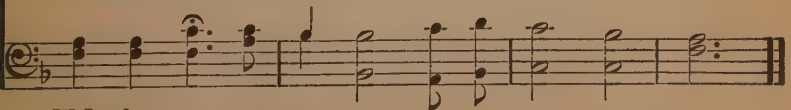
CHORUS.



In the same old way, In the same old way; God will



bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way.



H. D. L.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. For what the world may of - fer me, Its glo - ry and its show,
 2. His bless - ings meet my ev - 'ry need, His grace o'ercomes my foe;
 3. When death shall beck-on me to come, I shall not fear to go—
 4. O would that oth - ers knew the joy His love and grace be - stow;

I would not yield God's bless-ed grace, He sat - is - fies me so!
 Temp-ta-tion's voi - ces I'll not heed, He sat - is - fies me so!
 My Sav - iour leads me safe - ly home, He sat - is - fies me so!
 His prais - es, too, their tongues employ, He sat - is - fies me so!

CHORUS. rit.

He sat - is - fies me so, His con-stant peace I know;....
 my longings so, with - in I know;

a tempo. *ad lib.*

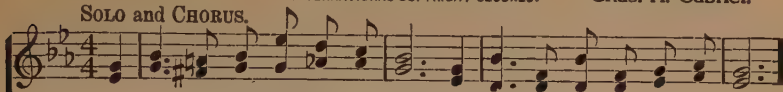
My all I'll give for Him to live, He sat - is - fies me so!....

No. 17.

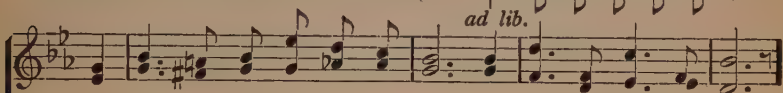
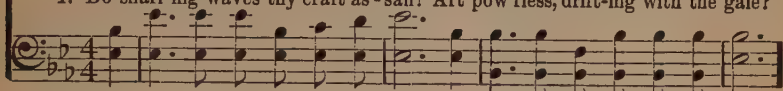
Sail On!

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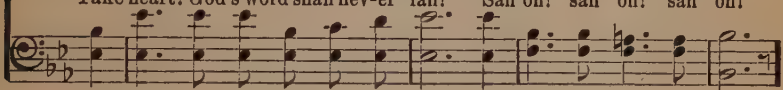
SOLO and CHORUS.



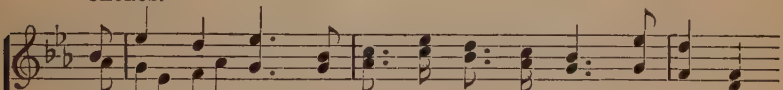
1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can - vas torn?
3. Do com-ra-des trem-ble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as - sail? Art pow'less, drift-ing with the gale?



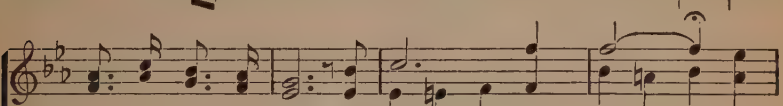
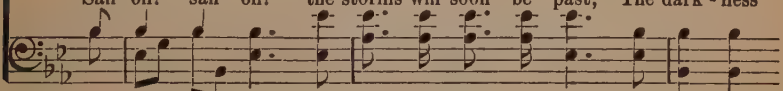
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
Hark ye! a voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!



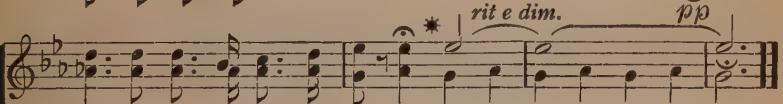
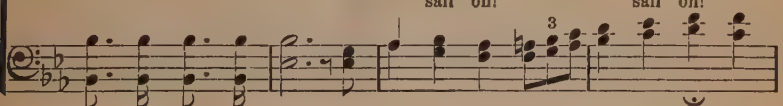
CHORUS.



Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness



will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on!..... God
sail on! sail on!



lives and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"..... sail on! sail on! sail on!



*May close here.

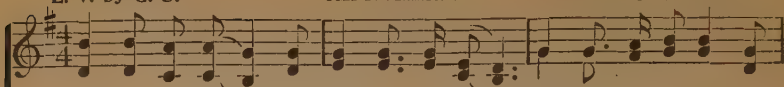
No. 18.

I'm Going Through.

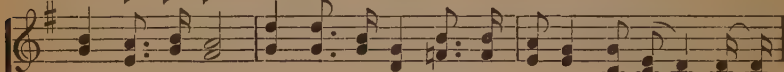
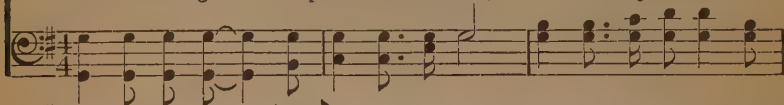
Herbert Buffum.
L. v. by G. S.

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Melody by
Herbert Buffum.
Har. by R. E. Winsett.



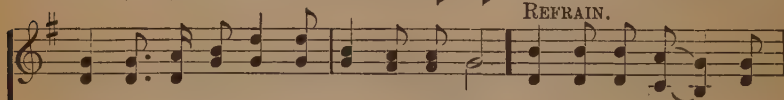
1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light, Shin-ing up-on me from
2. I'd rath-er walk with Je-sus a-lone, Have for my pil-low, like
3. And when the gates of pearl shall un-fold, I shall my Sav-ior in



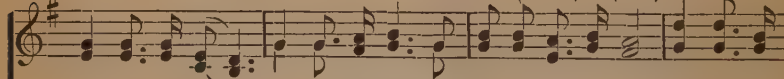
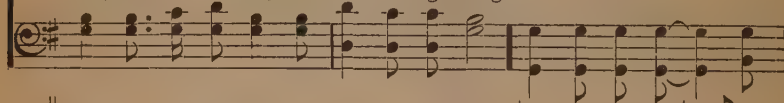
heav-en so bright; I've bade the world and its fol-lies a-dieu, I've
Ja-cob, a stone, Liv-ing each mo-ment with His face in view, Than to
Glo-ry be-hold; He'll bid me wel-come be-cause He is true; I'll



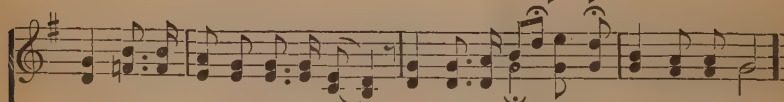
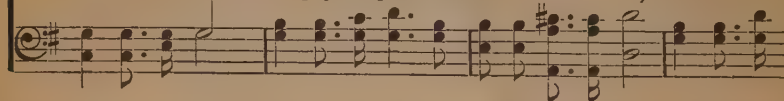
REFRAIN.



start-ed for Glo-ry, and I'm go-ing through.
turn from the path-way and fail to go through. I'm go-ing through, yes,
shout, "Blessed Je-sus, I'm sure com-ing through."



I'm go-ing through, I'll pay the price what-ev-er oth-ers do; I'll take the



road with the Lord's de-spis-ed few; I'm going through, Jesus, I'm going through.

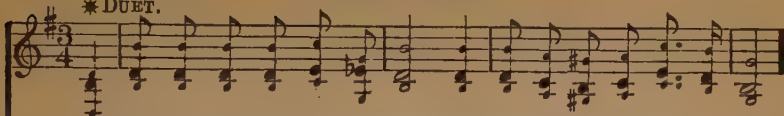


Ina Duley Ogdon.

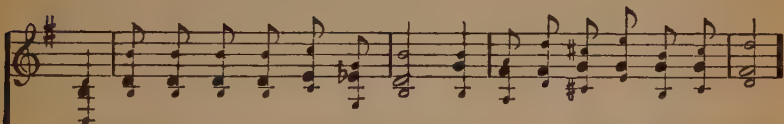
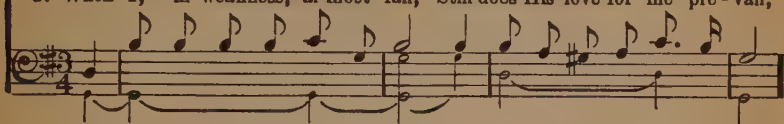
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B. D. Ackley.

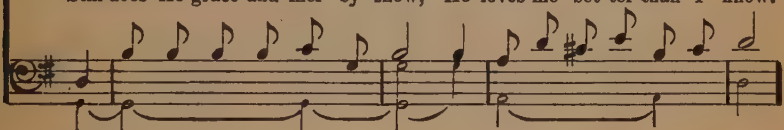
*DUET.



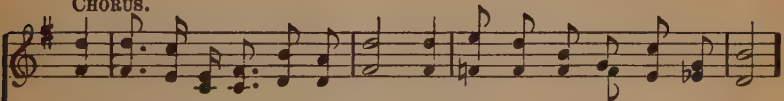
1. Christ found me lost in sorrow's night, Up - on my soul a crim-son blight;
2. He drew me to His lov-ing heart, And bade me nev-er-more de-part;
3. When I, in weakness, al-most fail, Still does His love for me pre-vail,



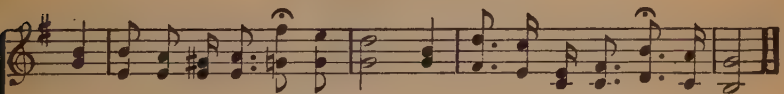
My stain of sin He made as snow,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
No love like His, a - bove, be - low,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
Still does He grace and mer-cy show; He loves me bet-ter than I know.



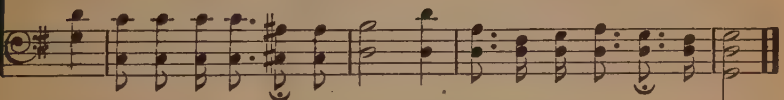
CHORUS.



He loves me bet-ter than I know; Wher-e'er I stray His love will go—



There is no oth-er loves me so, He loves me bet-ter than I know.



*Play the upper grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Soprano Solo or as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

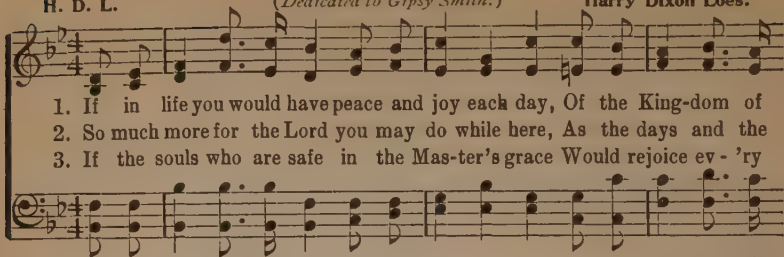
Play the lower grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Tenor Solo or as a Tenor and Alto Duet.

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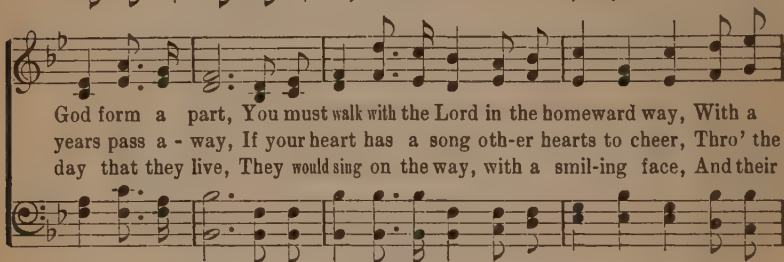
H. D. L.

(Dedicated to Gipsy Smith.)

Harry Dixon Loes.

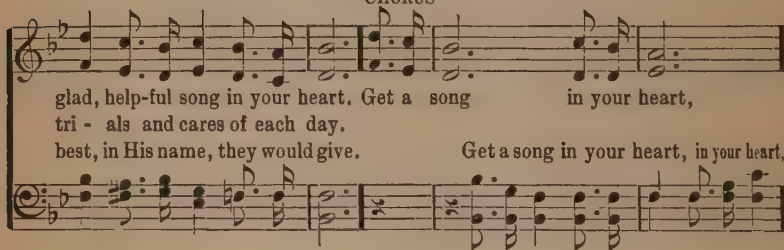


1. If in life you would have peace and joy each day, Of the King-dom of
 2. So much more for the Lord you may do while here, As the days and the
 3. If the souls who are safe in the Mas-ter's grace Would rejoice ev - ry

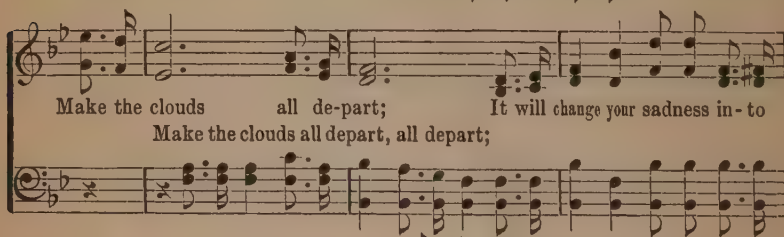


God form a part, You must walk with the Lord in the homeward way, With a
 years pass a - way, If your heart has a song oth-er hearts to cheer, Thro' the
 day that they live, They would sing on the way, with a smil-ing face, And their

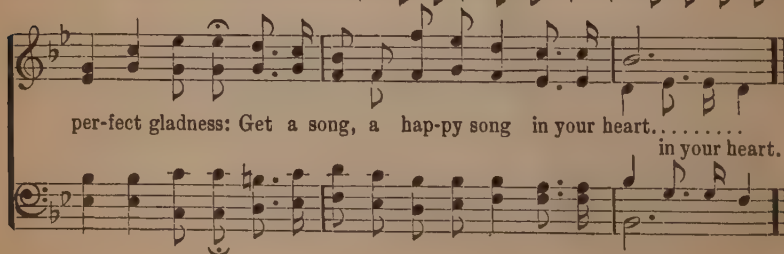
CHORUS



glad, help-ful song in your heart. Get a song in your heart,
 tri - als and cares of each day.
 best, in His name, they would give. Get a song in your heart, in your heart,



Make the clouds all de-part; It will change your sadness in-to
 Make the clouds all depart, all depart;



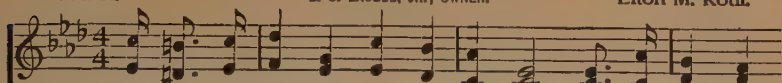
per-fect gladness: Get a song, a hap-py song in your heart.....
 in your heart.

No. 21. In My Heart There Rings a Melody.

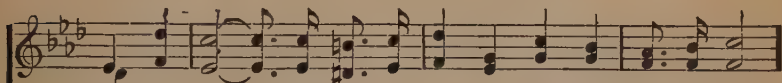
E. M. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY ELTON M. ROTH.
E. O. EXCELL, JR., OWNER.

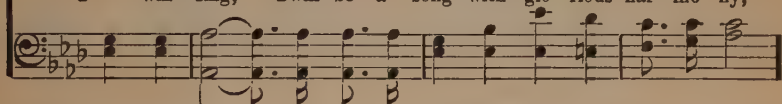
Elton M. Roth.



1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me, It was sent from
2. I love the Christ who died on Cal - v'ry, For He washed my
3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry, With the an - gels

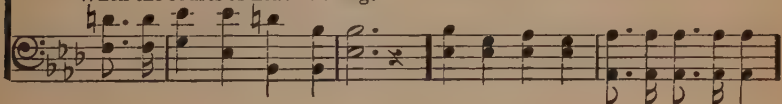
heav'n a - bove; There nev - er was a sweet - er mel - o - dy,
sins a - way; He put with - in my heart a mel - o - dy,
I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo - rious har - mo - ny,



CHORUS.



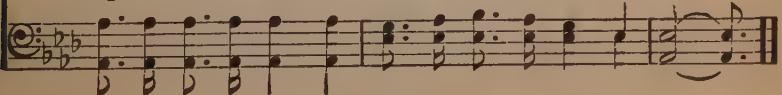
'Tis a mel - o - dy of love.
And I know it's there to stay. In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy,
When the courts of heav - en ring.

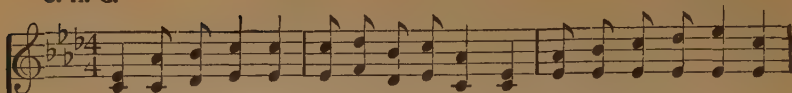



There rings a mel - o - dy with heav - en's har - mo - ny; In my heart there

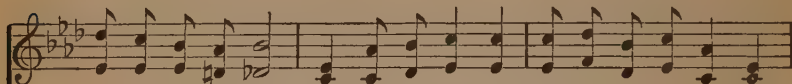
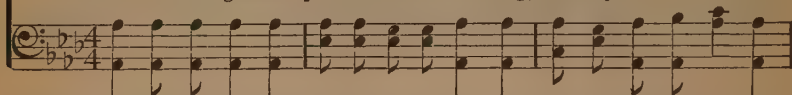



rings a mel - o - dy; There rings a mel - o - dy of love.

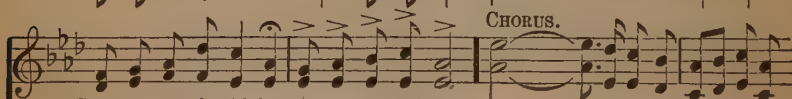




1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

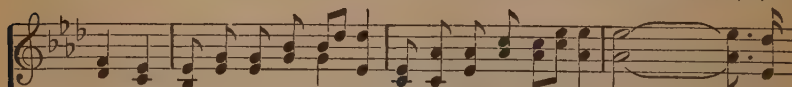
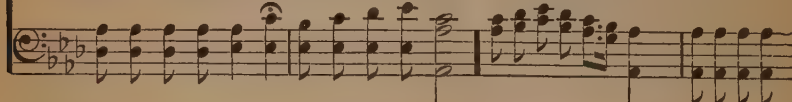


turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

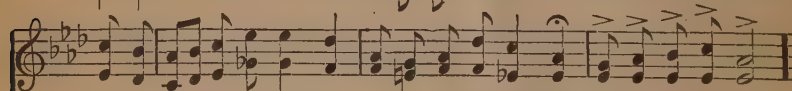
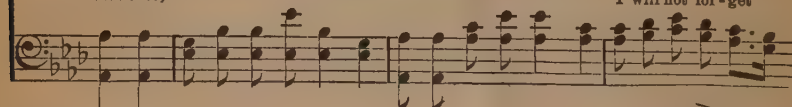


Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.

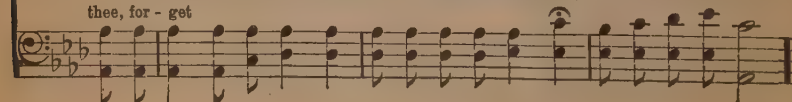
I shall be remembered in my home above. I will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er.



leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I will
leave thee; I will not for-get



not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for - get

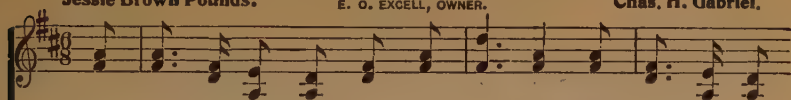


No. 23. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

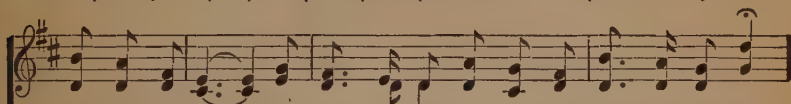
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, — My vis - ion so
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and

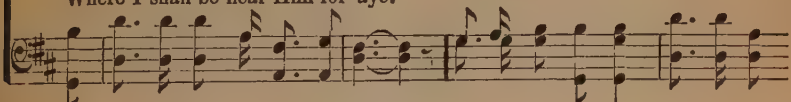


oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

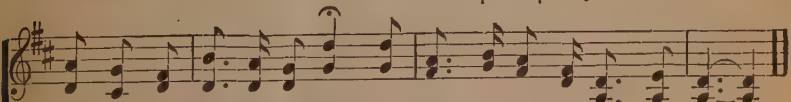
CHORUS.



I want to live clos - er to Him.
To tell what His prom - is - es are. Clos - er to Je - sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.



Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His



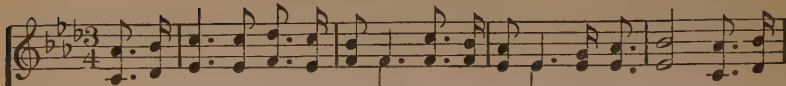
face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos - er to Him.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

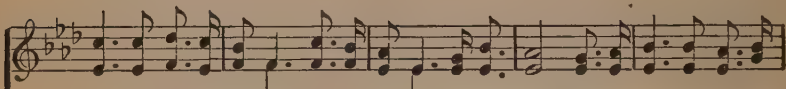
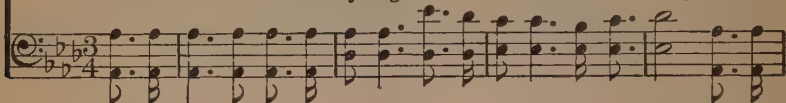
E. O. E.

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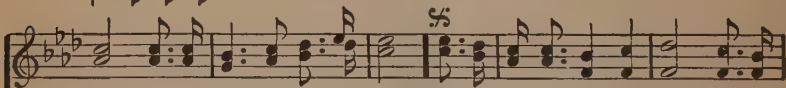
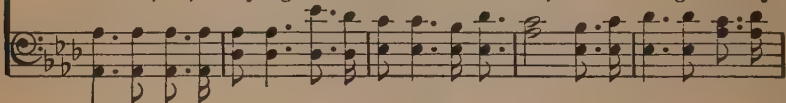
E. O. Excell.



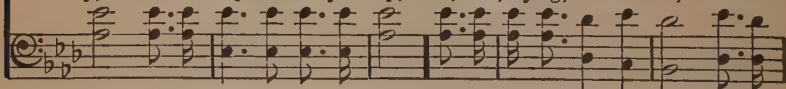
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the



where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly

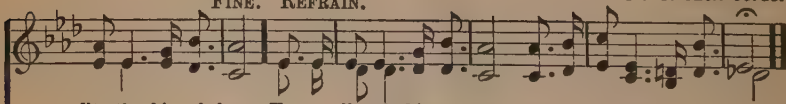


wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

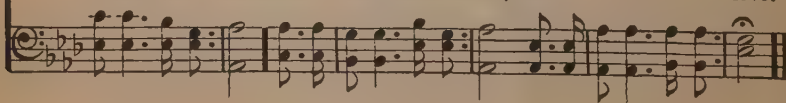


FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S. each verse.

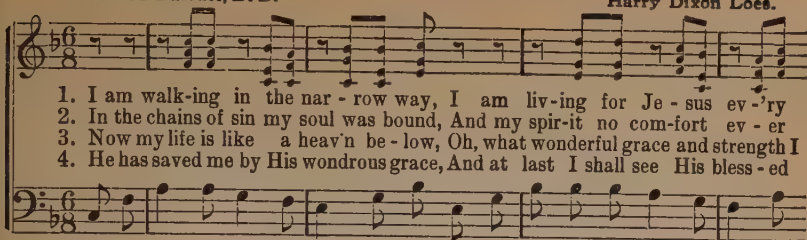


lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.

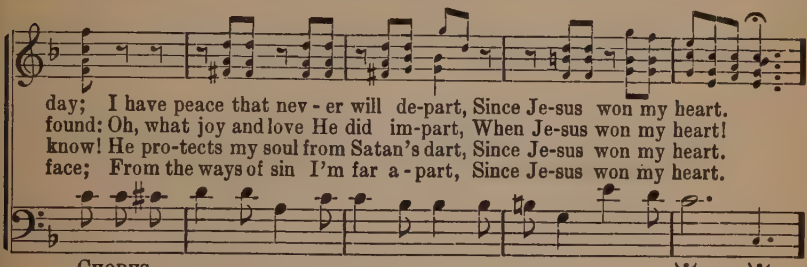


Rev. Alfred Barratt, D. D.

Harry Dixon Loes.

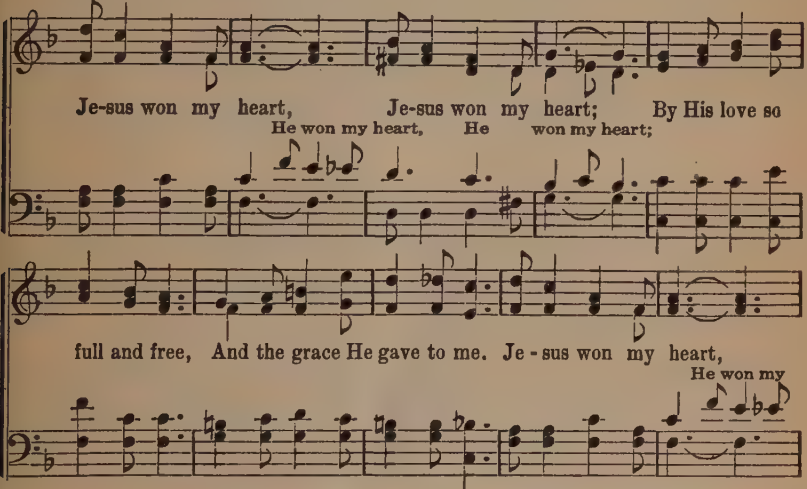


1. I am walk-ing in the nar - row way, I am liv-ing for Je - sus ev-'ry
 2. In the chains of sin my soul was bound, And my spir-it no com-fort ev - er
 3. Now my life is like a heav'n be - low, Oh, what wonderful grace and strength I
 4. He has saved me by His wondrous grace, And at last I shall see His bless-ed



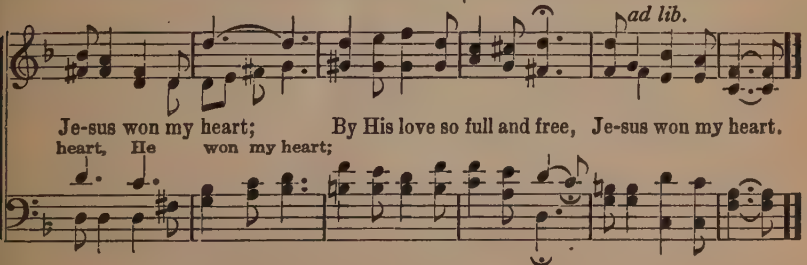
day; I have peace that nev - er will de-part, Since Je-sus won my heart.
 found: Oh, what joy and love He did im-part, When Je-sus won my heart!
 know! He pro-TECTS my soul from Satan's dart, Since Je-sus won my heart.
 face; From the ways of sin I'm far a - part, Since Je-sus won my heart.

CHORUS.



Je-sus won my heart, Je-sus won my heart; By His love so
 He won my heart, He won my heart;

full and free, And the grace He gave to me. Je - sus won my heart,
 He won my



Je-sus won my heart; By His love so full and free, Je-sus won my heart.
 heart, He won my heart;

Kate Ulmer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Victor H. Benke.

1. Teach me, O, Thou Ho-ly Spir - it, How to do my Master's will;
 2. Teach me how to be sub-miss - ive, Free - ly con - se-crating all;
 3. Teach me how to trust Him full - y, E'en when faith is sore - ly tried;
 4. Teach me how to fol-low tru - ly, Nev - er run - ning on be-fore;

In o - be-dience to His bid - ding, Help me His commands ful - fill.
 Fond-est hopes with joy re - sign - ing, In sur-ren - der to His call.
 Teach me how to tell the sto - ry Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.
 Ev - er in His foot-steps walk - ing, Till my serv-ice here is o'er.

CHORUS.

Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
 Teach me, Ho-ly Spir - it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it,

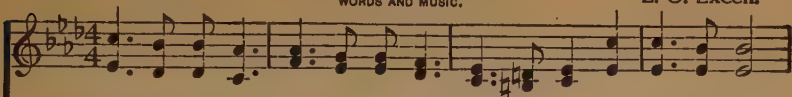
Teach me, teach me How to do my Master's will. . .
 Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, my Master's will.

No. 27. Your Best Friend is Always Near.

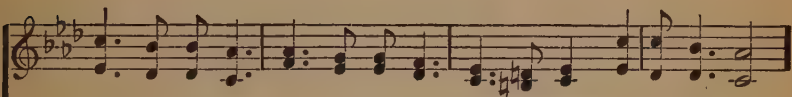
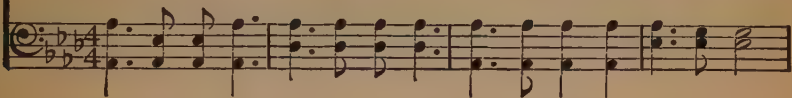
Isabel C. Allam.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

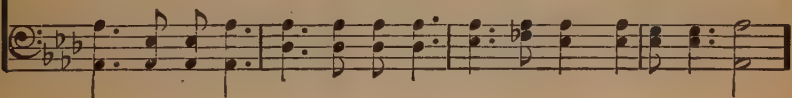
E. O. Excell.



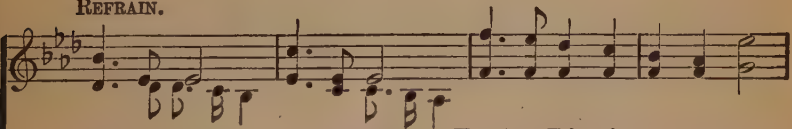
1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fond-est hopes have perished, When so free-ly falls the tear,
4. When the val-ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;



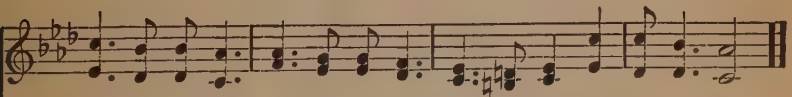
In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.



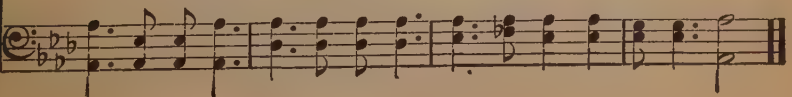
REFRAIN.



Al-ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al-ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,



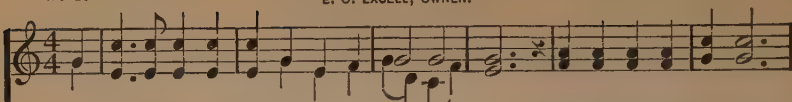
In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near.



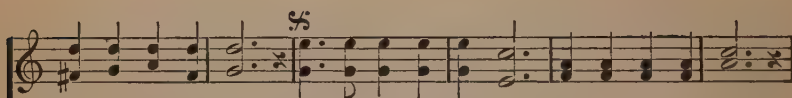
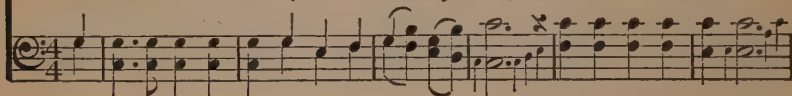
W. S. Brown.

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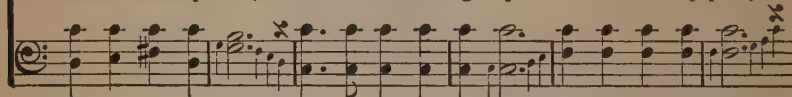
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful

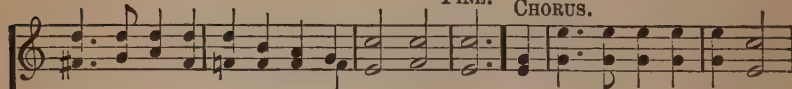


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev'-ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

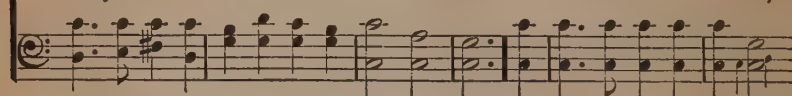


D. S.—Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;

FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,



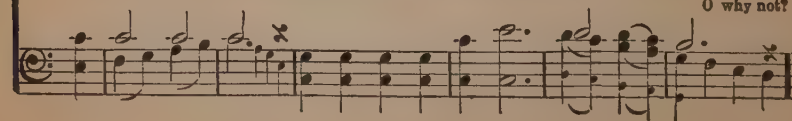
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?



D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

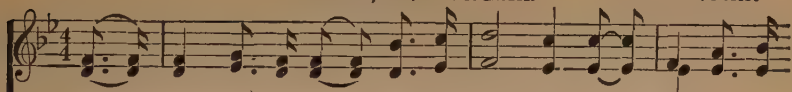
O why not?



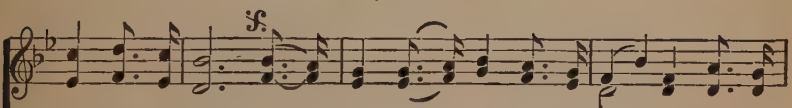
W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
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Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

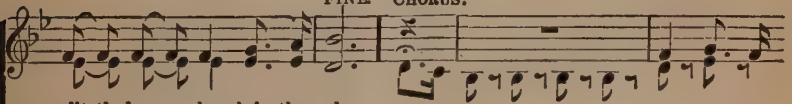


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall



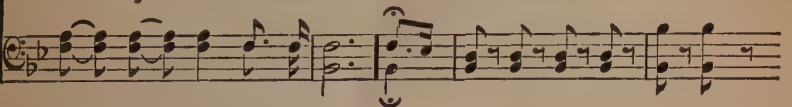
D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE CHORUS.

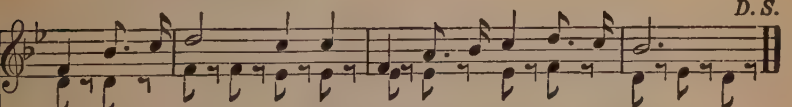


lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale.
not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.

Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

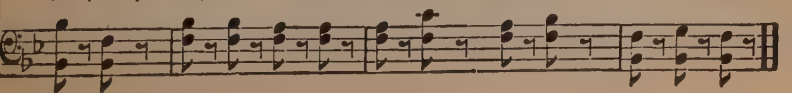


lit-tle brown church in the vale.



D. S.

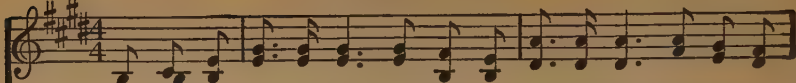
church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



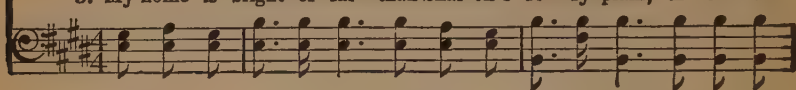
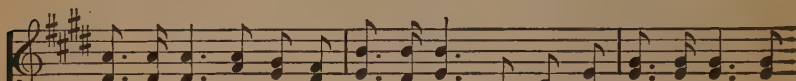
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

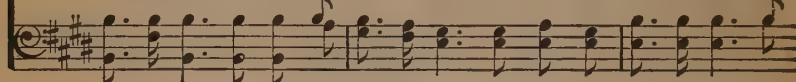
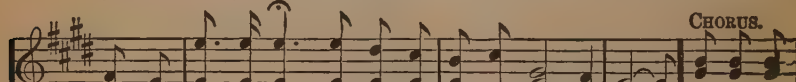
Flora H. Cassel.



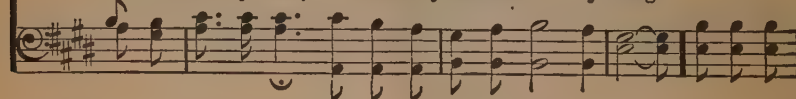
1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal

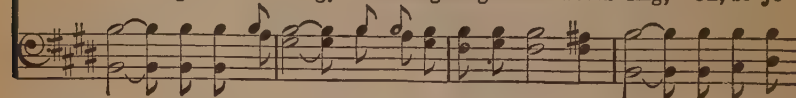
far a-way, up - on a gold - en-stand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

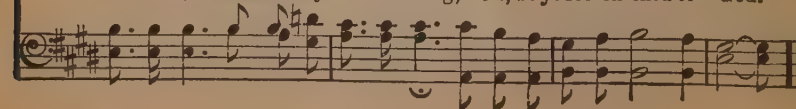
CHORUS.
realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.




mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye




reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."



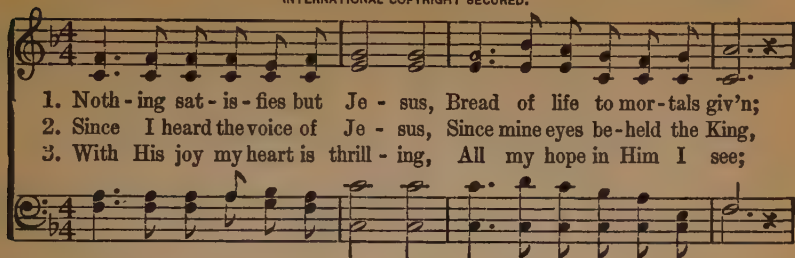
No. 31.

Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

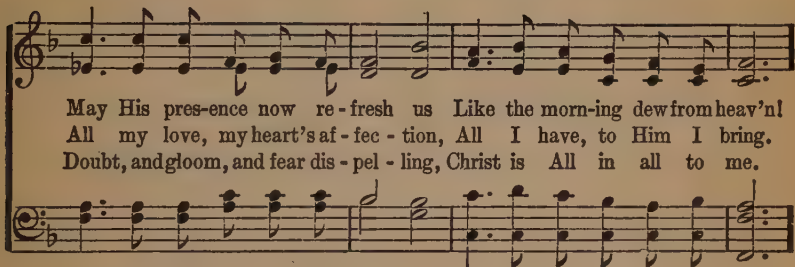
C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

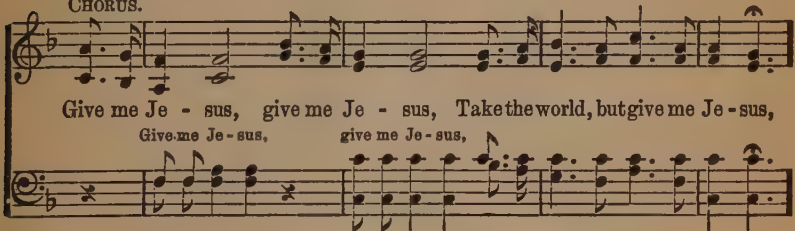


1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;

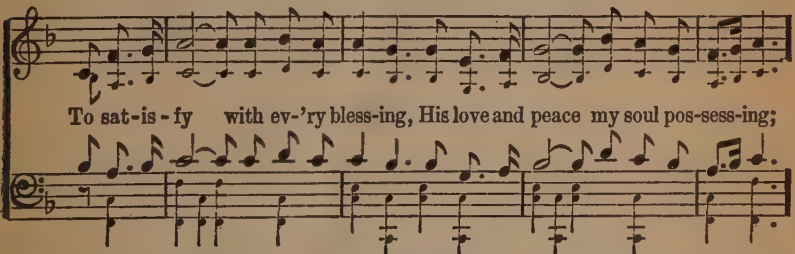


May His pres - ence now re - fresh us Like the morn - ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.

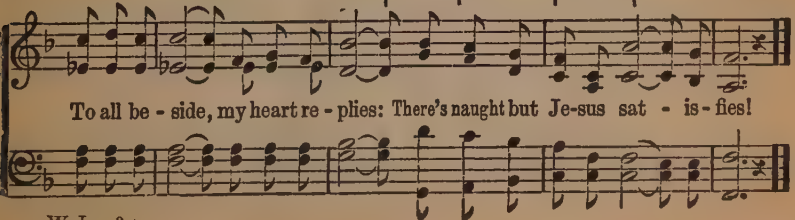
CHORUS.



Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,



To sat - is - fy with ev - ry bless - ing, His love and peace my soul pos - sess - ing;

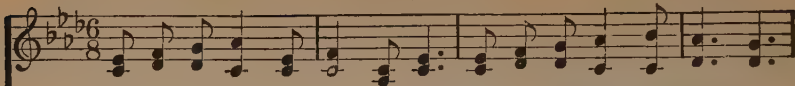


To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je - sus sat - is - fies!

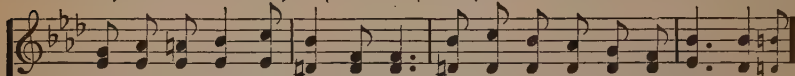
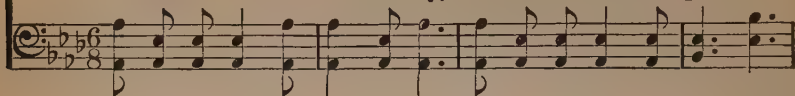
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER

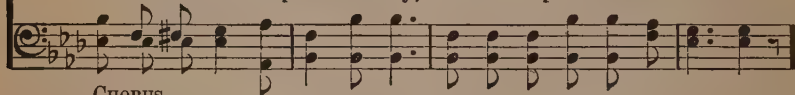
Hamp Sewell.



1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in the cold and dan-ger,
 2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
 3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;



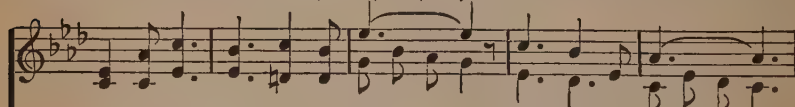
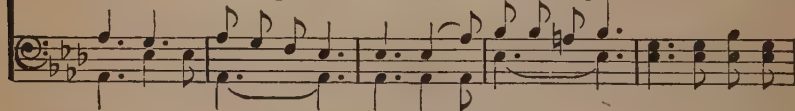
When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
 Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
 And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.



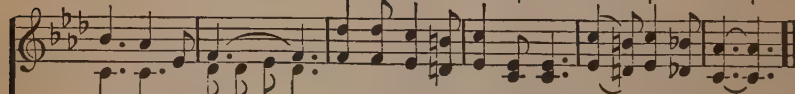
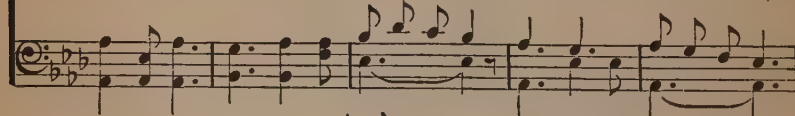
CHORUS.



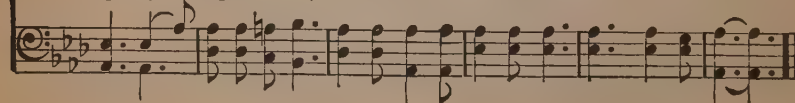
Love won my heart, . . . Christ did im-part, . . . Love, wonderful
 Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,



love of God, Love won my heart; . . . God's love to me, . . .
 won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,



deep as the sea, . . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
 deep as, deep as the sea,



March On to Victory.

II Cor. 2: 12-17, Moffat's Translation of the N. T.

John Benj. Magee, D. D.

Ensign Edwin Young.

1. En-grossed in earth's pleasures, its knowledge and wealth, My heart was an
 2. And now all my life is tri-um-phiant thro' Him, And I am a
 3. My life is a pa - geant of tri - umph in Christ, My pride and self-

a - lien to Thee; But now do I fol - low Thy char - iot of pow'r, A
 con - quer - or, too; The fragrance of Je - sus, the in - cense of love, Doth
 right - eous - ness gone; He en - tered my soul which was cap - tive to sin, And

CHORUS. v

pris - ner of Christ I would be. (I would be.)
 per - fume my path thro' and thro'. (thro' and thro'.) Oh, lead me in tri - umph, my
 midnight was turned in - to dawn. (in - to dawn.)

Sav - iour, A tro - phy of Christ I would be;..... March

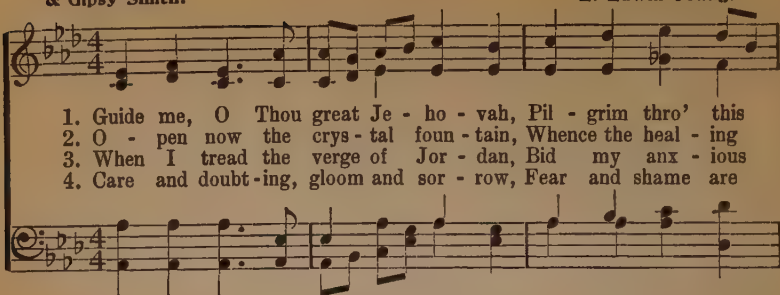
be, I would be, ff

on! March on! O con - quer - ing King, March on to vic - to - ry!

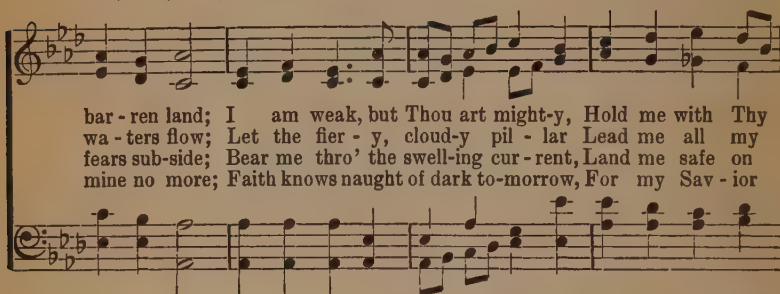
William Williams
& Gipsy Smith.

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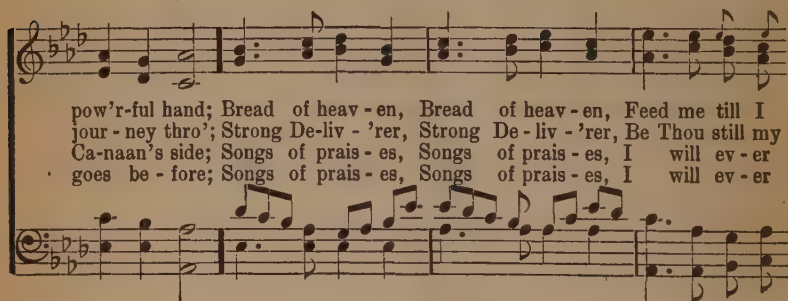
Arr. from Welsh by
E. Edwin Young.



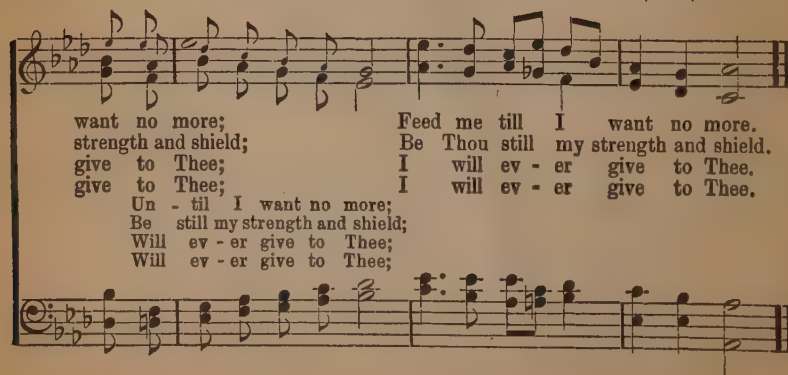
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
4. Care and doubt - ing, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame are



bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy
wa - ters flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my
fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on
mine no more; Faith knows naught of dark to - morrow, For my Sav - ior



pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my
Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er
goes be - fore; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er



want no more;
strength and shield;
give to Thee;
give to Thee;
Un - til I want no more;
Be still my strength and shield;
Will ev - er give to Thee;
Will ev - er give to Thee;

Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee.
I will ev - er give to Thee.

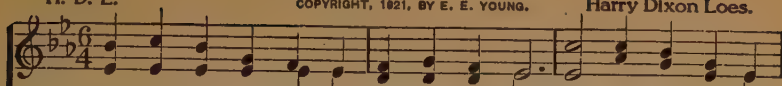
No. 35.

Comfort in Jesus.

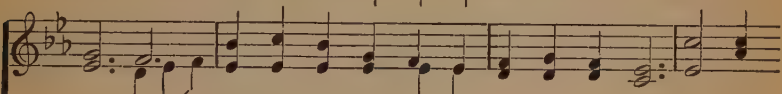
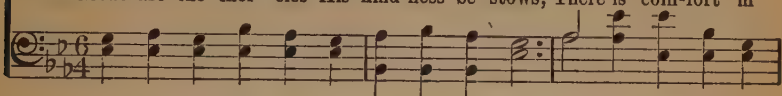
H. D. L.

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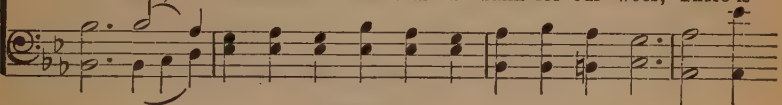
Harry Dixon Loes.



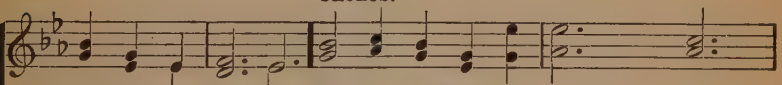
1. When sor - rows flow like a riv - er so deep, There is com-fort in
2. When pre - cious ties have a - sun - der been rent, There is com-fort in
3. Oth - ers may strug - gle for earth - ly es - teem, But my pleas - ure is
4. Great are the mer - cies His kind - ness be - stows, There is com-fort in



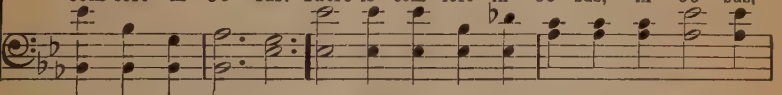
Je - sus; When I have failed and dis-cour-aged I weep, There is
 Je - sus; In His sweet pres-ence are peace and con - tent, There is
 Je - sus; I will trust Him who has grace to re - deem, Oh, what
 Je - sus; Par - don for sin and a balm for our woes, There is



CHORUS.



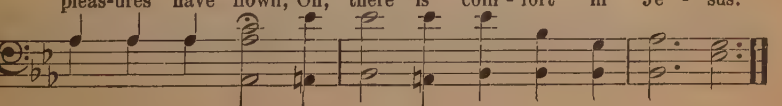
com-fort in Je - sus. There is com-fort in Je - - sus,
 com-fort in Je - sus.
 com-fort in Je - sus!
 com-fort in Je - sus. There is com - fort in Je - sus, in Je - sus,

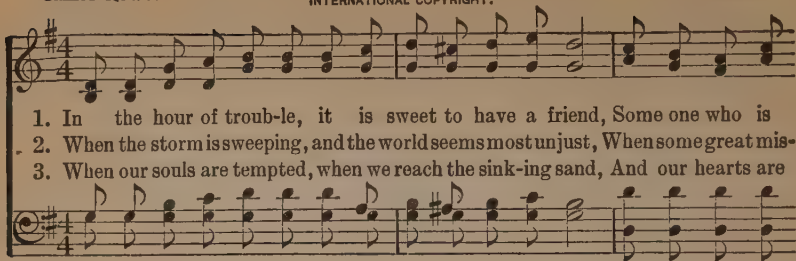


There is com-fort in Je - - sus; When hopes are blighted and
 Je - sus, in Je - sus,

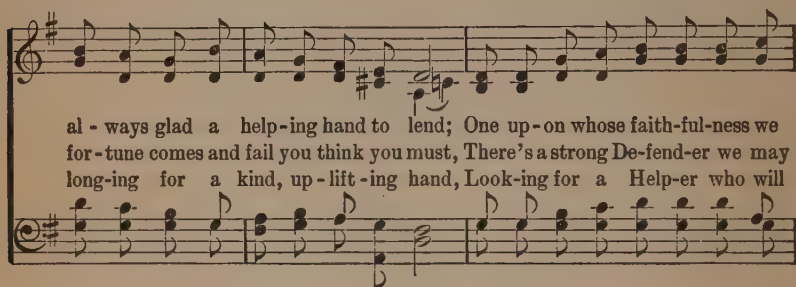


pleas - ures have flown, Oh, there is com - fort in Je - sus.

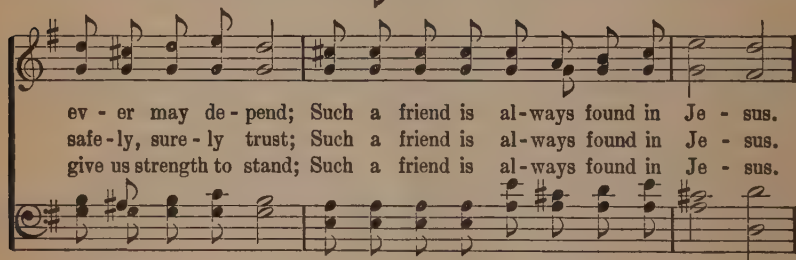




1. In the hour of trouble, it is sweet to have a friend, Some one who is
 2. When the storm is sweeping, and the world seems most unjust, When some great mis-
 3. When our souls are tempted, when we reach the sink-ing sand, And our hearts are

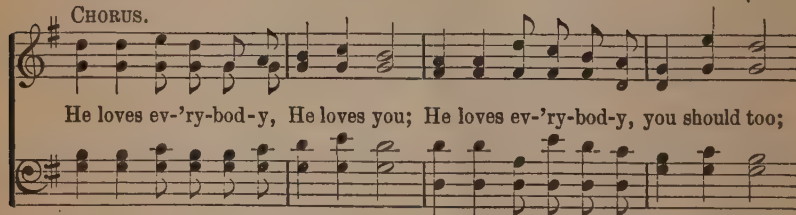


al - ways glad a help-ing hand to lend; One up-on whose faith-ful-ness we
 for-tune comes and fail you think you must, There's a strong De-fend-er we may
 long-ing for a kind, up - lift-ing hand, Look-ing for a Help-er who will

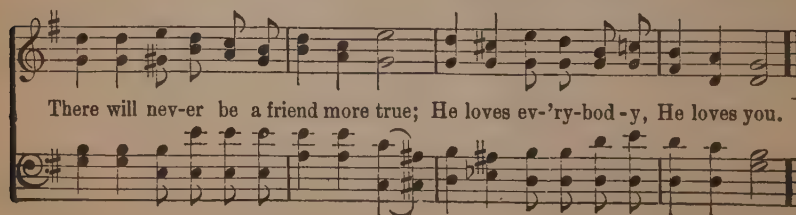


ev - er may de - pend; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
 safe-ly, sure-ly trust; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
 give us strength to stand; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.

CHORUS.



He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, you should too;



There will nev-er be a friend more true; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you.

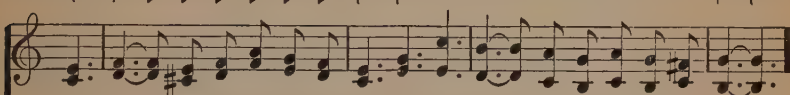
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

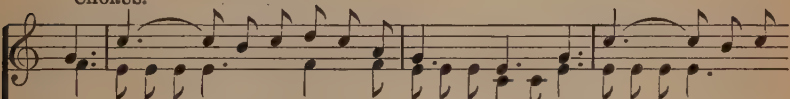


1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

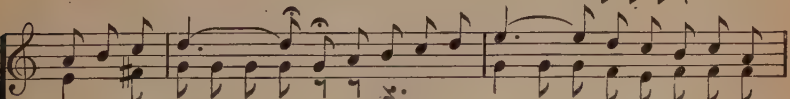


Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

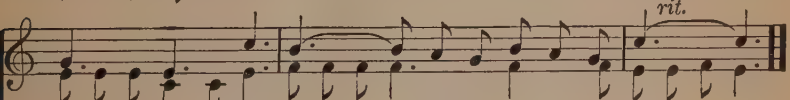
CHORUS.



O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-



ev-er was told; . . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The

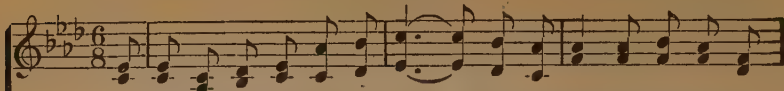


sto-ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . .
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

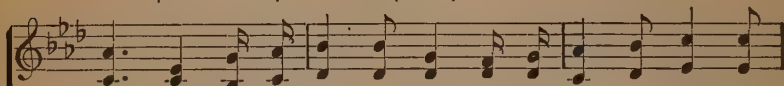
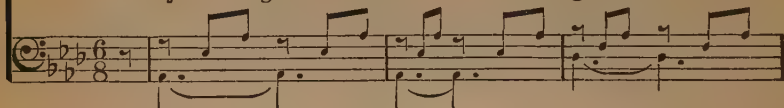
C. A. M.

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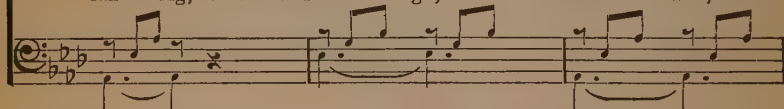
C. Austin Miles.



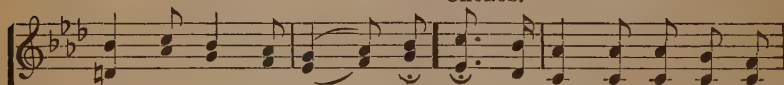
1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be



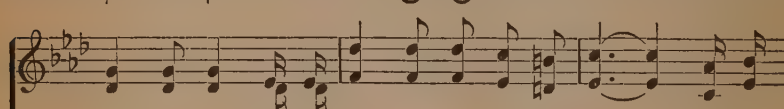
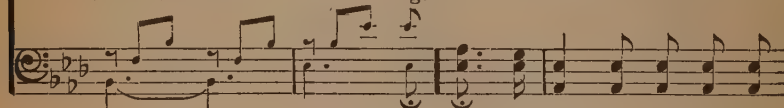
ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
 fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His



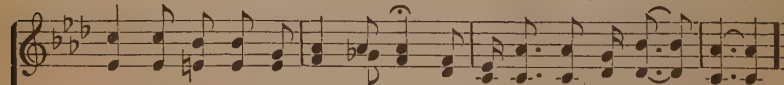
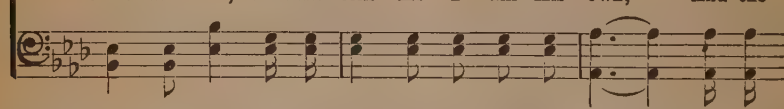
CHORUS.



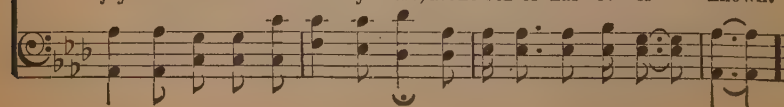
Son of God dis-clos-es.
 in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call-ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the



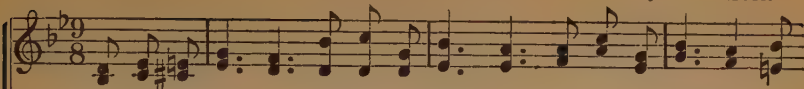
joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.



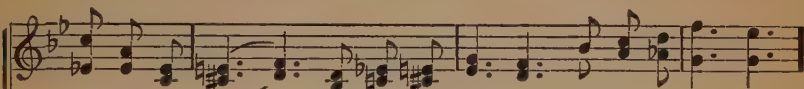
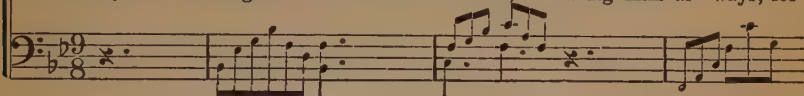
H. D. L.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

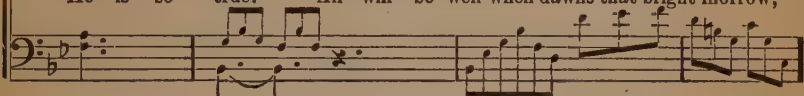
Harry Dixon Loes.



1. Dark are the clouds of sin and temp-tation, Hov-'ring a - bove as we
2. Aft - er the long, dark mid-night of sor-row, Je - sus will give us a
3. Oh, let us cling to Je - sus our Sav - iour, Lov-ing Him al - ways, for



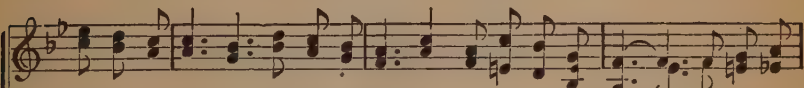
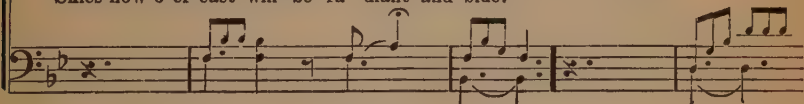
jour-ney a - long; But there at last will come a bright dawn-ing,
 won-der - ful peace; Bur - dens will fall and tri - als will van - ish,
 He is so true; All will be well when dawns that bright morrow;



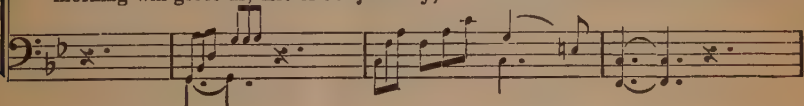
REFRAIN.



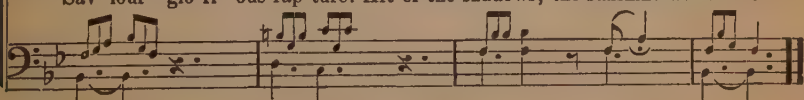
When our glad spir - its shall break in - to song.
 We shall re - joice in e - ter - nal re - lease. Aft - er the shad - ows,
 Skies now o'er-cast will be ra - diant and blue.



morning will greet us; Aft - er the jour - ney, the comforts of Home: With our blest



Sav - iour—glo - ri - ous rap - ture! Aft - er the shadows, the sunshine will come.



The Old Rugged Cross.

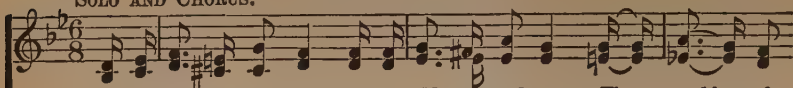
"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

G. B.

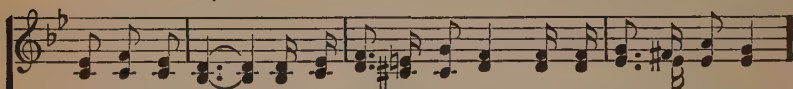
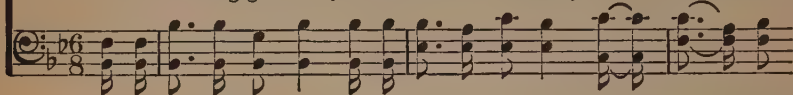
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. BENNARD. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

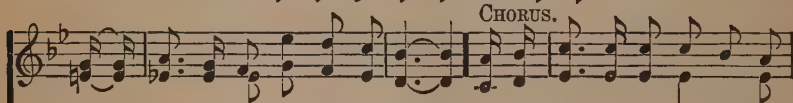
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The emblem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross, I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

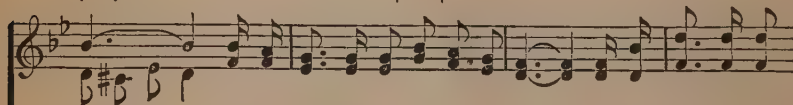
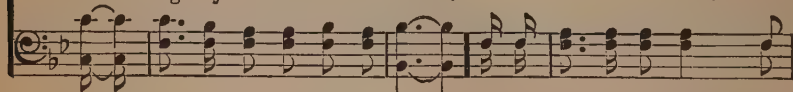


suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross, where the dearest and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
 beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

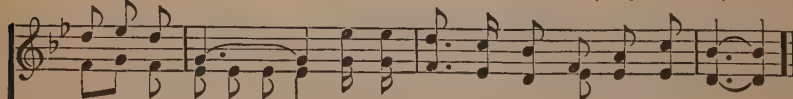
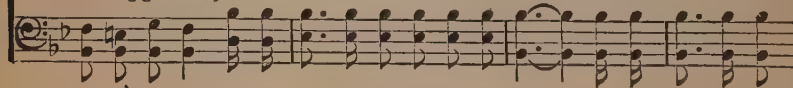


CHORUS.

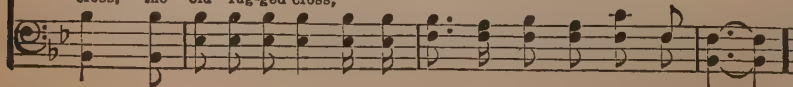
For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
 Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share. cross, the



cross,..... (Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,



old rugged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,



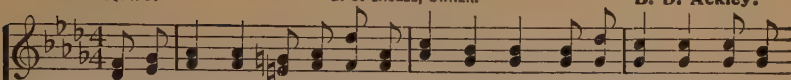
No. 41.

Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

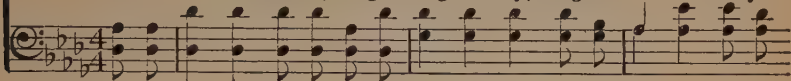
James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.



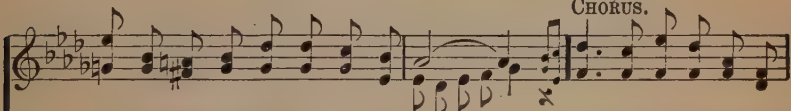
1. If you need up - lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour un-guard-ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you



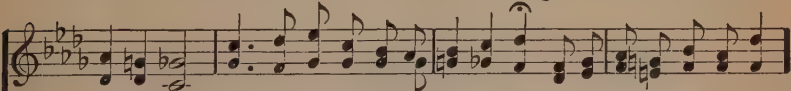
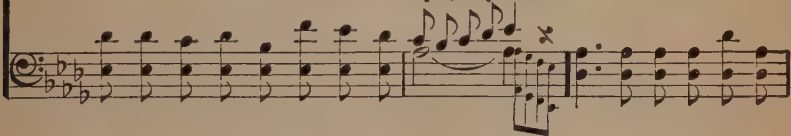
tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;



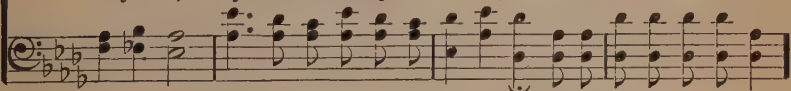
CHORUS.



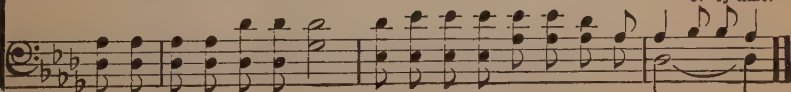
Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . . Faith will bring the blessing
yes, ev-'ry time.



ev-'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,



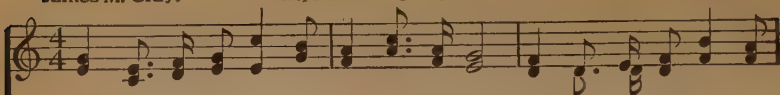
Ev-'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time. . .
ev-'ry time.



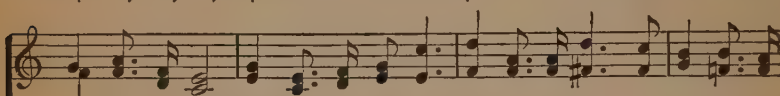
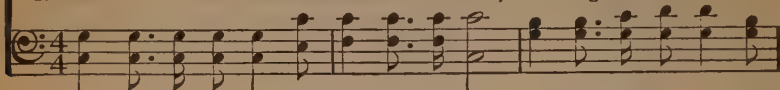
James M. Gray.

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Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

D. B. Towner.



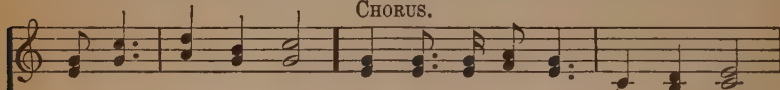
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-ior to



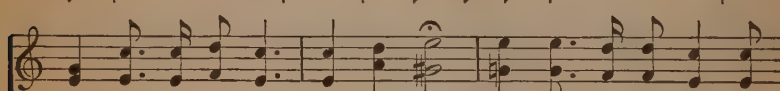
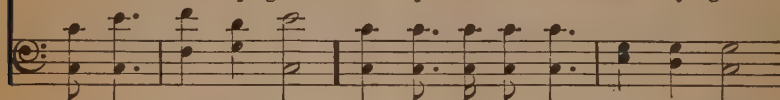
I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm on-ly a
God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on-ly a



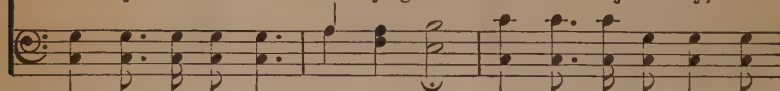
CHORUS.



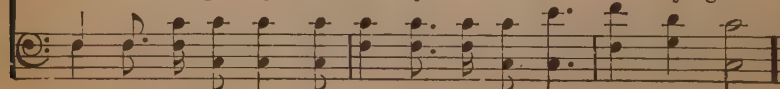
sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

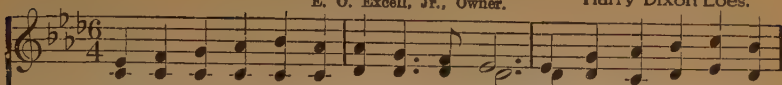


On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to

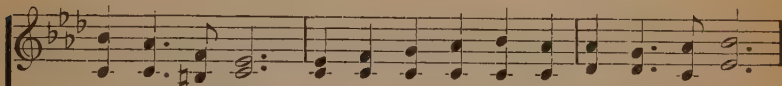
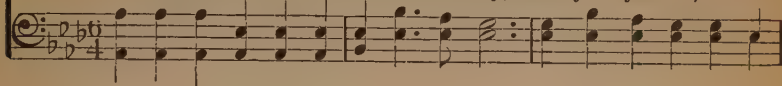


God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!





1. Friends all a-round me are try-ing to find What the heart yearns for, by
2. Some car-ry bur-dens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sorrow and
3. No oth-er name thrills the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re-
4. Je - sus is all this poor world needs to-day, Blind-ly they strive, for sin

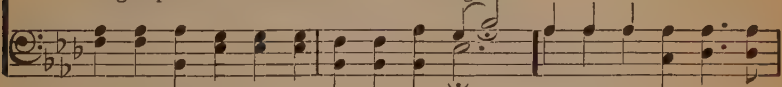


sin un-der-mined; I have the se-cret, I know where 'tis found:
 blind-ed with tears, Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
 mis-sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore-ly tried,
 dark-ens their way; O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night,

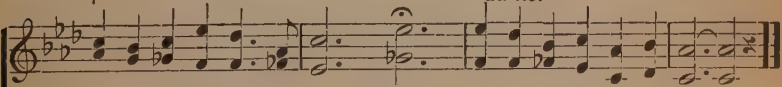


CHORUS.

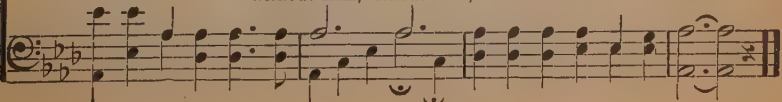
On - ly true pleas-ures in Je - sus a - bound!
 If they will hum-bly in pen-i-tence bow. All that I want is in
 Both need and want will by Him be sup-plied.
 One glimpse of Je-sus and all will be bright,



Je - sus, He sat - is - fies, . . . joy He sup-plies;
 Je - sus, in Je - sus, with the free-ly;

*ad lib.*

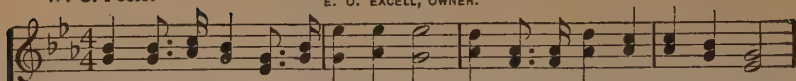
Life would be worthless without Him, All things in Je-sus I find.
 without Him, without Him,



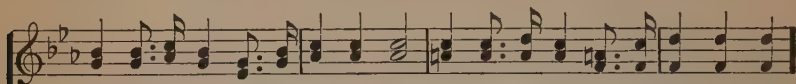
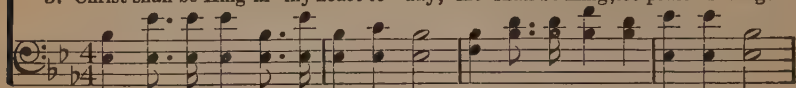
W. C. Poole.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

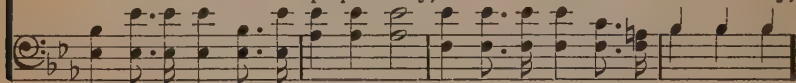
Chas. H. Gabriel.



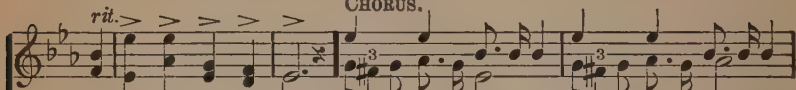
1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o-ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to-day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!



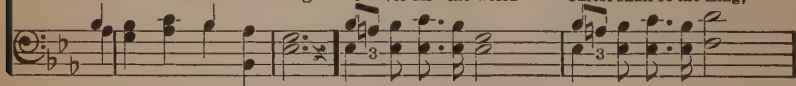
Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev-er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al-way,



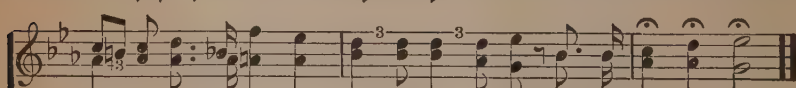
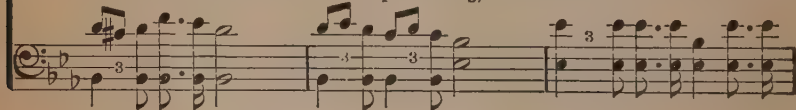
CHORUS.



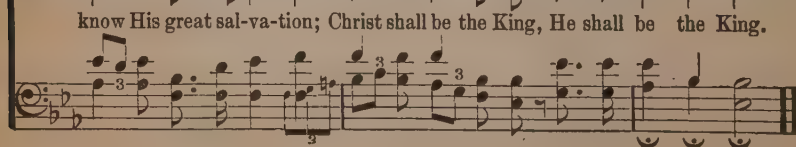
And Christ shall be the King. O-ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O-ver all the world Christ shall be the King;



O-ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O-ver all the world let His prais-es ring;



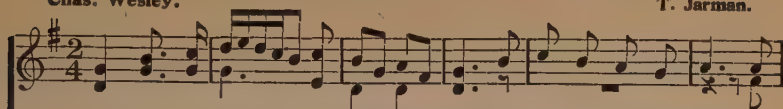
know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.



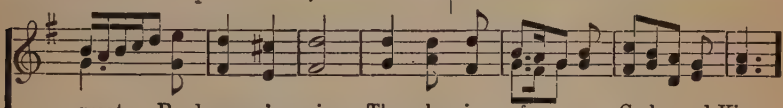
No. 45. O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

Chas. Wesley.

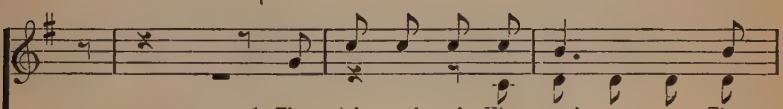
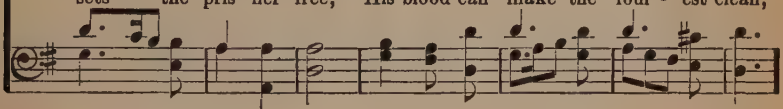
T. Jarman.



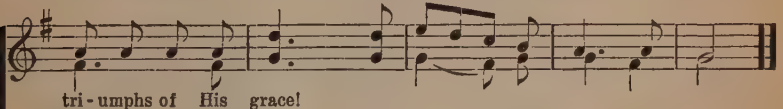
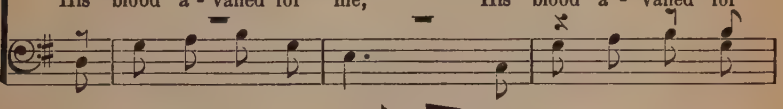
1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, My
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, As -
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-ows cease, That
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-cel'd sin, He sets the pris-'ner free, He



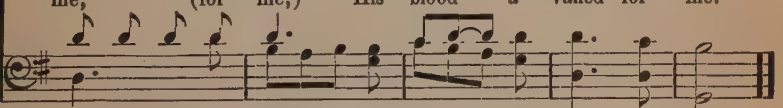
great Re-deem-er's praise, The glo-ries of my God and King,
 sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the earth a-broad
 bids our sor-ows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the sin - ner's ears,
 sets the pris-'ner free; His blood can make the foul - est clean,



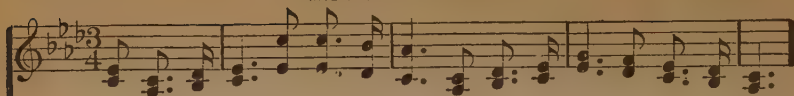
1. The tri - umphs of His grace! The tri - umphs of His
 The tri - umphs of His grace! The tri - umphs of His
 The hon - ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy
 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and
 His blood a - vailed for me, His blood a - vailed for



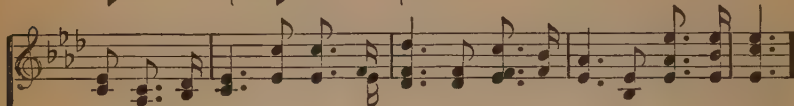
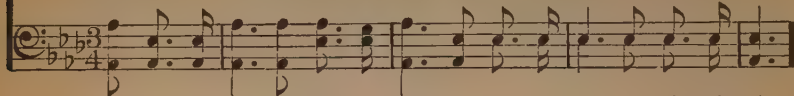
tri - umphs of His grace!
 grace, (His grace!) The tri - umphs of His grace!
 name, (Thy name,) The hon - ors of Thy name.
 peace, (and peace,) 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 me, (for me,) His blood a - vailed for me.



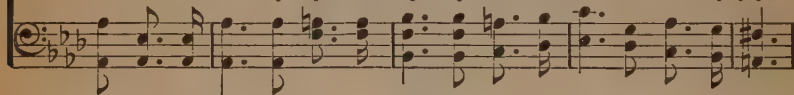
- 5 Look unto Him, ye nations, own Your God, ye fallen race;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone, Be justified by grace.
- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
 The Lamb of God was slain,
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.



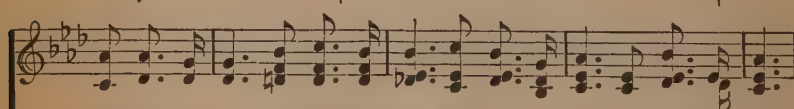
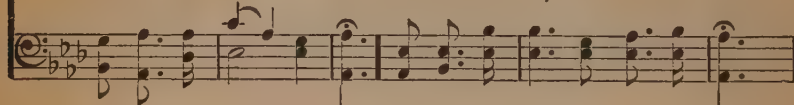
1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, To hear Him whis - per, I am His!
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, To hide in such a safe re - treat!



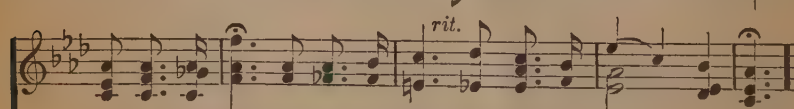
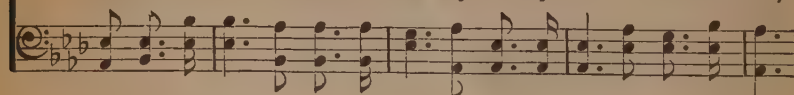
The love that ev - 'ry want sup - plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de - stroy, My Savior's love is still my joy;



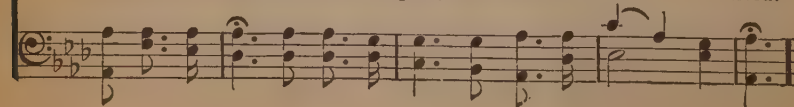
His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me!



More won - der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid;



My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!



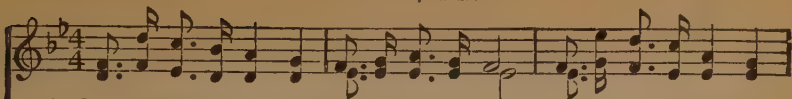
No. 47.

Sweeter As the Days Go By.

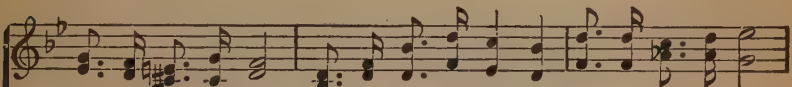
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.



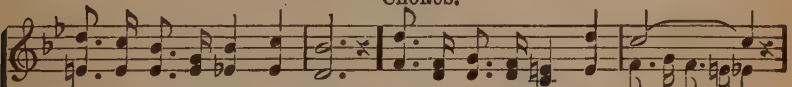
1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my pathway shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als



keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,



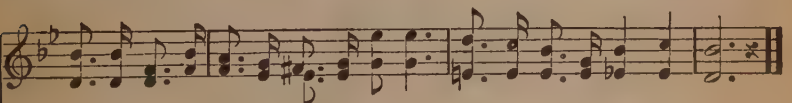
CHORUS.



Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by,.....
as the days go by,



Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly;..... Sweet-er and the
as the mo-ments fly;

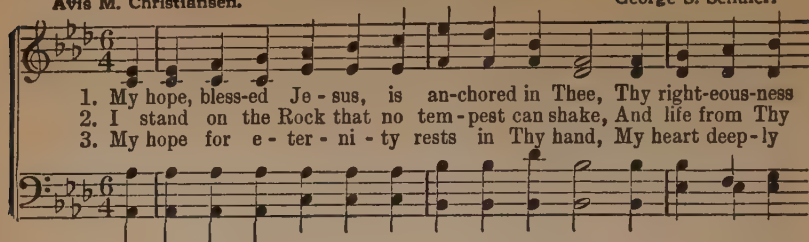


dear-er as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

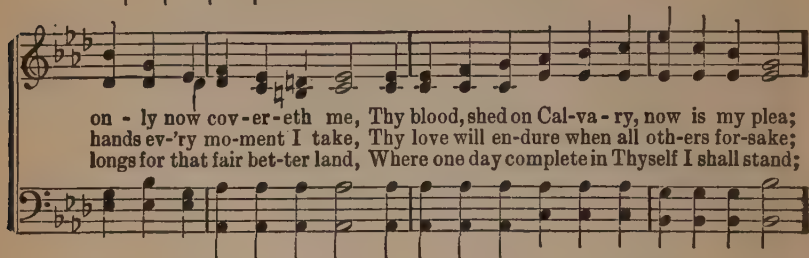


Avis M. Christiansen.

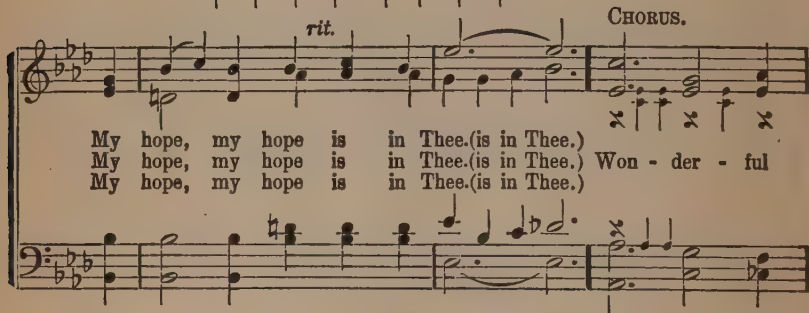
George S. Schuler.



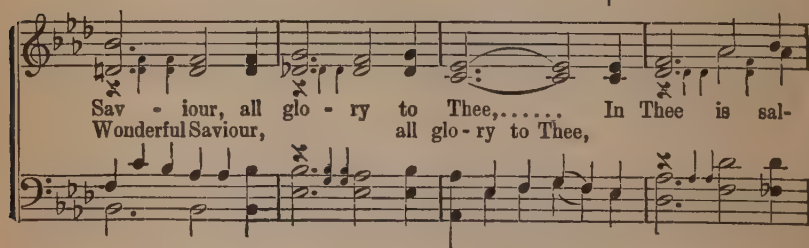
1. My hope, bless-ed Je - sus, is an-chored in Thee, Thy right-eous-ness
 2. I stand on the Rock that no tem-pest can shake, And life from Thy
 3. My hope for e - ter - ni - ty rests in Thy hand, My heart deep-ly



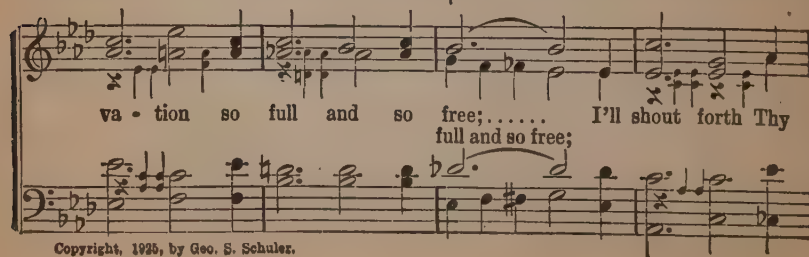
on - ly now cov-er-eth me, Thy blood, shed on Cal-va-ry, now is my plea;
 hands ev-'ry mo-ment I take, Thy love will en-dure when all oth-ers for-sake;
 longs for that fair bet-ter land, Where one day complete in Thyself I shall stand;



rit. CHORUS.
 My hope, my hope is in Thee. (is in Thee.)
 My hope, my hope is in Thee. (is in Thee.) Won - der - ful
 My hope, my hope is in Thee. (is in Thee.)



Sav - iour, all glo - ry to Thee, In Thee is sal-
 Wonderful Saviour, all glo - ry to Thee,



va - tion so full and so free; I'll shout forth Thy
 full and so free;

My Hope Is In Thee. Concluded.

MEN. WOMEN.

prais - es thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;.... My Sav-iour, My Sav-iour,

PARTS. *ad lib.*

My hope is in Thee,.... My hope is in Thee.

in Thee,

No. 49.

O Breath of God!

A. H. Vine.

Dr. R. H. Earnshaw.

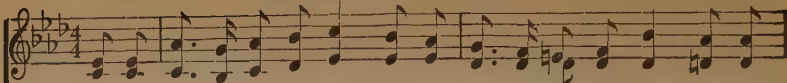
1. O Breath of God, breathe on us now, And move with-in us while we pray;
2. Oh, strangely art Thou with us, Lord, Nei - ther in height nor depth to seek:
3. Christ is our Ad - vo - cate on high; Thou art our Ad - vo - cate with-in:
4. But ah, this faith-less heart of mine! The way I know; I know my Guide:
5. Be with me when no oth - er friend The mys-t'ry of my heart can share;

The spring of our new life art Thou, The ver-y light of our new day.
In near-ness shall Thy voice be heard; Spir-it to spir - it Thou dost speak.
Oh, plead the truth, and make re - ply To ev-'ry ar - gu - ment of sin.
For-give me, O my Friend Di-vine, That I so oft - en turn a - side.
And be Thou known, when fears transcend, By Thy best name of Com - fort - er.

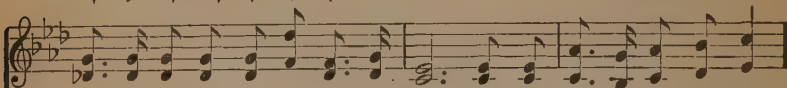
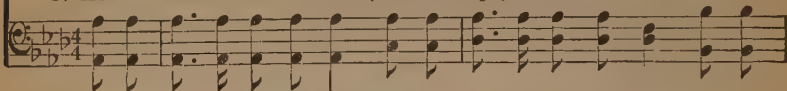
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

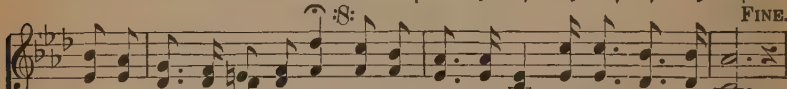
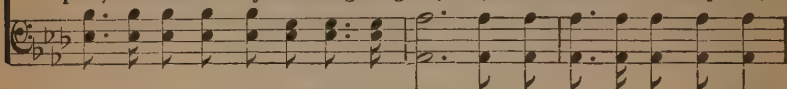
Chas. H. Gabriel.



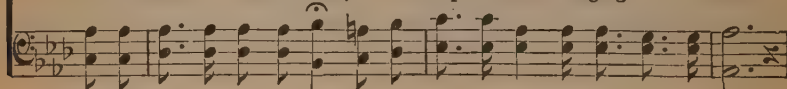
1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



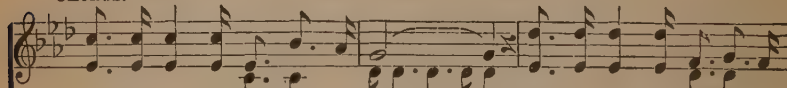
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



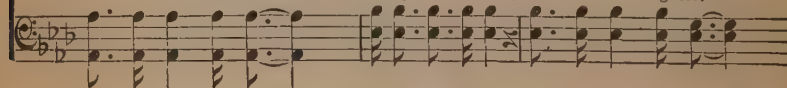
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



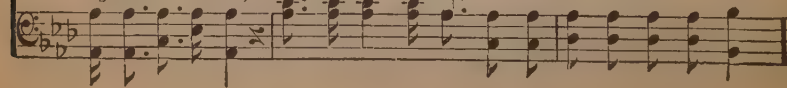
CHORUS.



Keep the heart singing all the while; Make the world brighter with a
singing, singing all the while; brighter,



smile; Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;



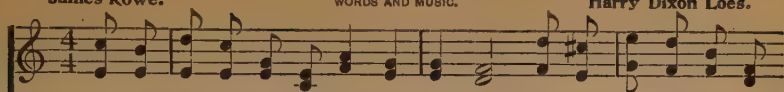
No. 51.

Such a Savior!

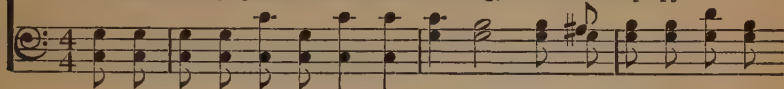
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.



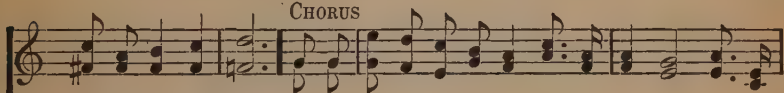
1. Let me tell you of a Friend and Sav - ior Whom at last I wor-ship
2. I was hope-less when He came and found me So com-plete-ly un - der
3. In His ho - ly pres-ence now I'm liv - ing, Just as hap - py as a



and a - dore; In His keep-ing I'm a - bid - ing ev - er, And I know I'm
sin's con-trol; But He put His lov-ing arms a-round me, And removed the
soul can be; For this sweet as-sur-ance He is giv - ing: He is mine for

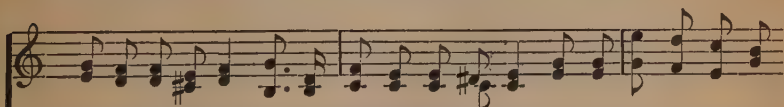
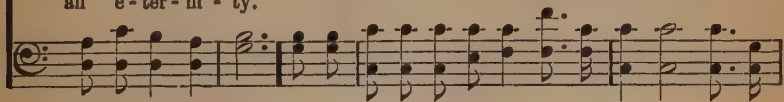


CHORUS

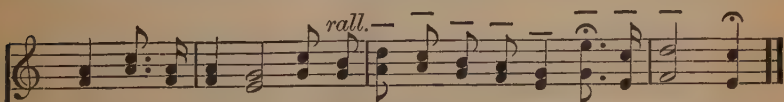
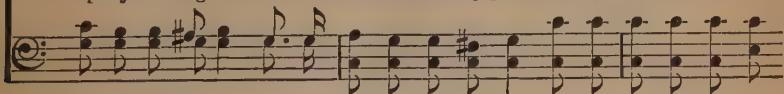


safe for-ev - er-more.

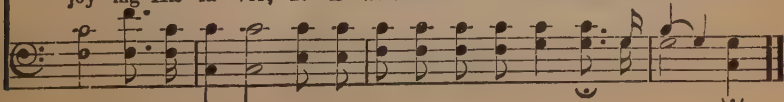
bur-den from my soul. It is won-der-ful to have such a Sav - ior! He will
all e - ter - ni - ty.



keep my trust-ing soul Till I reach the heav'-nly goal: Ev'-ry day I am en-



joy-ing His fa - vor, It is won-der-ful to have such a Sav - ior!

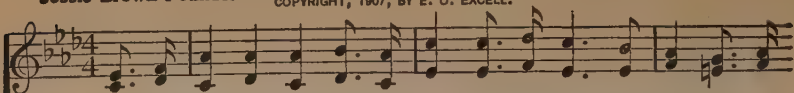


No. 52. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

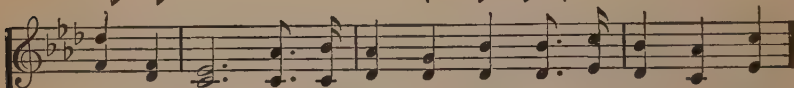
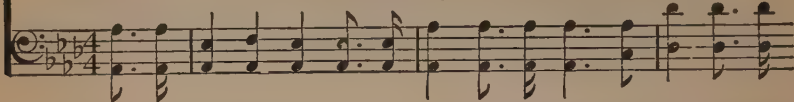
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

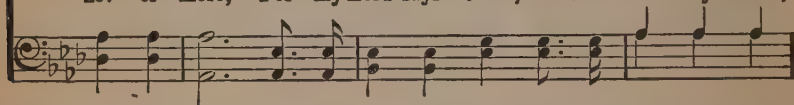
Chas. H. Gabriel.



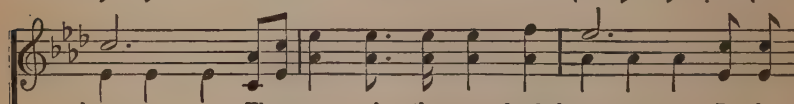
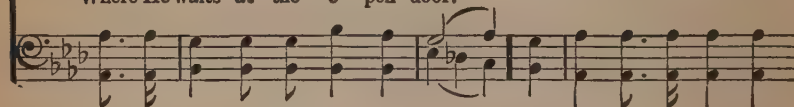
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it



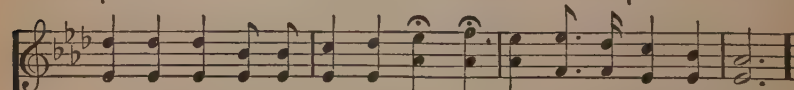
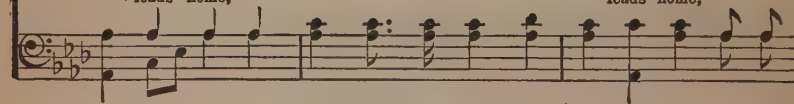
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;



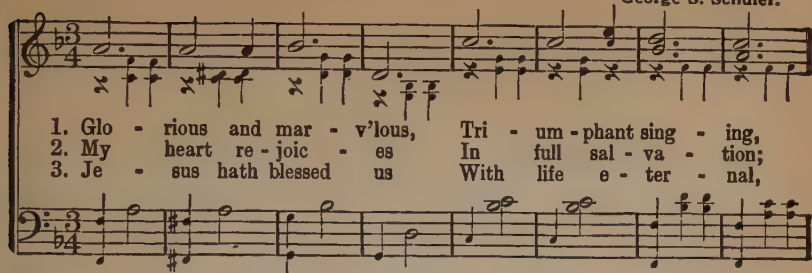
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.



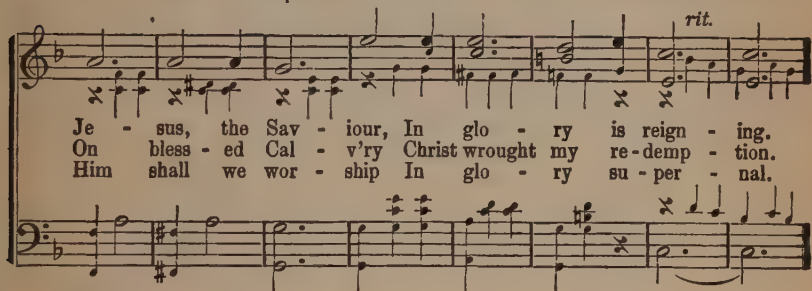
Loud From the Mountain-Top.

G. S. S.

George S. Schuler.

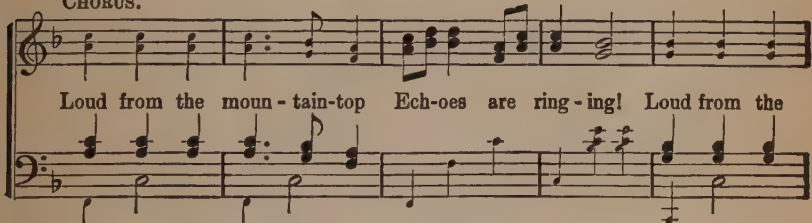


1. Glo - rious and mar - v'lous, Tri - um - phant sing - ing,
 2. My heart re - joic - es In full sal - va - tion;
 3. Je - sus hath blessed us With life e - ter - nal,



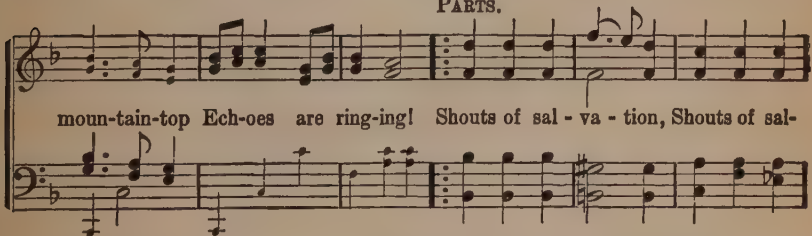
rit.
 Je - sus, the Sav - iour, In glo - ry is reign - ing.
 On bless - ed Cal - v'ry Christ wrought my re - demp - tion.
 Him shall we wor - ship In glo - ry su - per - nal.

CHORUS.

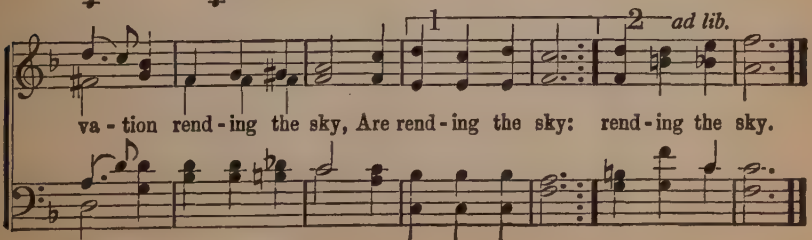


Loud from the moun - tain-top Ech-oes are ring - ing! Loud from the

PARTS.



moun-tain-top Ech-oes are ring-ing! Shouts of sal - va - tion, Shouts of sal -



1 2 *ad lib.*
 va - tion rend - ing the sky, Are rend - ing the sky: rend - ing the sky.

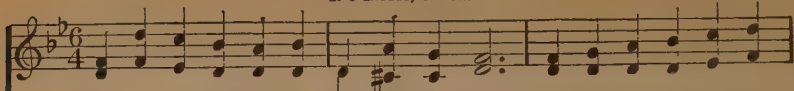
No. 54.

Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

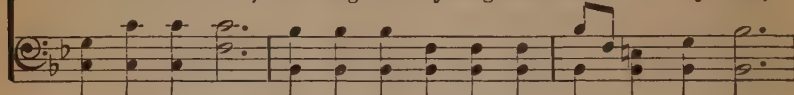
B. D. Ackley.



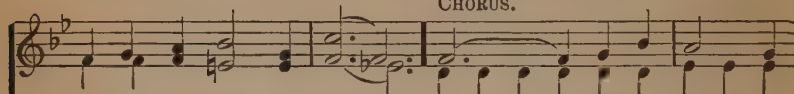
1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er-fail-ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by



ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,

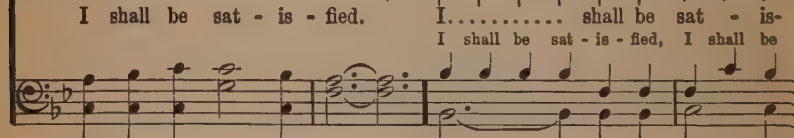


CHORUS.

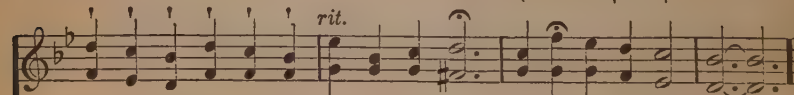
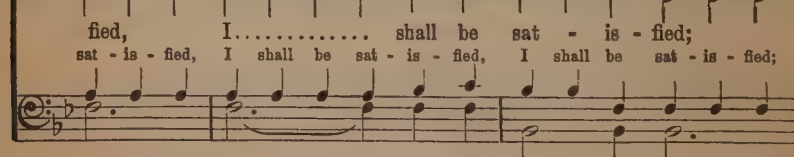


I shall be sat-is-fied.

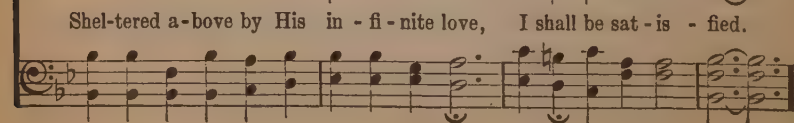
I..... shall be sat-is-
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be



fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied;
sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied;



Shel-tered a-bove by His in-fi-nite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.



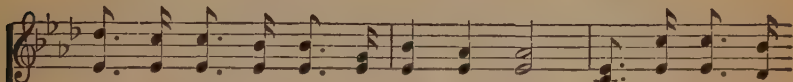
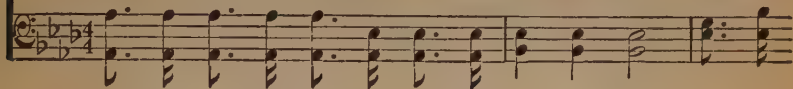
Ada Blenkhorn,

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL RENEWAL.

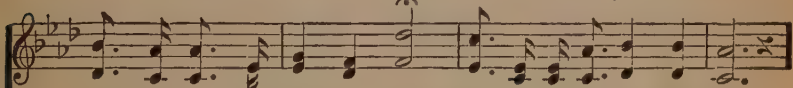
Chas. H. Gabriel.



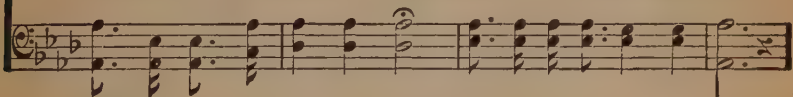
1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re-joic-ing in the up-ward way, Know-ing



dark with-out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-en'd
 pray'rs un-an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-en'd
 naught of dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-en'd



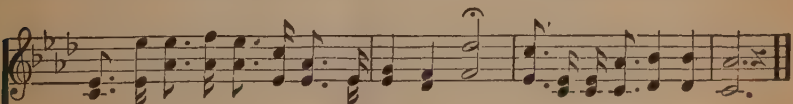
win-dows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.



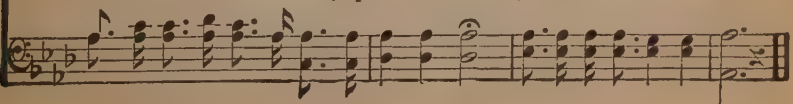
CHORUS.



Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
 the sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;



Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

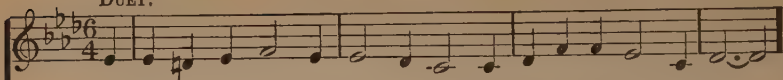


Jesse P. Tompkins.

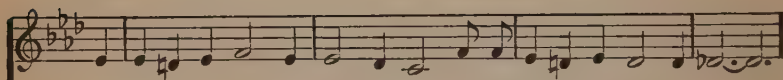
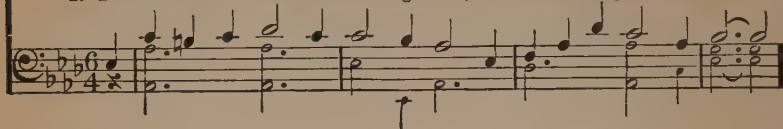
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

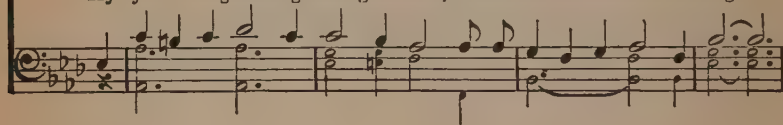
DUET.



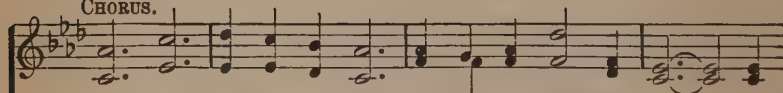
1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweeter is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez - es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morning Land, The fair-er the gold - en light;



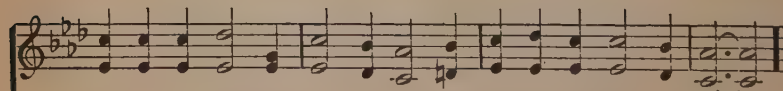
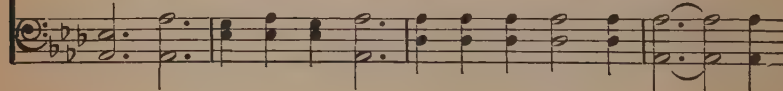
I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crystal Sea.
 I sigh, when the evening shad-ows fall, For the light of the morn-ing glow.
 The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the waters flow.
 My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal sight.



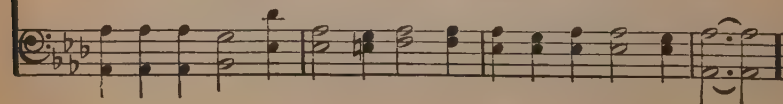
CHORUS.



Home, Home, Heav-en-ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The



near-er I reach the end of time, The sweet-er thou art to me.



No. 57

What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 5. He gives me o - ver - com - ing pow'r, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

We are re-deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 And tri-umph in each try - ing hour; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

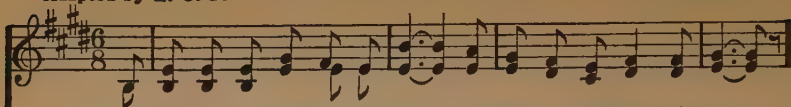
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

No. 58. Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart.

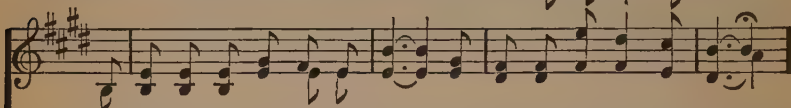
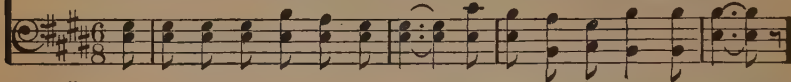
Adapted by E. O. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS.

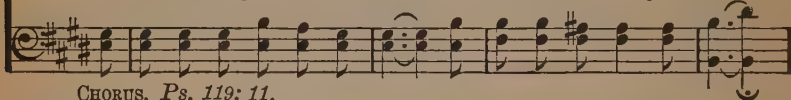
E. O. Sellers.



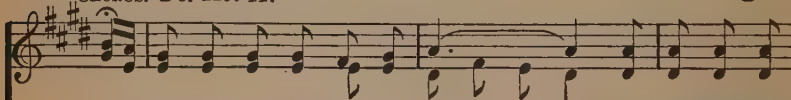
1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es - tab - lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn - ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Savior and Morning Star;



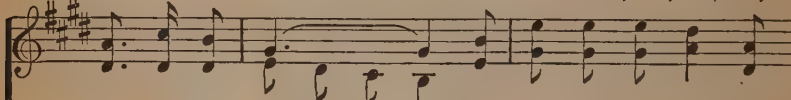
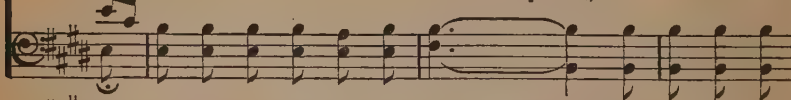
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'nly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va-tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.



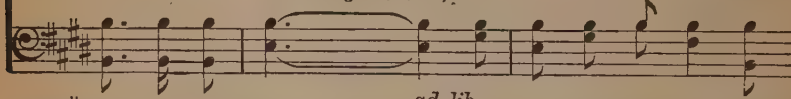
CHORUS. Ps. 119: 11.



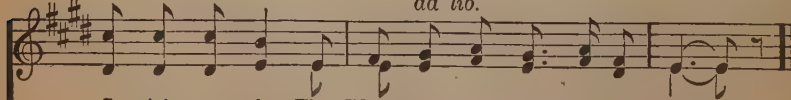
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, . . . That I might not
in my heart,



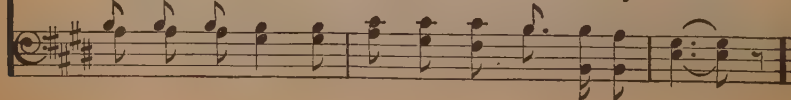
sin a - gainst Thee; . . . That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee;



ad lib.



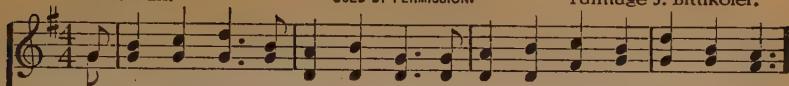
I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.



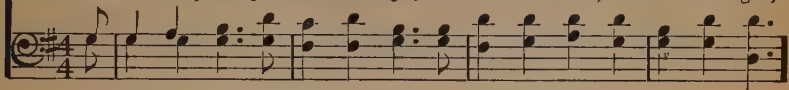
Helen E. Duff.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY TALMAGE J. BITTIKOFER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

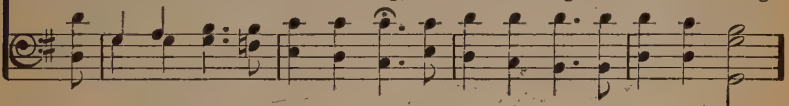
Talmage J. Bittikofer.



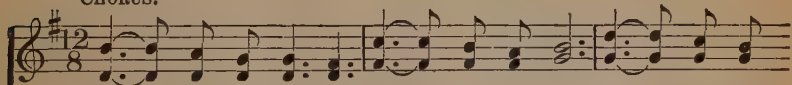
1. When clouds hang low, and dark thy path, Then trust and know they'll lift at last;
2. With grace bear wrong, that Christ may reign, Then lift a song, shine in His name;
3. Then God be praised, your "faith made sight," The ban-ner raised, "God's love and light;"



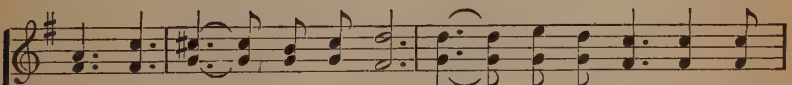
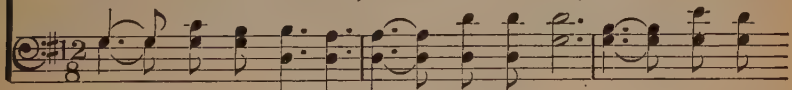
What-e'er the load, then look to God, Tho' long the road, e'er on - ward plod.
Then shine for Him who died for you, The vic - t'ry win, He'll see you thro'.
And from the heart will come the song, That God made right to come from wrong.



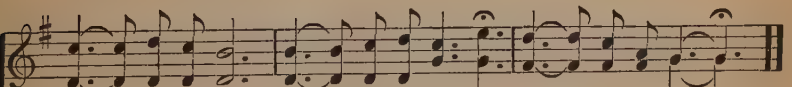
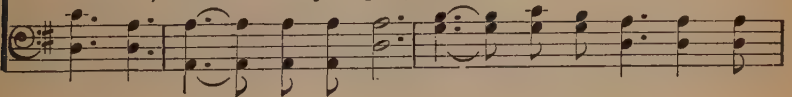
CHORUS.



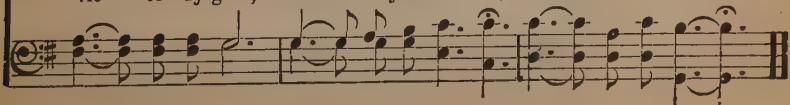
Shine thro' the sun-shine, Shine thro' the rain; Shine thro' the



shad - ows, Shine thro' your pain; Shine in the dark - ness, The



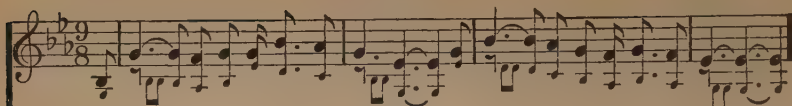
vic - to - ry gain; Shine in your tri - als, Shine in His name.



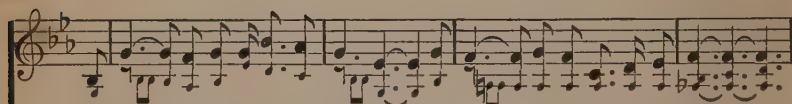
E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



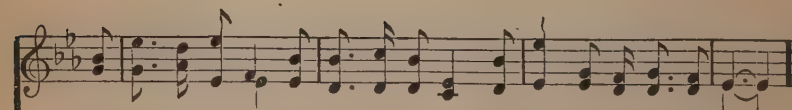
His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
 Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
 His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
 Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, . . . I am hap-py in Him; . . .
 I am hap-py in Him, I am hap-py in Him;



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.



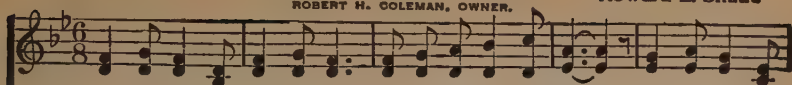
No. 61.

Love Lifted Me.

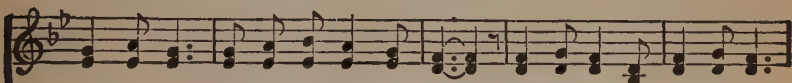
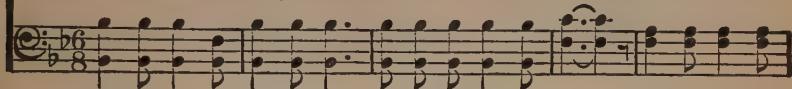
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

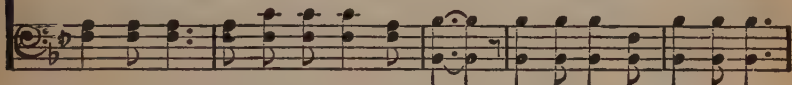
Howard E. Smith.



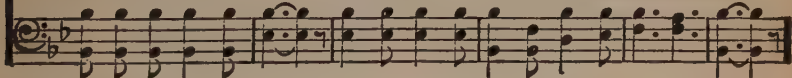
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you



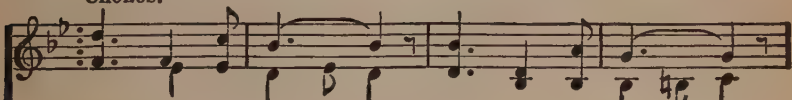
stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



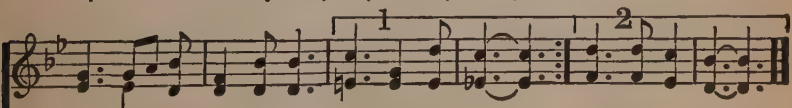
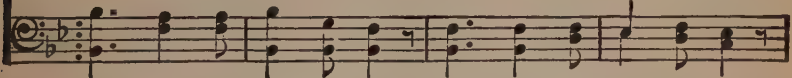
Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Nowsafe am I.
 Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil-lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.



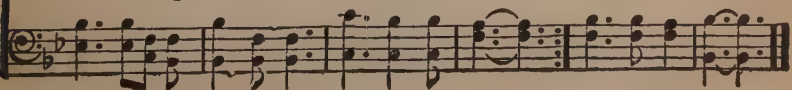
CHORUS.



Love lift - ed mel..... Love lift - ed mel.....
 e - ven mel e - ven mel



When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

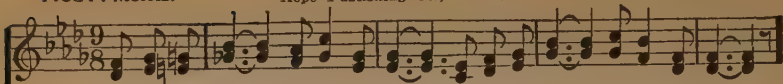


Who Could It Be?

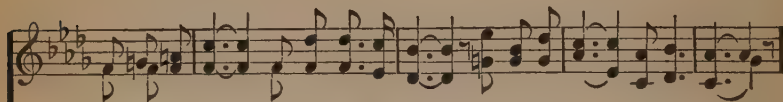
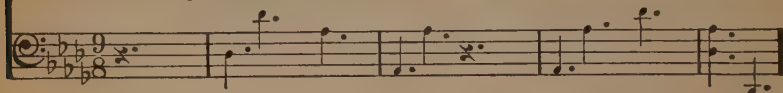
Fred P. Morris.

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Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

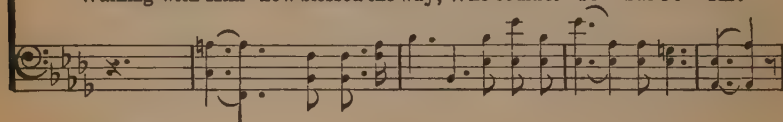
Robert Harkness.



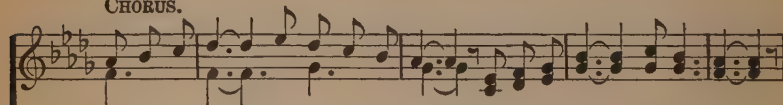
1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er - y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der - ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,



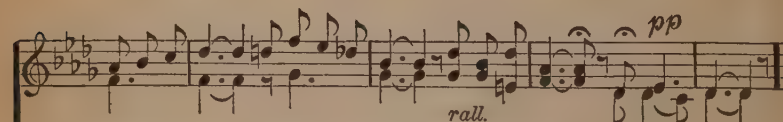
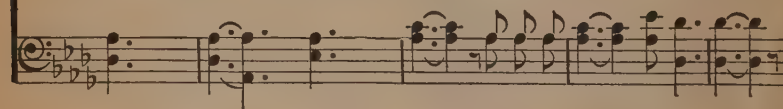
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Walking with Him how blessed the way, Who could it be but Je - sus?



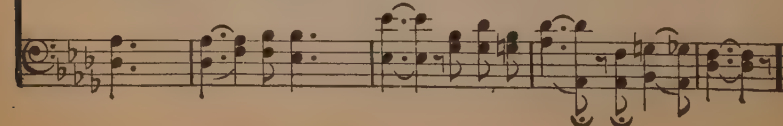
CHORUS.



Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Je - - - sus, Je - - - sus,



Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Je - - - sus, yes, Je - - - sus,



Great God of Wonders.

S. DAVIES.

(HUDDERSFIELD. M. 8.)

J. NEWTON.

1. Great God of won - ders! all Thy ways Are match - less, god - like,
 2. O may this strange, this match-less grace, This god - like mir - a -

and di - vine; But the fair glo - ries of Thy grace More god - like
 cle of love, Fill the whole earth with grate-ful praise, And all th' an -

and un - ri - valed shine, More god - like and un - ri - valed shine.
 gel - ic choirs a - bove, And all th' an - gel - ic choirs a - bove.

Who is a par-d'ning God like Thee? Or who has grace so
 Who is a par-d'ning God like Thee? Or who has grace so

rich and free? Or who has grace so rich and free?
 rich and free? Or who has grace so rich and free? A - MEN,

No. 64. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

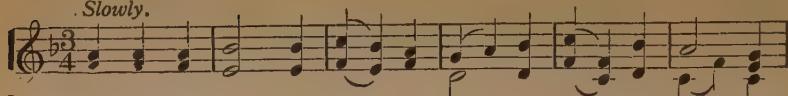
As sung by Gipsy Smith.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY WM. MC EWAN & E. E. YOUNG.

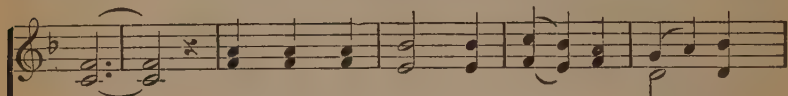
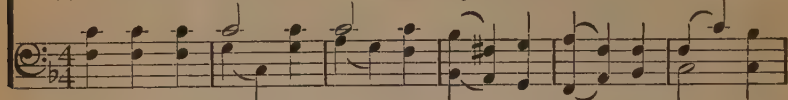
Horatius Bonar.

Arr. by E. E. Young.

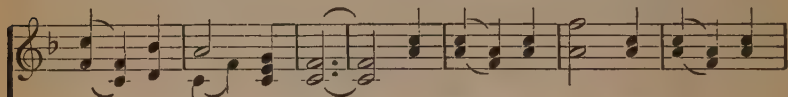
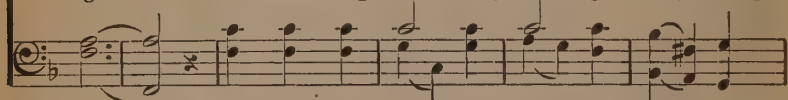
Slowly.



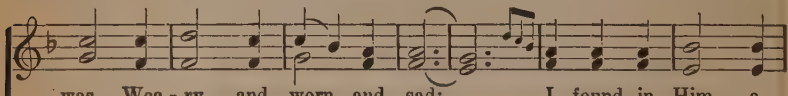
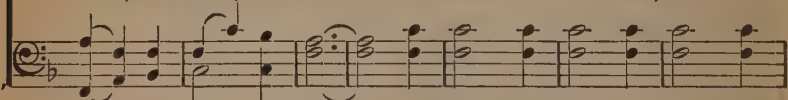
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly



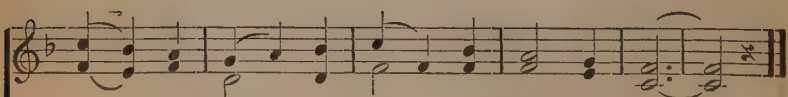
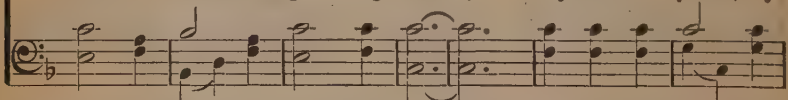
rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy
give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop



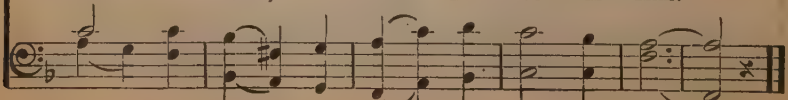
head up - on My breast," I came to Je - sus as I
down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I



was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a
drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my



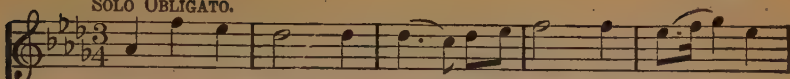
rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.



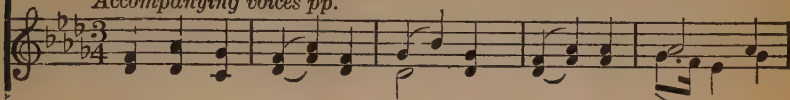
H. Stowell.

S. Wilder.

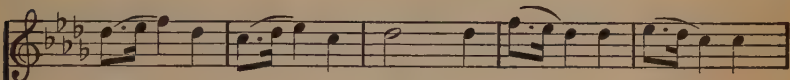
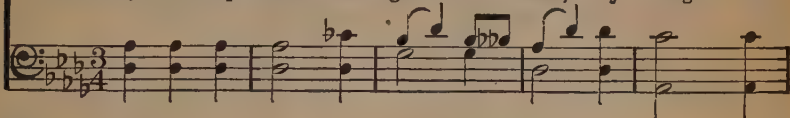
SOLO OBLIGATO.



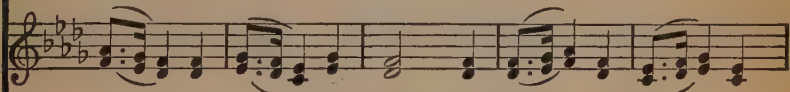
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

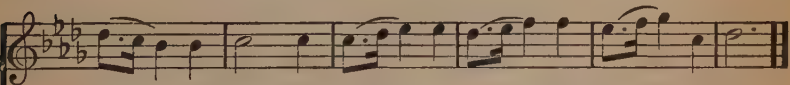
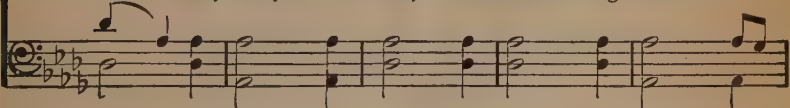
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
 4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



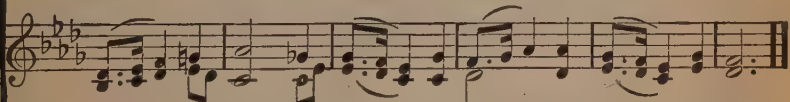
- swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-



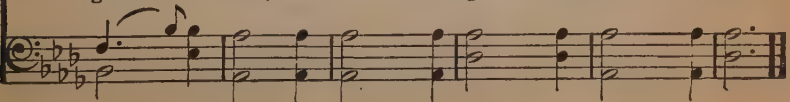
- fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
 si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-



- sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 sides moresweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.



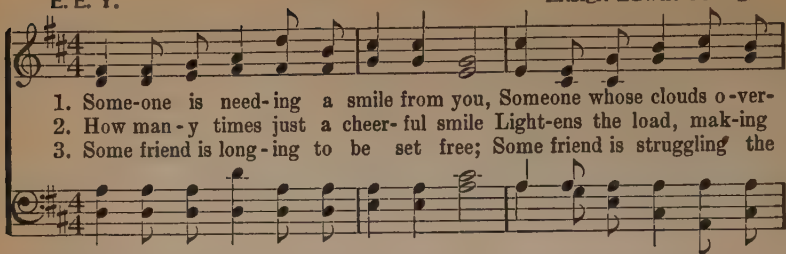
- faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat!



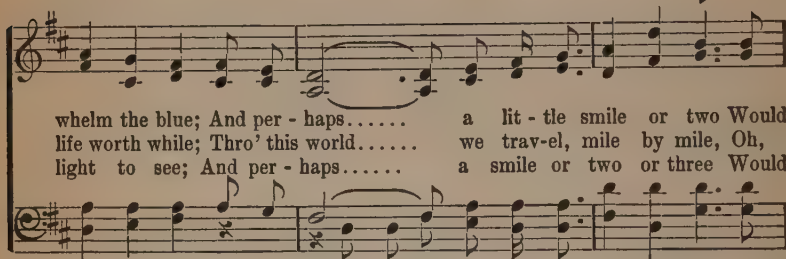
E. E. Y.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG.

Ensign Edwin Young.



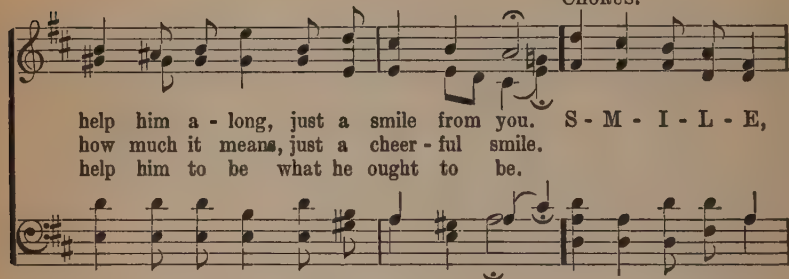
1. Some-one is need-ing a smile from you, Someone whose clouds o-ver-
2. How man-y times just a cheer-ful smile Light-ens the load, mak-ing
3. Some friend is long-ing to be set free; Some friend is struggling the



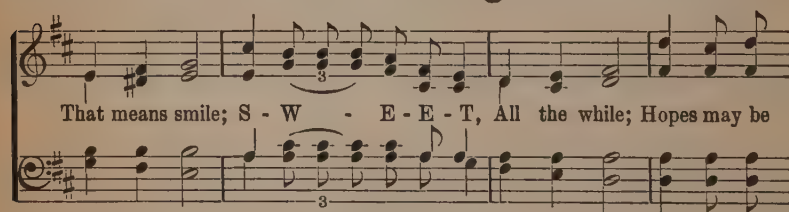
whelm the blue; And per-haps..... a lit-tle smile or two Would
 life worth while; Thro' this world..... we trav-el, mile by mile, Oh,
 light to see; And per-haps..... a smile or two or three Would

1. And per-haps

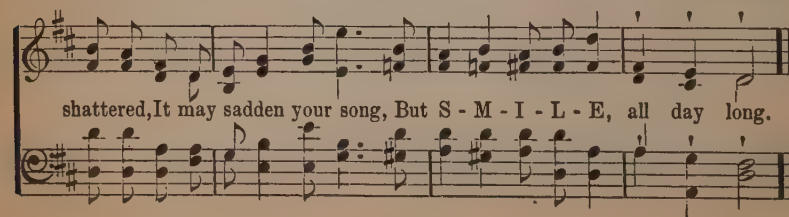
CHORUS.



help him a-long, just a smile from you. S - M - I - L - E,
 how much it means, just a cheer-ful smile.
 help him to be what he ought to be.



That means smile; S - W - E - E - T, All the while; Hopes may be



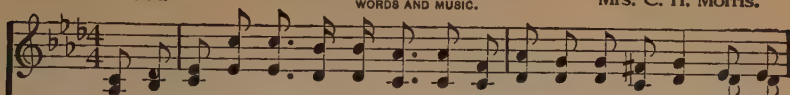
shattered, It may sadden your song, But S - M - I - L - E, all day long.

No. 67. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

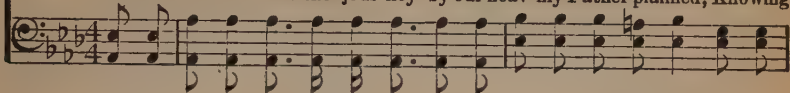
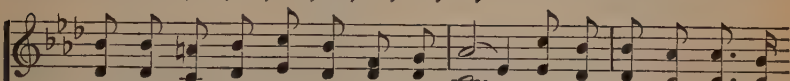
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

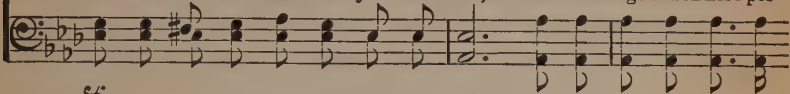
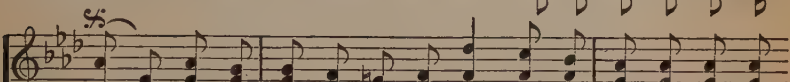
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



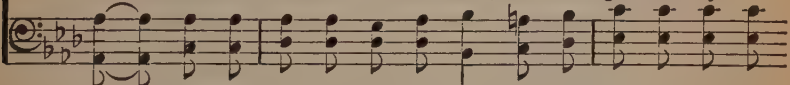
1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re-
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing

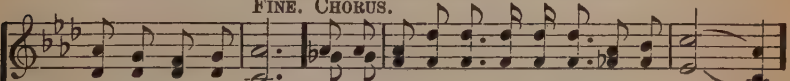
saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we
count the triumphs of re - deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our
that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per-

glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
Sav - ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
plex us, which we can - not un - der-stand, In that glorious day of



D. S.—come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-
FINE. CHORUS.



cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-gether by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be.



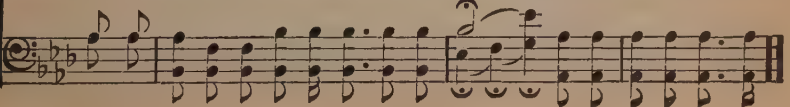
by and by,

geth - er by and by.



D. S.

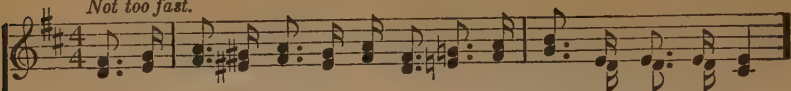
When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-



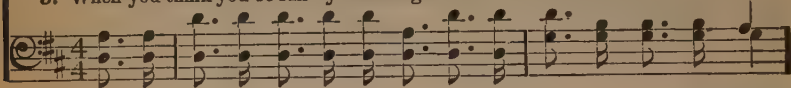
Almeda Hall Tarrant.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

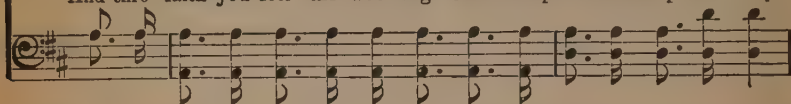
E. O. Excell.

Not too fast.

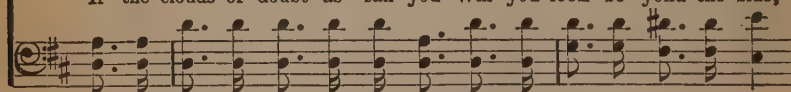
1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau-ty bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full-y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,



You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap-py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov-ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi-ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo-ing Of com-pan-ion-ship a-bove,

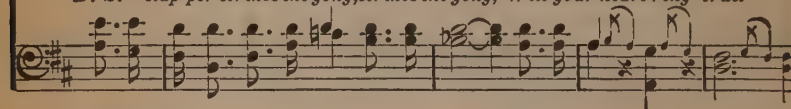


If af-flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you,
If you meet with sad re-vers-es And the tempt-er fa-ces you,
If the clouds of doubt as-sail you Will you look be-yond the blue,



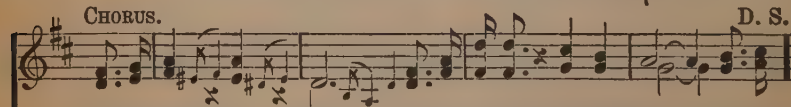
When the clapper strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?

D. S.—clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?

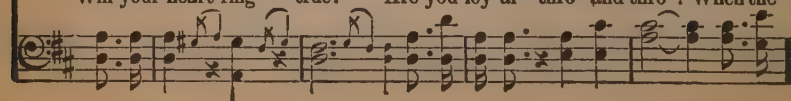


CHORUS.

D. S.



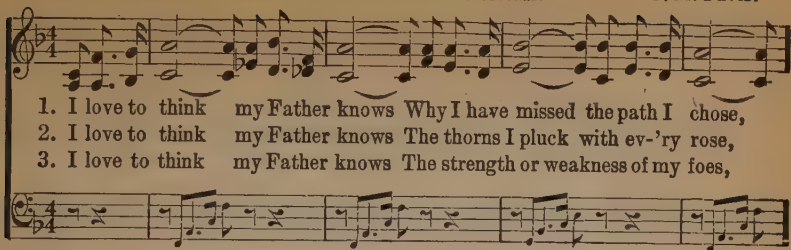
Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the



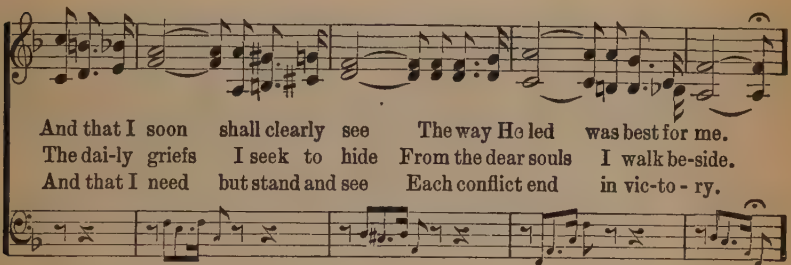
Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.

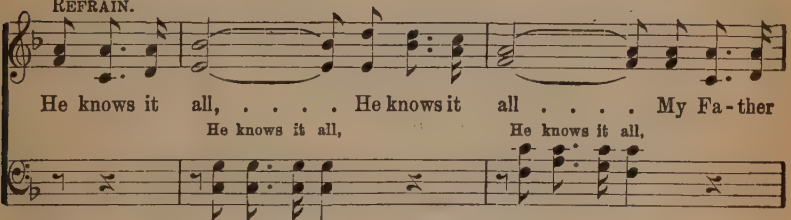


1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
 2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
 3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

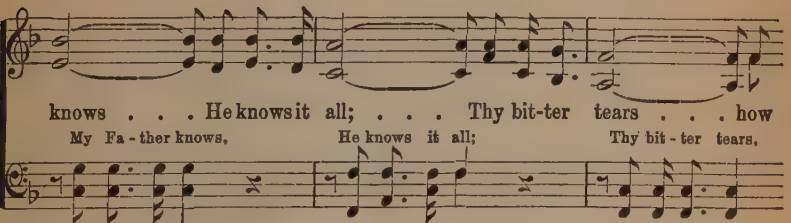


And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
 The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
 And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to - ry.

REFRAIN.



He knows it all, He knows it all My Fa-ther
 He knows it all, He knows it all,



knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
 My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,

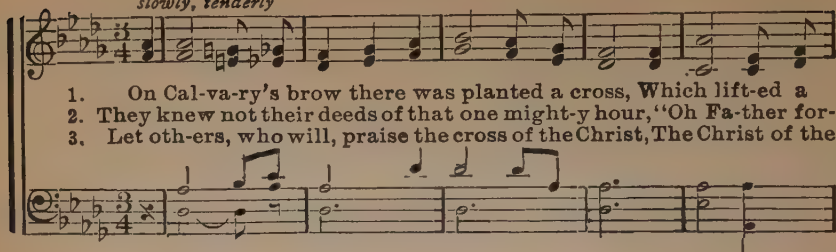


fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
 how fast they fall!—

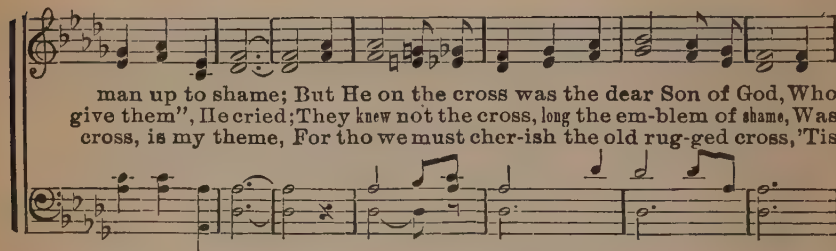
F. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

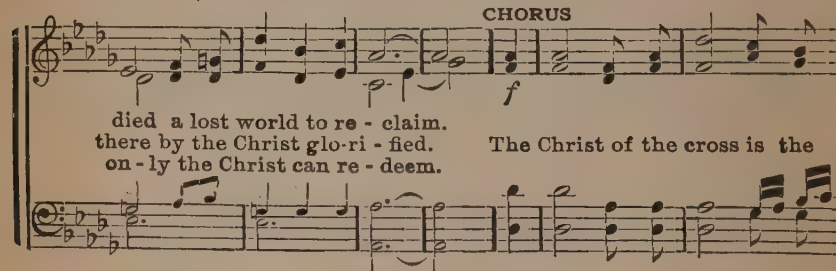
Frank C. Huston.

slowly, tenderly


1. On Cal-va-ry's brow there was planted a cross, Which lift-ed a
 2. They knew not their deeds of that one might-y hour, "Oh Fa-ther for-
 3. Let oth-ers, who will, praise the cross of the Christ, The Christ of the



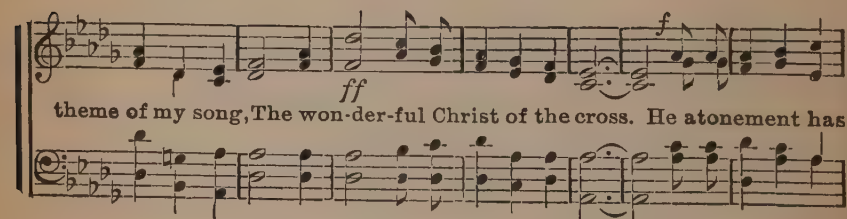
man up to shame; But He on the cross was the dear Son of God, Who
 give them", He cried; They knew not the cross, long the em-blem of shame, Was
 cross, is my theme, For tho we must cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, 'Tis



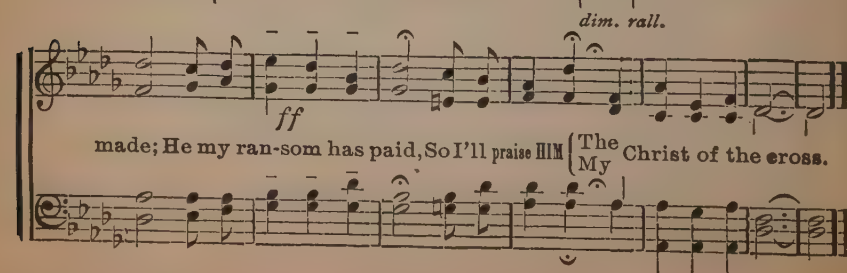
CHORUS

died a lost world to re - claim.
 there by the Christ glo-ri - fied.
 on - ly the Christ can re - deem.

The Christ of the cross is the



theme of my song, The won-der-ful Christ of the cross. He atonement has



dim. rall.

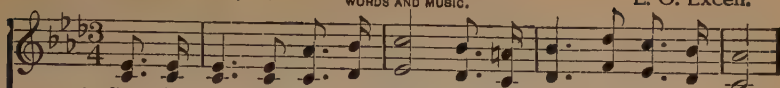
made; He my ran-som has paid, So I'll praise HIM (The Christ of the cross.
 My

I Will Follow Thee.

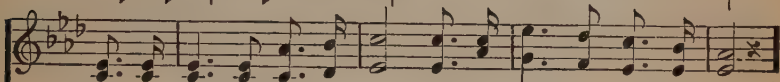
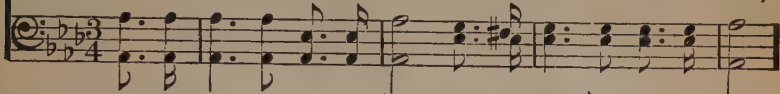
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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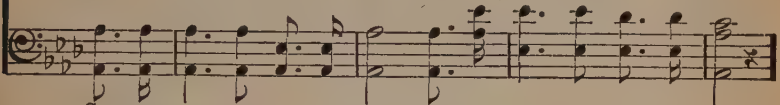
E. O. Excell.



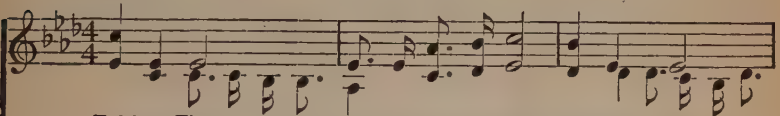
1. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee; Thou art all the world to me;
2. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Tho' it lead me to the Cross;
3. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Tho' it lead through toil and tears;
4. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee Till the toils of life are o'er;



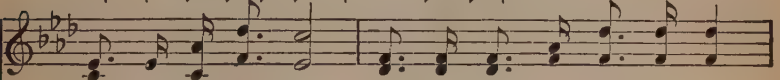
Tho' the way I can - not see, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
 Count - ing all things here but dross, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
 Through the long and wea - ry years, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
 Till I reach the Gold - en Shore, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.



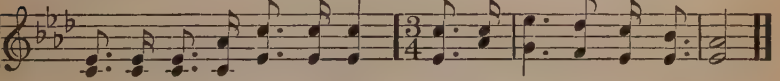
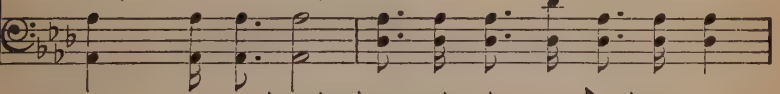
CHORUS.



Fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low Thee,
 Fol - low, I will fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee, Fol - low, I will fol - low



I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low till the day is done,
 Thee, fol - low Thee,



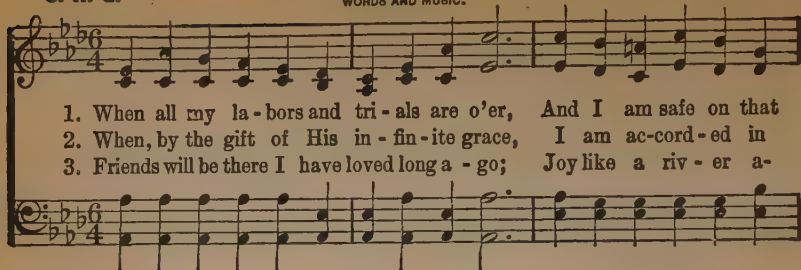
Fol - low till the crown is won, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.



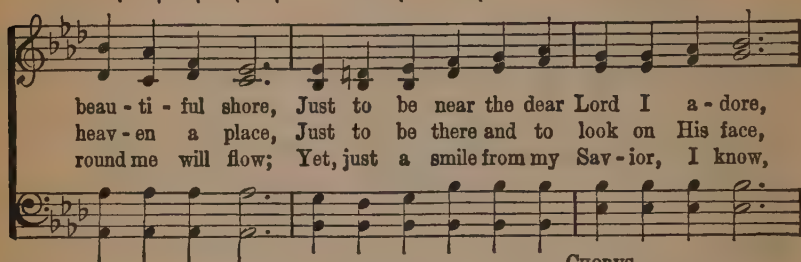
C. H. G.

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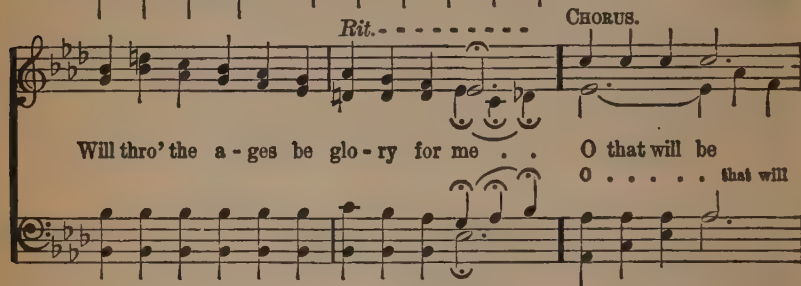
Chas. M. Gabriel.



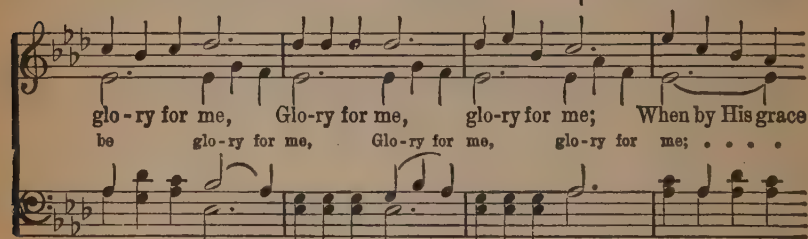
1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-



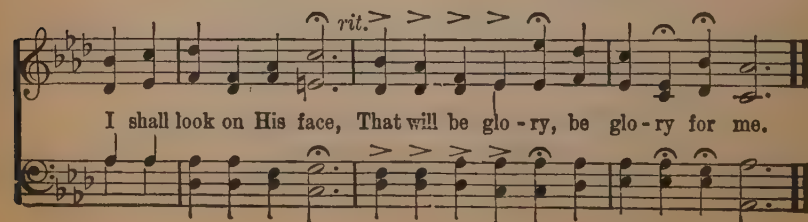
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,



Rit. - - - - - CHORUS.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . O that will be
O that will



glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;



rit. > > > >
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 72a.

Sing We the King.

- 1 Sing we the King who is coming to reign; 3 All shall be well in His kingdom of
 Glory to Jesus, the Lamb that was slain: peace,
 Life and salvation His empire shall bring, Freedom shall flourish and wisdom
 Joy to the nations, when Jesus is King. increase,
 CHO.—Come, let us sing praise to our King, Foe shall be friend when His triumph we
 Jesus our King, Jesus our King: sing,
 This is our song, who to Jesus belong,— Sword shall be sickle, when Jesus is
 Glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King! King.
- 2 All men shall dwell in His marvelous 4 Kingdom of Christ, for thy coming we
 light, pray;
 Races long severed His love shall unite, Hasten, O Father, the dawn of the day
 Justice and truth from His scepter shall When this new song Thy creation shall
 spring, sing,—
 Wrong shall be ended, when Jesus is King. Satan is vanquished, and Jesus is King!

No. 73. O Lamb of God, Still Keep Me.

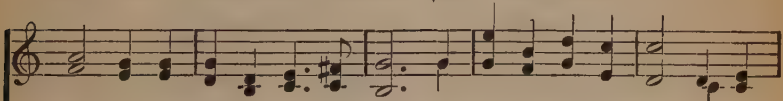
James G. Deck.

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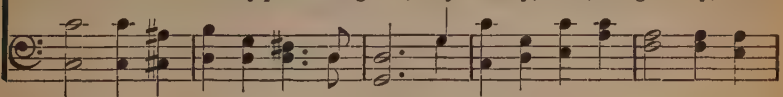
Ernest O. Sellers.



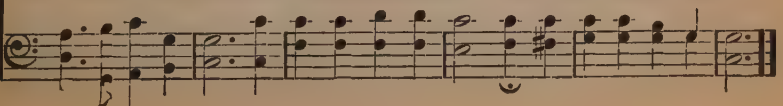
1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side; 'Tis on - ly there in
 2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing, I know my life se - cure; On - ly in Thee a -
 3. Soon shall my eyes behold Thee With rapture face to face; One hath hath not been



safe - ty And peace I can a - bide. What foes and snares surround me, What
 bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure: Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth O'er
 told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace; Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The

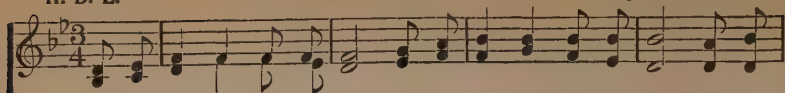


doubts and fears within! The grace that sought and found me, A-lone can keep me clean.
 ev - 'ry hateful foe; Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.
 won - ders of Thy love, Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all Thy saints a - bove.

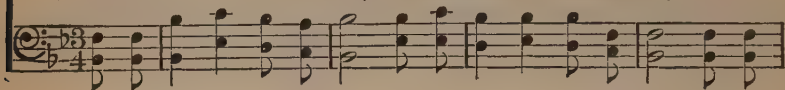


H. D. L.

Harry Dixon Loes.



1. Just be-yond the clouds of gray, As we walk the nar-row way, Faith be-
2. There we'll meet the friends we loved, Far from death's dark vale re-moved, To en-
3. There will be no toil or care, Sor-row shall not en-ter there; But a

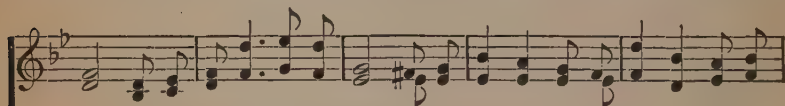
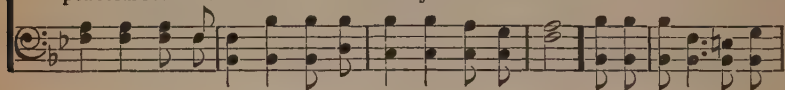


CHORUS

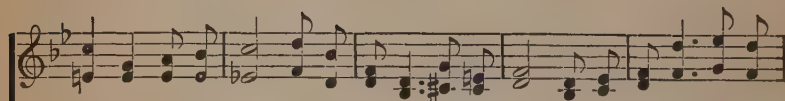


holds a land of beau-ty, Where we'll dwell thro' endless day.

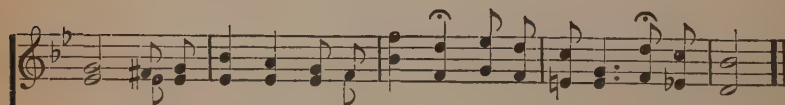
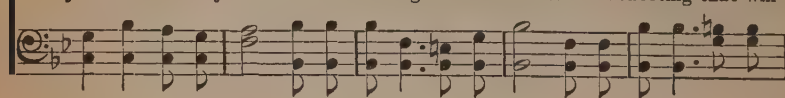
joy e-ter-nal raptures With the friendships we have proved. What a meeting that will
peaceful rest un-bro-ken In the Glo-ry-Land so fair.



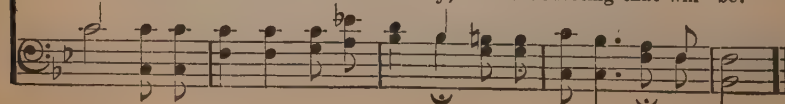
be! What a meeting that will be! When we greet our blessed Savior Far be-



yond life's stormy sea. What a meeting that will be! What a meeting that will



be! With our loved ones in the Glo - ry, What a meeting that will be!



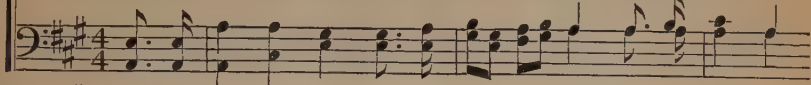
E. E. Y.

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E. Edwin Young.



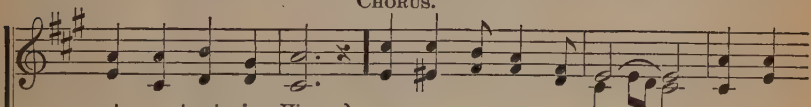
1. Have you tried and failed, Has the foe pre - vailed, Has your star of
2. You will nev - er gain, Tho' you try in vain, What the Sav - iour
3. When you find the way, Then your heart can say There is joy and
4. Is it hard to say, When the sky is gray, That you have no



hope grown dim? There's re-deem-ing pow'r in the Sav - iour's blood, If you
has for you, Till you take by faith His for - giv - ing love, And your
peace with - in; When the waves roll high, Je - sus keeps His eye On the
dread or fear? From the wa - ter's deep, He His own will keep, And in

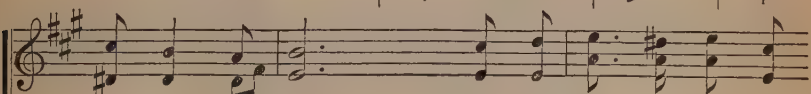
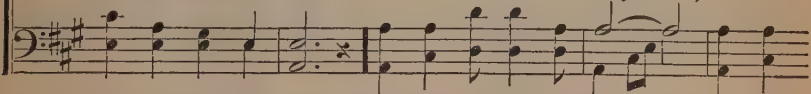


CHORUS.

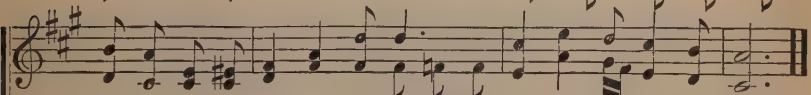


put your trust in Him.
cross you car - ry, too.
ones who trust in Him.
tri - als Christ is near.

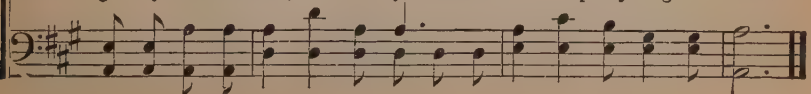
} Just stop try-ing and trust,... Just stop
just trust,



try - ing and trust; (just trust;) You will find the way to



glo - ry in the old, old sto-ry, (When you) Just stop try-ing and trust.

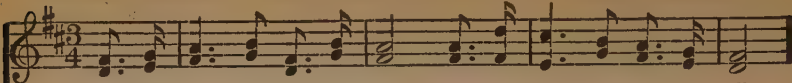


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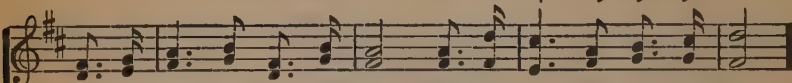
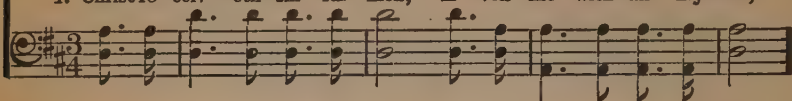
Arr. from Neumaster.

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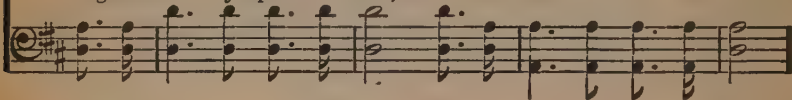
James McGranahan.



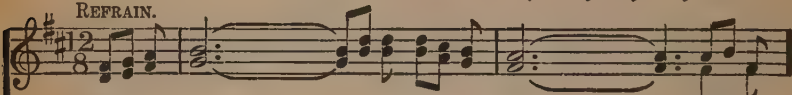
1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart con - demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



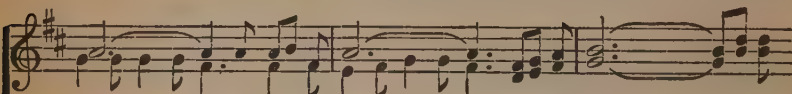
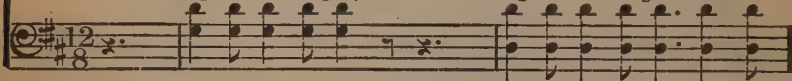
REFRAIN.



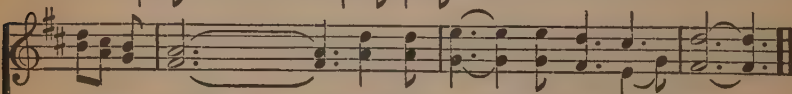
Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain: Christ re -

Sing it o'er a - gain,

Sing it o'er a - gain: Christ re -

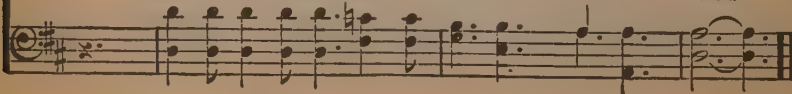


ceiv - - eth sin - ful men; . . . Make the mes - - sage
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain: . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

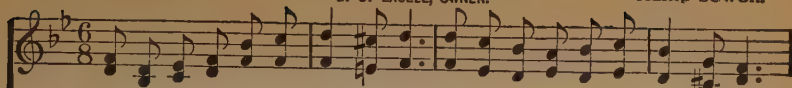
Make the mes - sage plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.



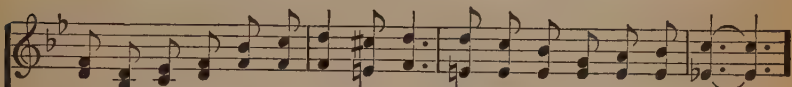
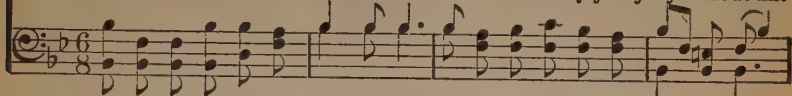
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

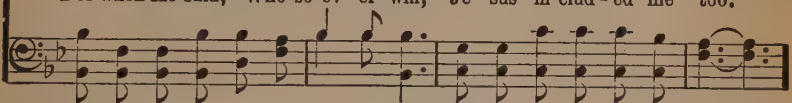
Hamp Sewell.



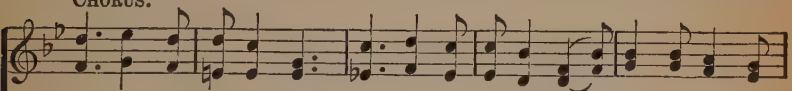
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



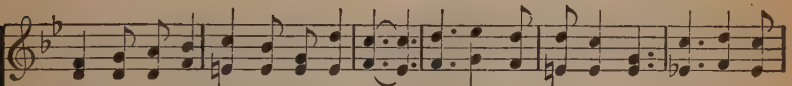
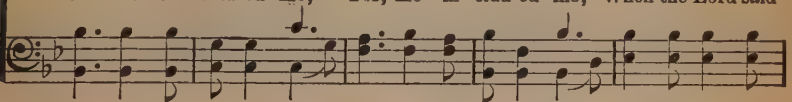
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud-ed me too.
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je - sus in-clud-ed me too.



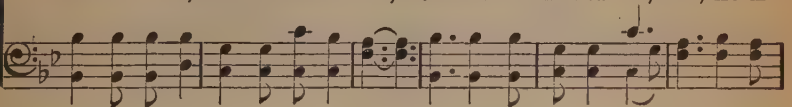
CHORUS.



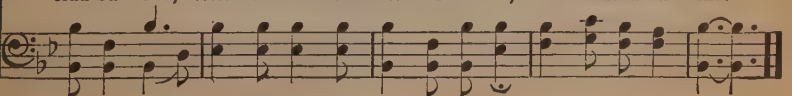
Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-



clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

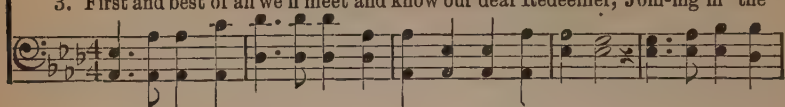
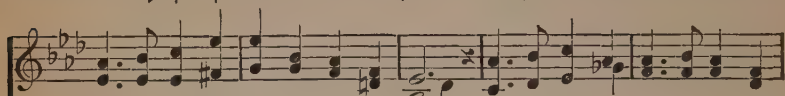


Mrs. C. H. M.

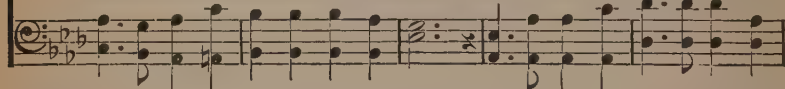
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



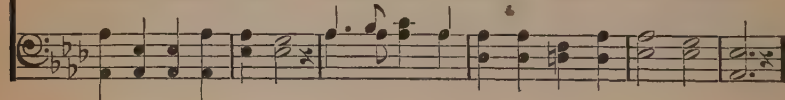
1. Soon the days of pain and parting will be gone for - ev - er, Soon the days of
 2. Just a few more years at best, the cross for Jesus bearing, Just a few more
 3. First and best of all we'll meet and know our dear Redeemer, Join-ing in the

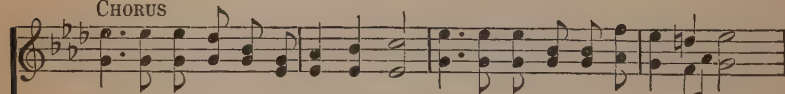
con-flict will for - ev - er-more be past; In the cit - y of our King we'll
 fleet-ing days lost souls for Christ to win; Then e - ter - nal years with Him, His
 songs of praise around the great white throne; Then the friends we've loved and lost we'll



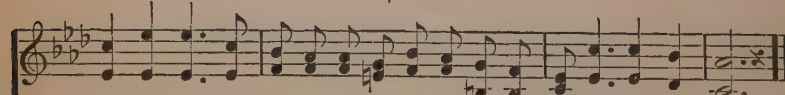

meet no more to sev - er, When in yon - der har - bor we've our an - chor cast.
 glo - ry to be shar-ing, When the cit - y of our King we've en - tered in,
 meet, and know each other, Meet and know each oth - er as we too are known.



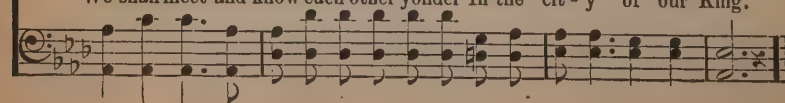
CHORUS



In the cit - y of our Lord and King, While the happy hal - le - lu - jahs ring,

We shall meet and know each other yonder In the cit - y of our King.

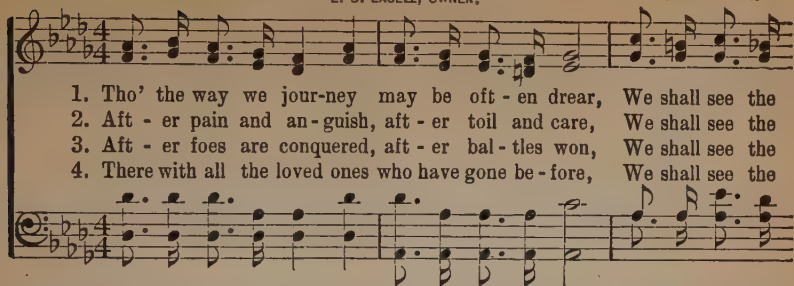


No. 79. We Shall See the King Some Day.

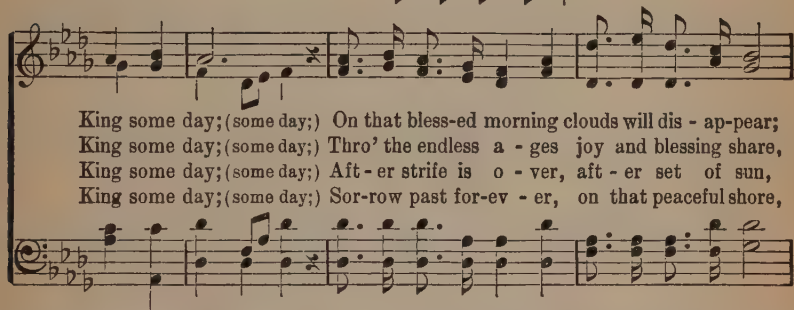
L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

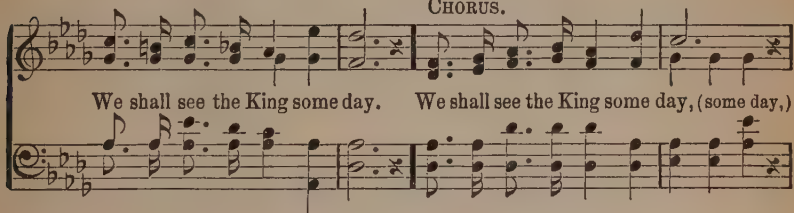


1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - ties won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

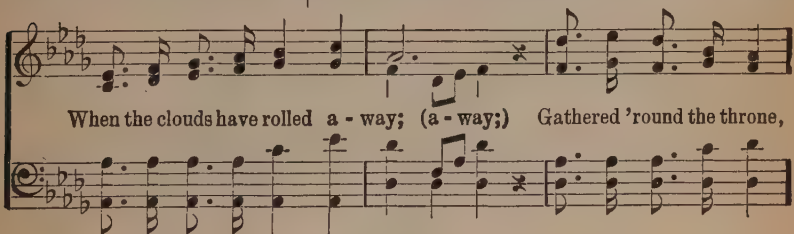


King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

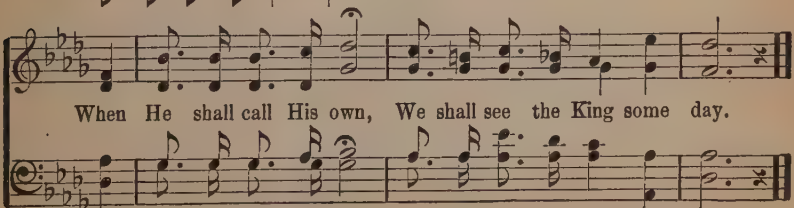
CHORUS.



We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)



When the clouds have rolled a - way; (a - way;) Gathered 'round the throne,



When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

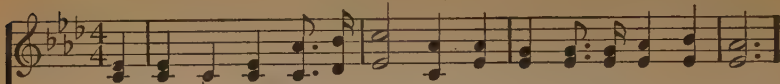
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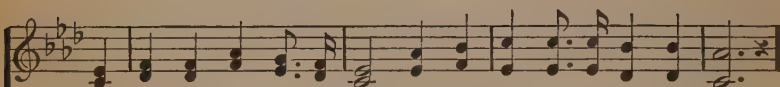
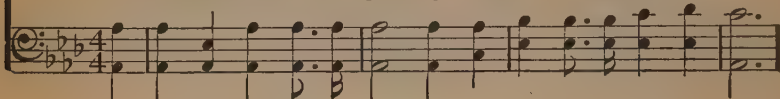
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

C. H. G.

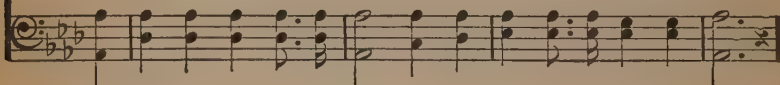
Chas. H. Gabriel.



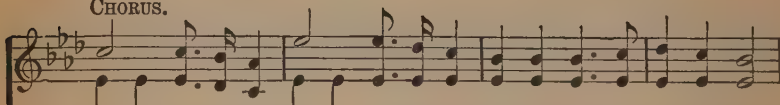
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



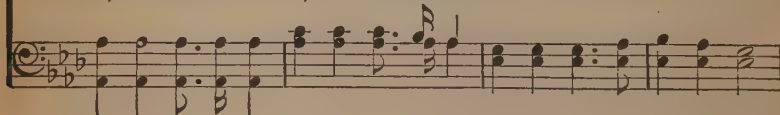
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat - drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



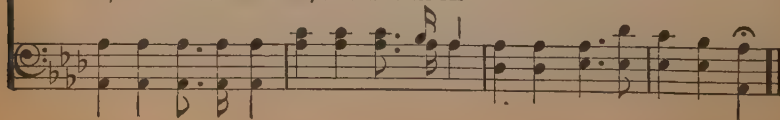
CHORUS.

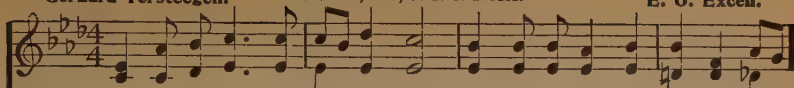


How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - full! And my song shall ev - er be:
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - full!

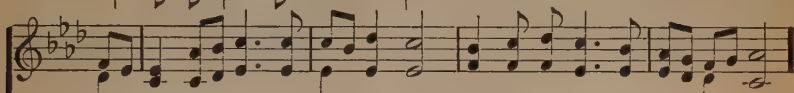
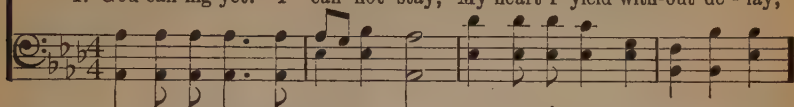


How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful Is my Sav - ior's love for me!
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful

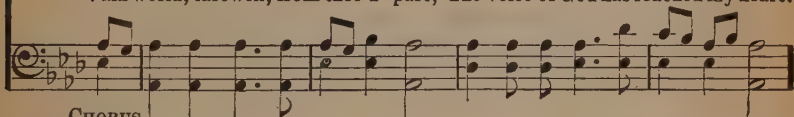




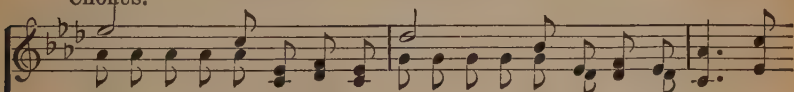
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay;



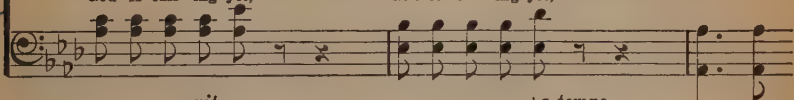
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



CHORUS.



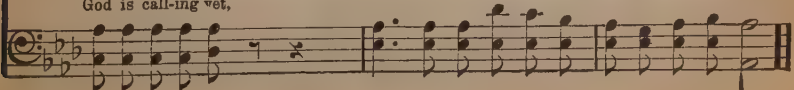
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,



call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing; Call - - ing, oh, hear Him,
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,



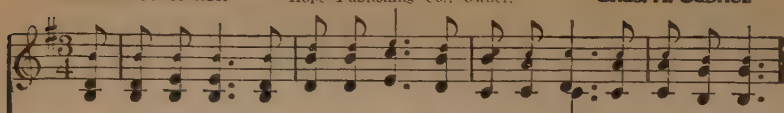
call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.
 God is call-ing yet,



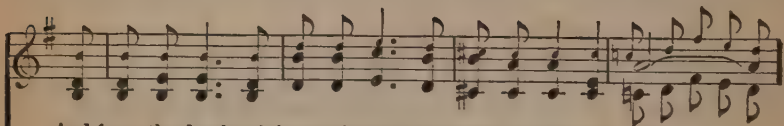
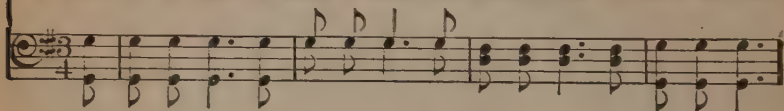
Charlotte G. Homer.

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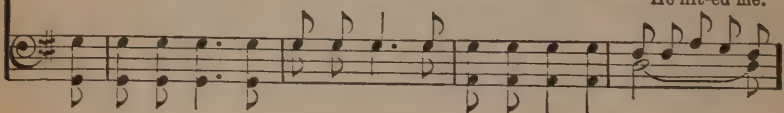
Chas. H. Gabriel.



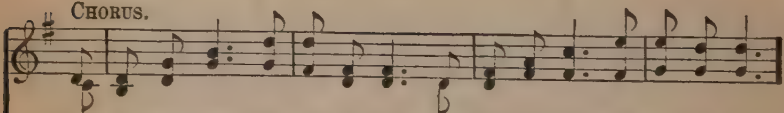
1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



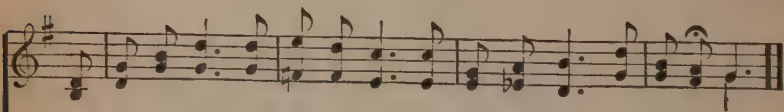
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me.
 He lift-ed me.



CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!



No. 83. Can Others See Jesus in You?

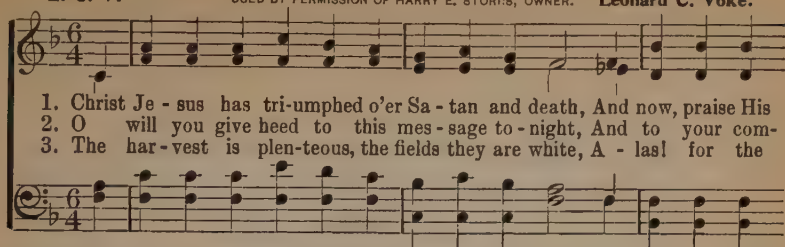
Dedicated to Charles M. Alexander.

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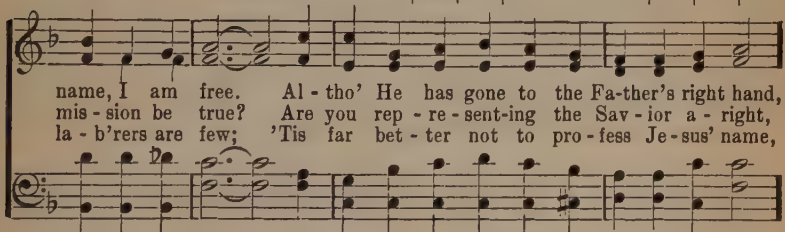
USED BY PERMISSION OF HARRY E. STORRS, OWNER.

Leonard C. Voke.

L. C. V.

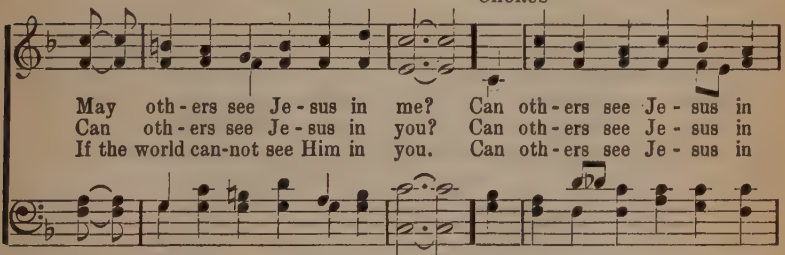


1. Christ Je - sus has tri-umphed o'er Sa - tan and death, And now, praise His
 2. O will you give heed to this mes - sage to - night, And to your com -
 3. The har - vest is plen - teous, the fields they are white, A - las! for the

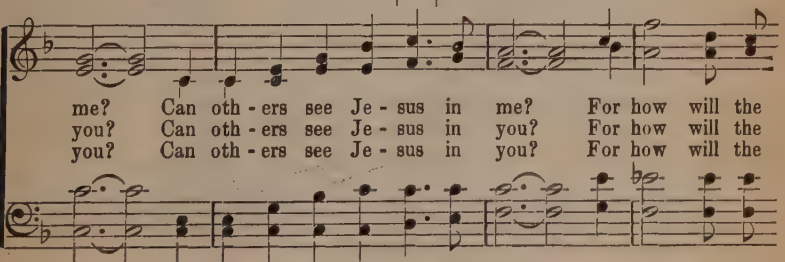


name, I am free. Al - tho' He has gone to the Fa - ther's right hand,
 mis - sion be true? Are you rep - re - sent - ing the Sav - ior a - right,
 la - b'ers are few; 'Tis far bet - ter not to pro - fess Je - sus' name,

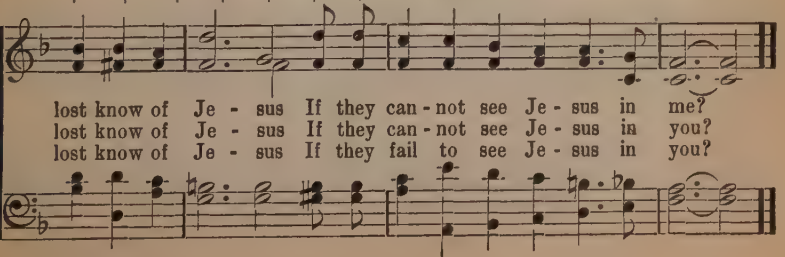
CHORUS



May oth - ers see Je - sus in me? Can oth - ers see Je - sus in
 Can oth - ers see Je - sus in you? Can oth - ers see Je - sus in
 If the world can - not see Him in you. Can oth - ers see Je - sus in



me? Can oth - ers see Je - sus in me? For how will the
 you? Can oth - ers see Je - sus in you? For how will the
 you? Can oth - ers see Je - sus in you? For how will the



lost know of Je - sus If they can - not see Je - sus in me?
 lost know of Je - sus If they can - not see Je - sus in you?
 lost know of Je - sus If they fail to see Je - sus in you?

Pass It On.

Henry Burton.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

Moderato.

Moderato.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in G-clef (soprano) and the bottom staff is in C-clef (bass). Both are in 2/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: 1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not giv'n for 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word—Pass it on; Like the sing-ing 3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile—Pass it on; Stay-ing but a 4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop-ing 5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up - on thy

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not giv'n for
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word—Pass it on; Like the sing-ing
3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile—Pass it on; Stay-ing but a
4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop-ing
5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up - on thy

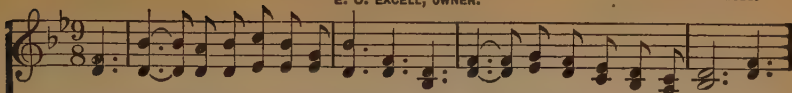
thee a-lone, Pass it on; Let it trav-el down the years, Let it
of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu-sic live and grow, Let it
lit-tle while! Pass it on; A-pril beam, the lit-tle thing, Still it
in the night, Daylight gone; Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a
brother's need, Pass it on: Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

wipe an-oth-er's tears, Till in Heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on.
cheer another's woe, You have reaped what others sow, Pass it on.
wakes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the silent birds to sing—Pass it on.
star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on.
Christ, you live again; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

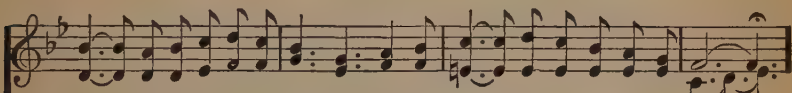
C. H. G.

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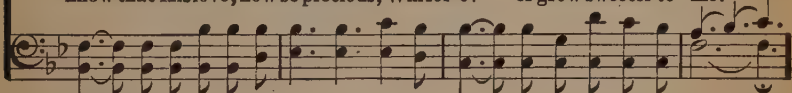
Chas. H. Gabriel.



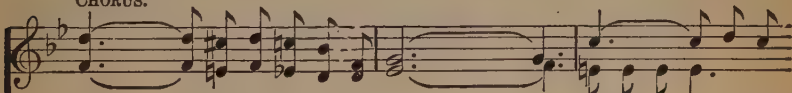
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To



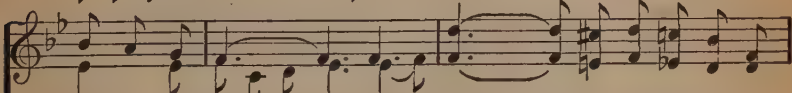
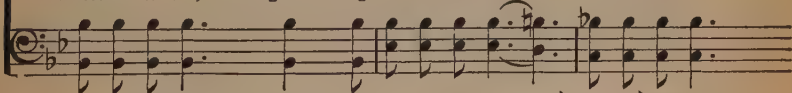
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!



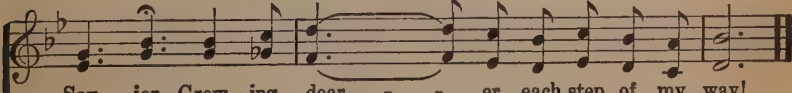
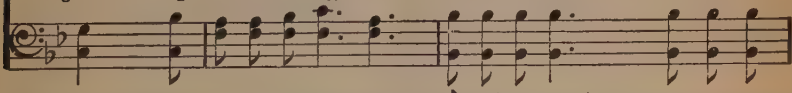
CHORUS.



Sweet - er and sweeter to me, . . . Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweeter to me, Dear-er each day,



dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my



Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!



Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

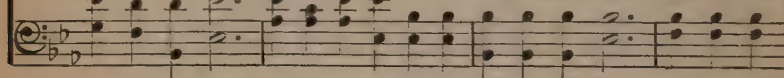
James M. Black.



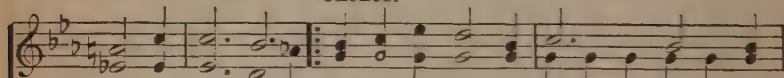
1. Je - sus is plead-ing, O hear His sweet voice, Will you de-cide now and
2. What will you do with the Sav-ior so true? Now He is of-f'ring sal-
3. Will you ac-cept or re-ject Him to - day? Soon He will turn from your



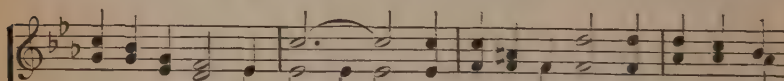
make Him your choice? If you accept Him your soul will re-joice; What will you
va - tion to you? While He is pleading, O what will you do; What will you
spir - it a - way; Make Him your choice, and no longer delay; What will you



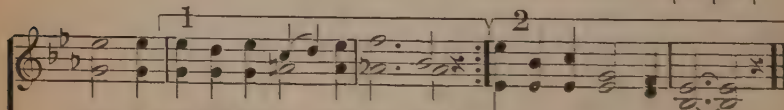
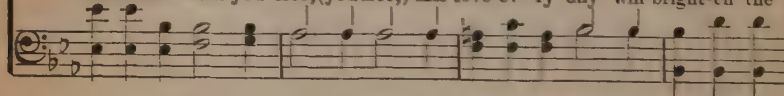
CHORUS.



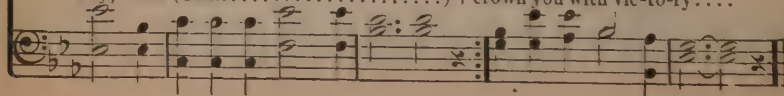
do with Je - sus? { What will you do with Je - - sus, Who
do with Je - sus? { Je - sus, your Sav-ior,
do with Je - sus? { No oth-er one can save you, No
save you, can save you,



suffered and died for you? (for you?) His own life He gave, to ran-som and
oth-er can make you free; (you free;) His love ev-'ry day will bright-en the



save, O what will you do with Je - sus? }
way, And (Omit.....) } crown you with vic-to-ry....

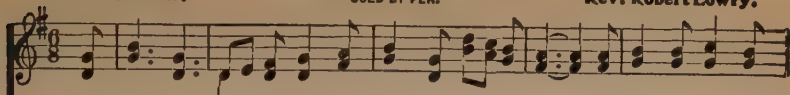


We're Marching to Zion.

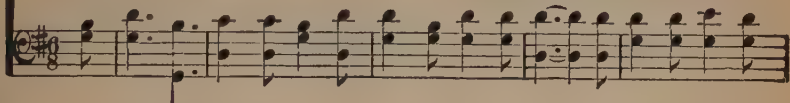
Rev. I. Watts;

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USED BY PER.

Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi-on yields] A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

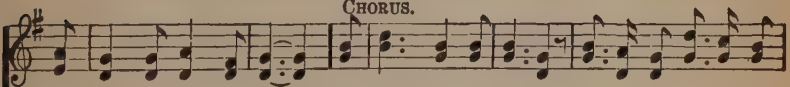


sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

And thus surround the throne, And thus



CHORUS.



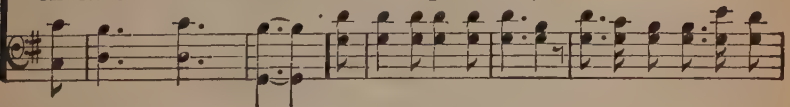
And thus surround the throne.

May speak their joys a-broad. We're marching to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful

Or walk the gold-en streets.

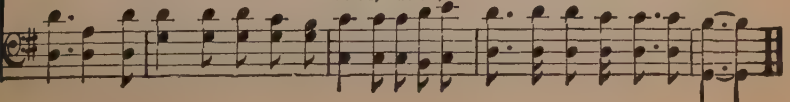
To fair-er worlds on high.

sur-round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

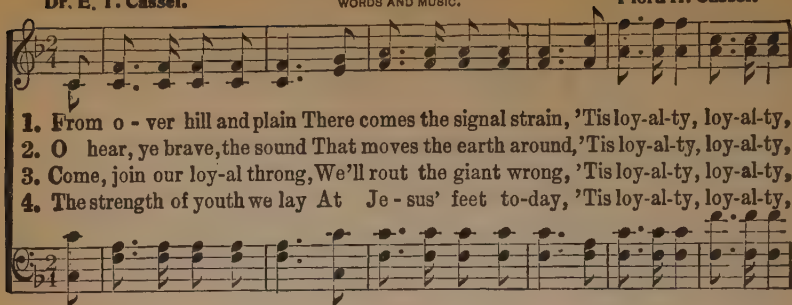
Zi-on, Zi-on,



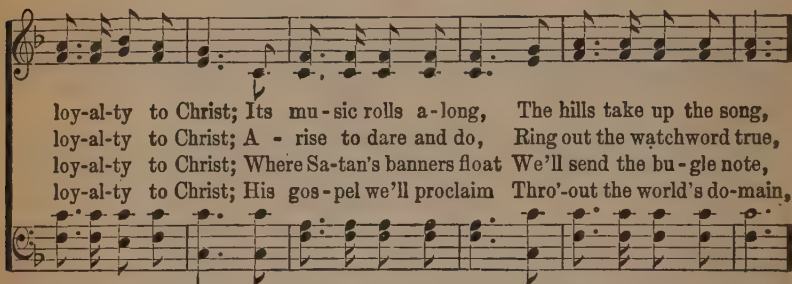
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

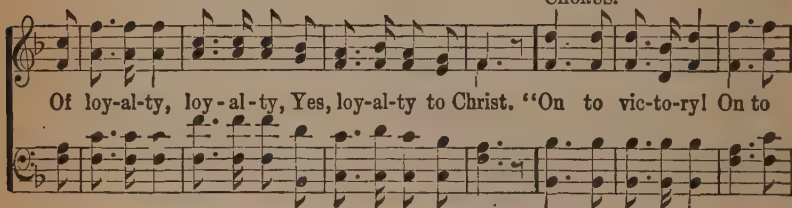


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

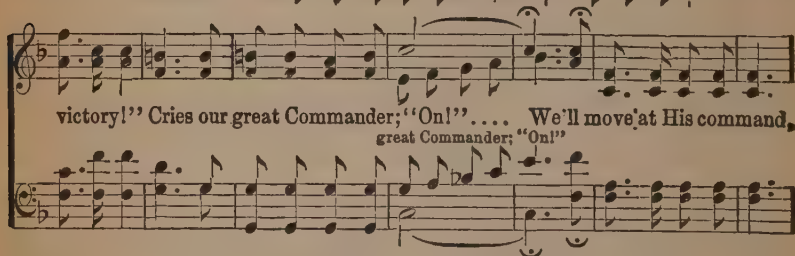


loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

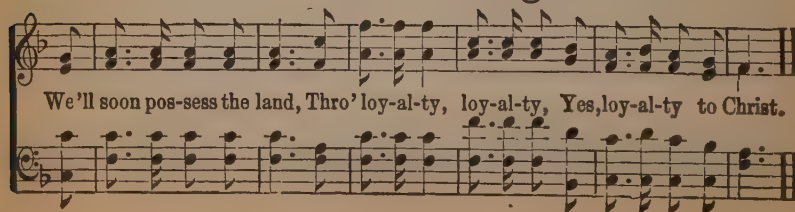
CHORUS.



Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" We'll move at His command,
 great Commander; "On!"

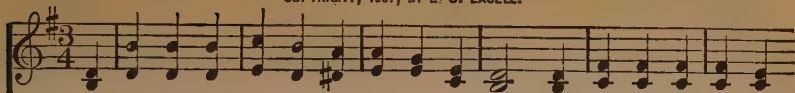


We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

C. H. G.

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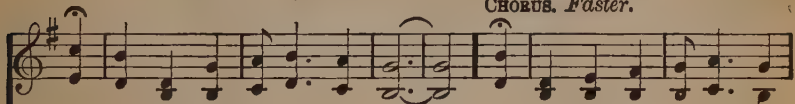
Chas. H. Gabriel.



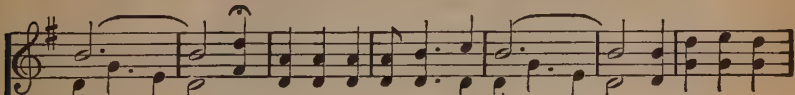
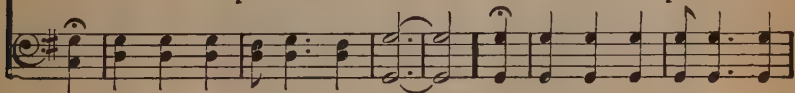
1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in



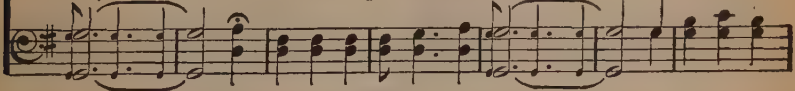
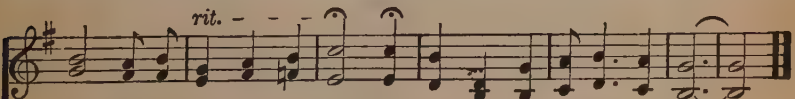
with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

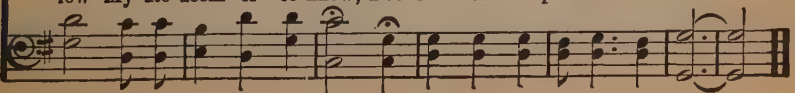
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so}



pre-cious to me, me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'Tis heaven be-

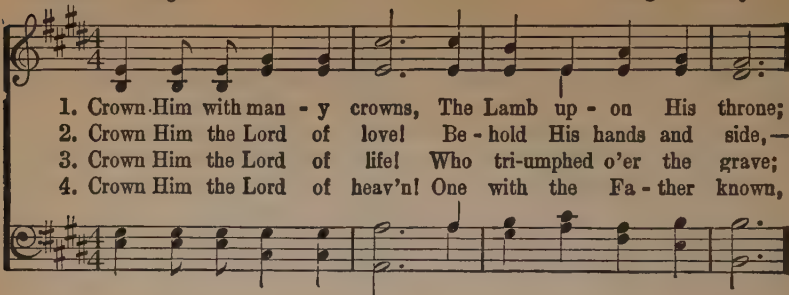
*rit.* - - -

low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

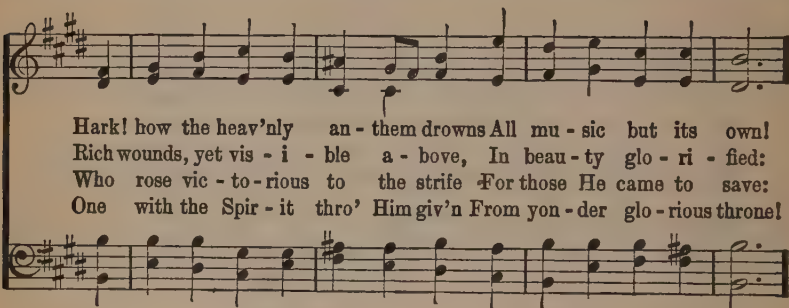


Matthew Bridges.

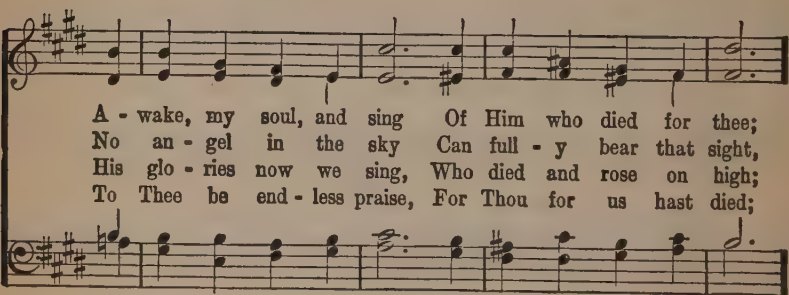
George J. Elvey.



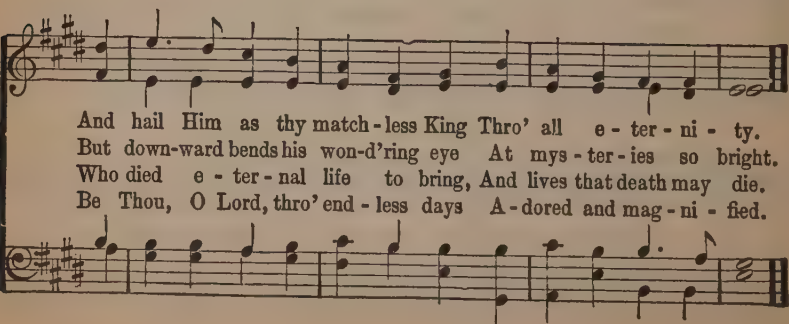
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side, -
 3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
 4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
 One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
 No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died;



And hail Him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 But down - ward bends his won - d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

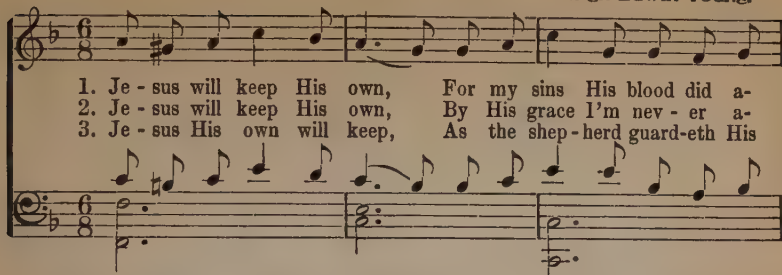
No. 91.

He Will Keep His Own.

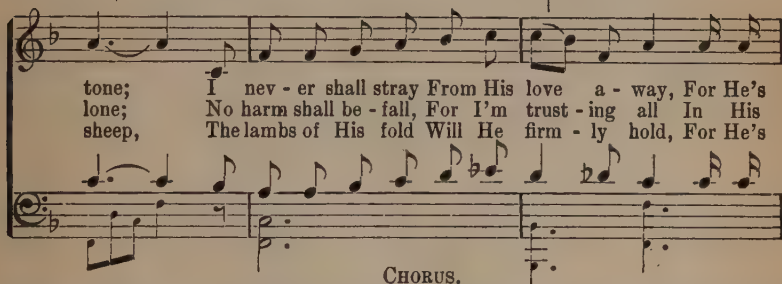
E. E. Y.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY E. EDWIN YOUNG.

Ensign Edwin Young.

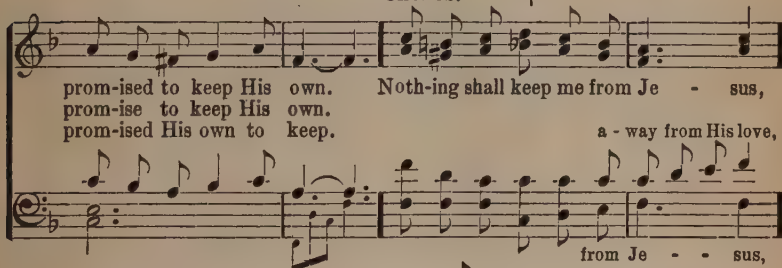


1. Je - sus will keep His own, For my sins His blood did a -
 2. Je - sus will keep His own, By His grace I'm nev - er a -
 3. Je - sus His own will keep, As the shep - herd guard-eth His

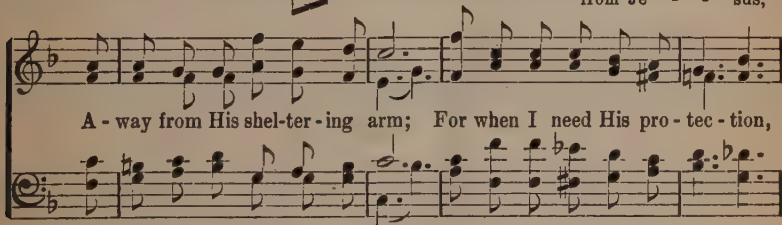


tone; I nev - er shall stray From His love a - way, For He's
 lone; No harm shall be - fall, For I'm trust - ing all In His
 sheep, The lambs of His fold Will He firm - ly hold, For He's

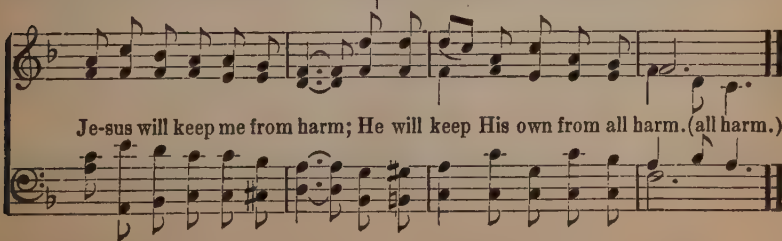
CHORUS.



prom-ised to keep His own. Noth-ing shall keep me from Je - sus,
 prom-ise to keep His own.
 prom-ised His own to keep. a - way from His love,
 from Je - - sus,



A - way from His shel-ter-ing arm; For when I need His pro - tec - tion,

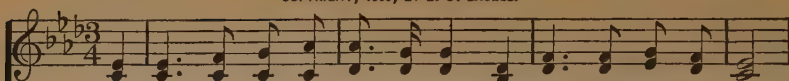


Je-sus will keep me from harm; He will keep His own from all harm. (all harm.)

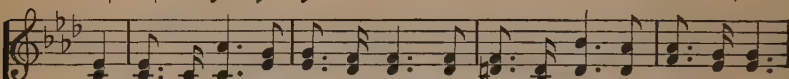
W. C. Martin.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I do not ful - ly com - pre - hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,



I on - ly know a Gra - cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin - dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce - ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be - gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur - vey

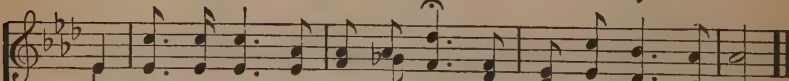


And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me—this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.



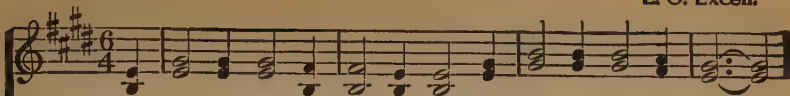
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e - nough for me;



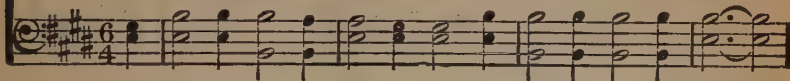
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e - nough for me.

John Newton.

E. O. Excell.



1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat-est breath, Can I for-get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec-ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:



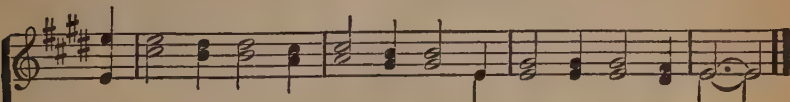
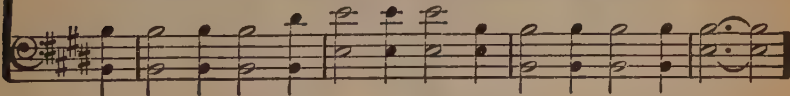
He fixed His lan-guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
 Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
 This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live."



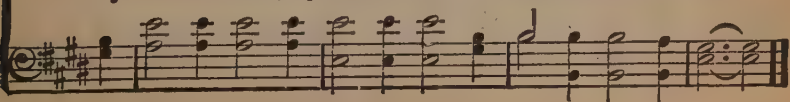
CHORUS.



Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me?



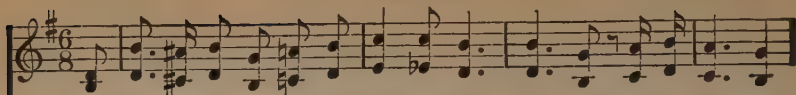
My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me!



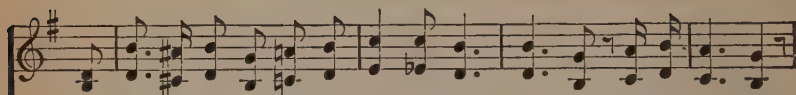
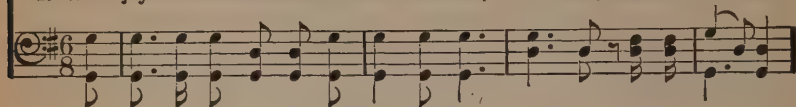
C. H. G.

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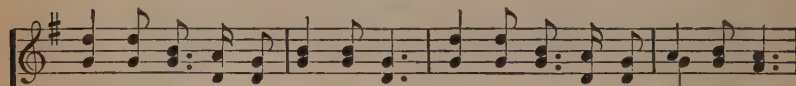
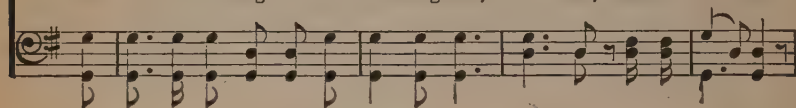
Chas. H. Gabriel.



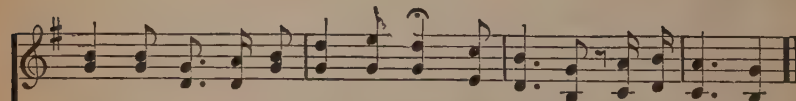
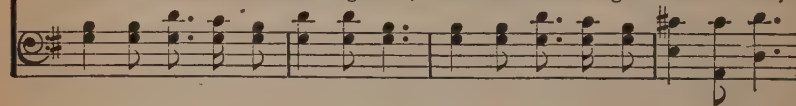
1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;



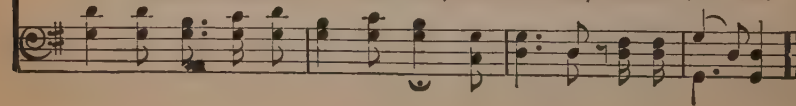
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
 He heal-eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
 His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
 For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:



Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
 When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
 When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor-dan we trembling stand,
 There at home on that shin-ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,



Who more per - fect-ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
 None can com - fort the break-ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
 He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
 We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

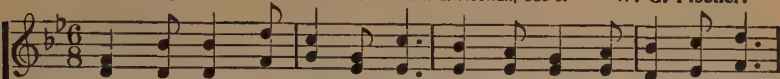


(Gipsy Smith's first solo.)

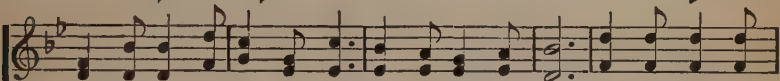
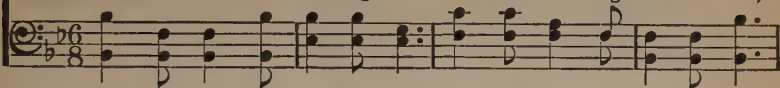
Annie Wittenmyer.

BY PER. THE ESTATE OF WM. G. FISCHER, DEC'D.

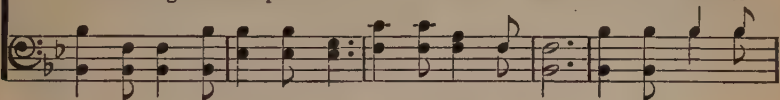
W. G. Fischer.



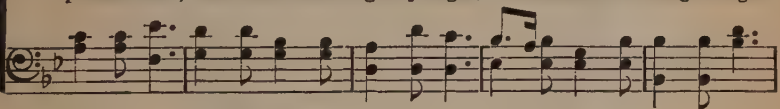
1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, That from sin we might be free,
 2. Lord, we bring our hearts to Thee; Dy - ing love is all our plea;
 3. When we reach that shin - ing shore All our suf - f'ings will be o'er,



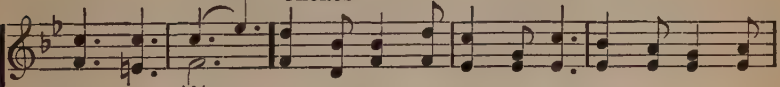
And for-ev - er hap - py be, Hap - py in His love. He has paid the
 Thine for-ev - er we would be— Je - sus, ev - er Thine. Je - sus smiles and
 And we'll sigh and weep no more In that land of love! But in robes of



debt we owe; If with trust-ing hearts we go, He will wash us white as snow
 bids us come, In His lov - ing arms there's room, He will bear us safe - ly home—
 spotless white, And with crowns of glo-ry bright, We will serve the King of Light



CHORUS



In His blood.
 Home a - bove. Then with joy and glad-ness sing, Hap - py, ev - er
 Ev - er - more.



hap - py be, Prais-es to our heav'nly King, Hap - py in the Lord!

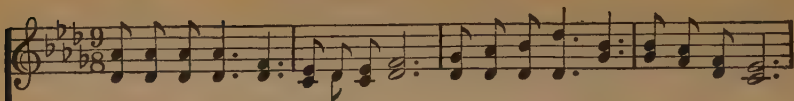


No. 96. Just When I Need Him Most.

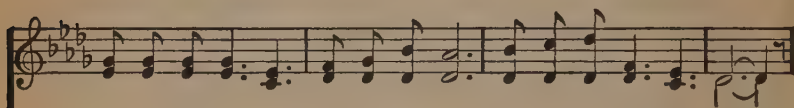
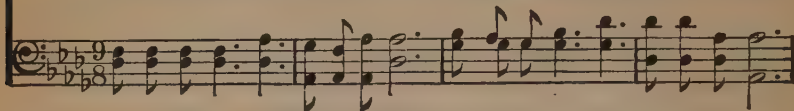
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

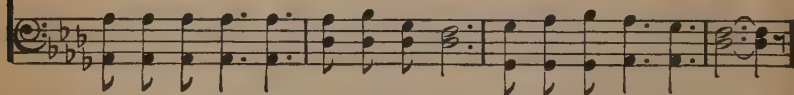
Chas. H. Gabriel.



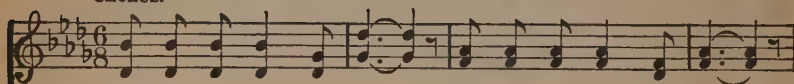
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;



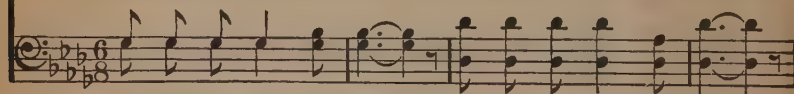
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



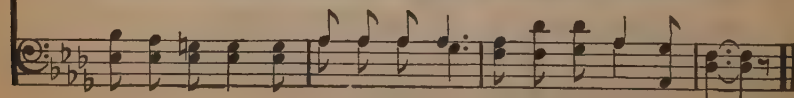
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel,

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 =

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know, Since Je-sus came

in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go.

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

Since Je-sus came in-to my
Since Je-sus came in, came

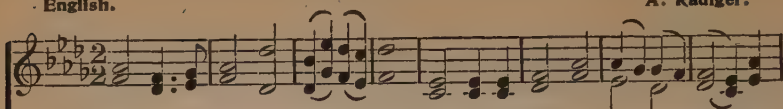
heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart;

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

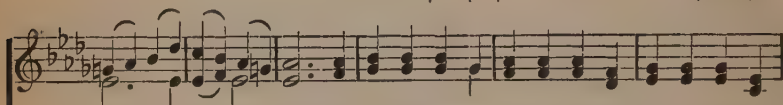
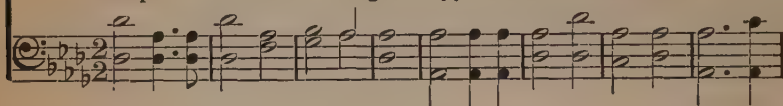
No. 98. Thine Is Such Wondrous Power.

English.

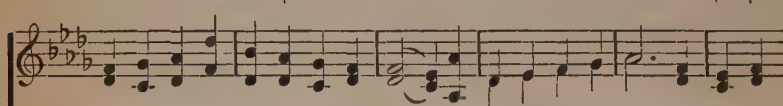
A. Radiger.



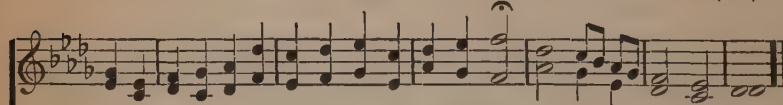
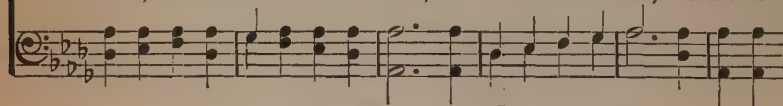
1. Lord Je-sus, Thoudost keep Thy child Thro' sunshine or thro' tempests wild; Je-
2. O glorious Sav-ior! Thee I praise; To Thee my new glad song I raise, And
3. Up - on Thy prom-is-es I stand, Trusting in Thee: Thine own right hand Doth
4. Love per-fect-eth what it be-gins: Thy pow'r doth save me from my sins— Thy



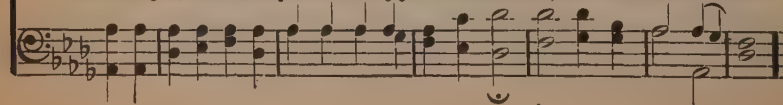
sus, I trust in Thee! Thine is such wondrous pow'r to save, Thine is the mighty
tell of what Thou art. Thy grace is boundless in its store; Thy face of love shines
keep and com-fort me! My soul doth triumph in Thy word; Thine, Thine be all the
grace up-hold-eth me. This life of trust—how glad, how sweet! My need and Thy great



love that gave Its all on Cal-va - ry, Its all on Cal-va - ry; Thine is such
ev - er-more: Thou givest me Thy heart, Thou givest me Thy heart; Thy grace is
praise, dear Lord, As Thine the vic-to-ry, As Thine the vic-to-ry; My soul doth
full-ness, meet And I have all in Thee, And I have all in Thee; This life of



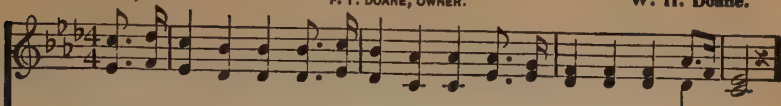
wondrous pow'r to save, Thine is the mighty love that gave Its all on Cal-va - ry.
boundless in its store; Thy face of love shines evermore: Thou givest me Thy heart.
tri-umph in Thy word; Thine, Thine be all the praise, dear Lord, As Thine the vic-to - ry.
trust—how glad, how sweet! My need and Thy great fullness meet, And I have all in Thee.



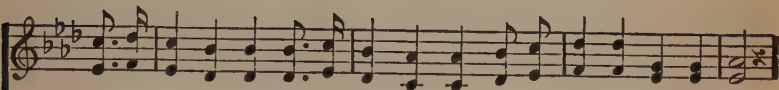
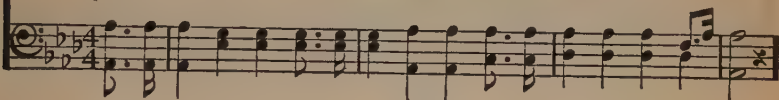
F. J. Crosby.

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F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

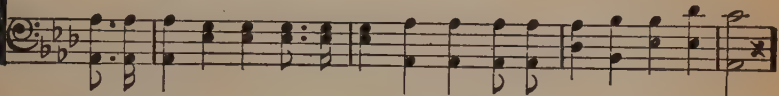
W. H. Doane.



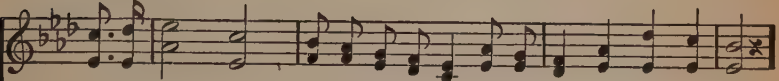
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;



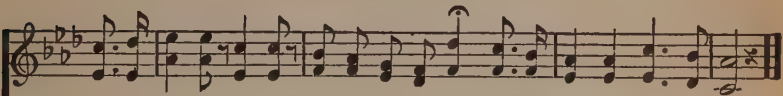
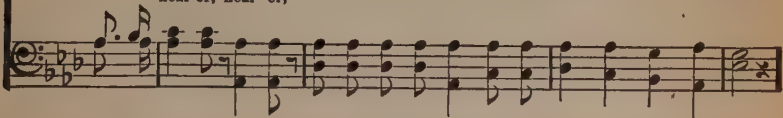
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



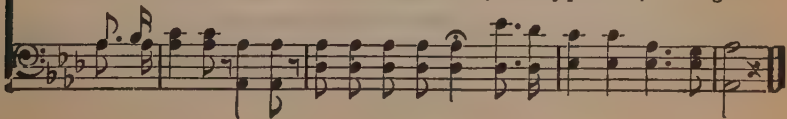
REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
 near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



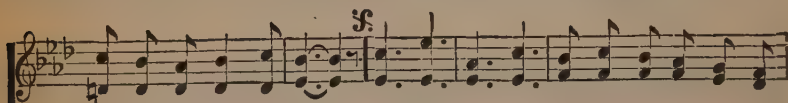
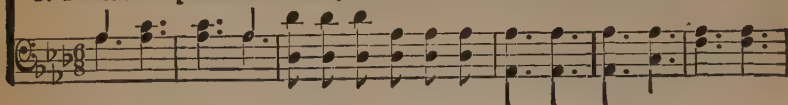
Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

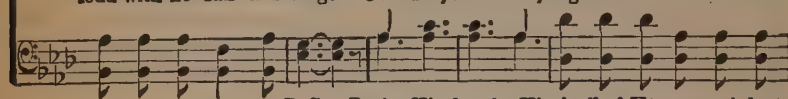
CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals,



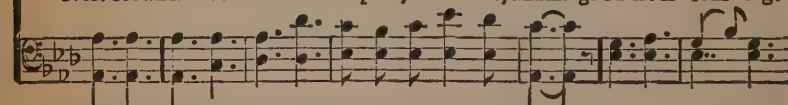
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and



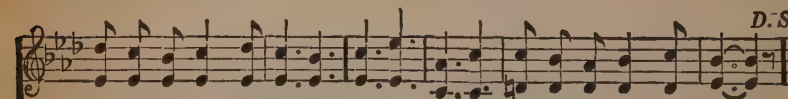
D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent



glo-ry; Strength and honor give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
ever: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing!



greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy-ful song!



Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded; won-der-ful, deep and strong;
o-ver the world vic-tor-ious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long.



No. 101.

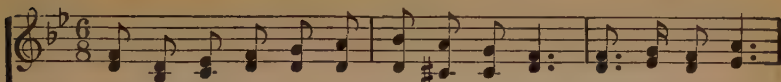
Wonderful Peace.

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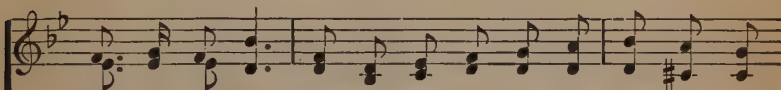
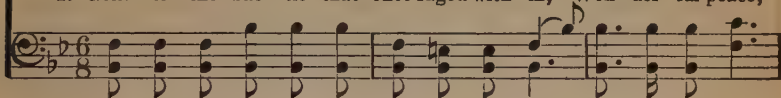
H. L.

Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

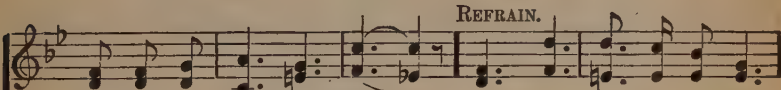
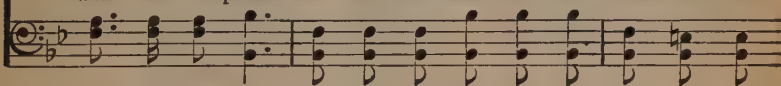
Haldor Lillenas.



1. Com - ing to Je - sus my Sav - ior, I found Won - der - ful peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der - ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der - ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der - ful peace,



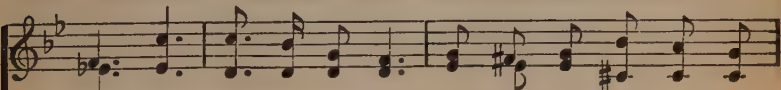
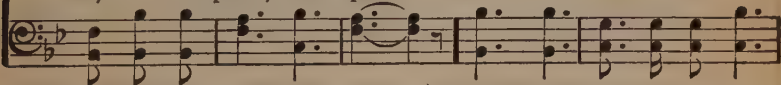
won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a -
 won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
 won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
 won - der - ful peace: Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from



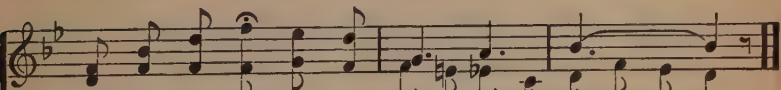
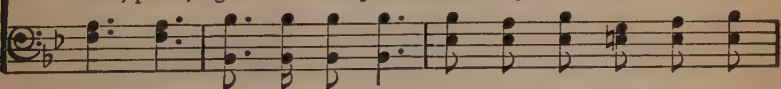
REFRAIN.

round, I have peace, sweet peace.
 God, I have peace, sweet peace.
 psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
 sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

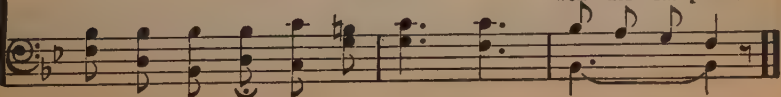
Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,



Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has

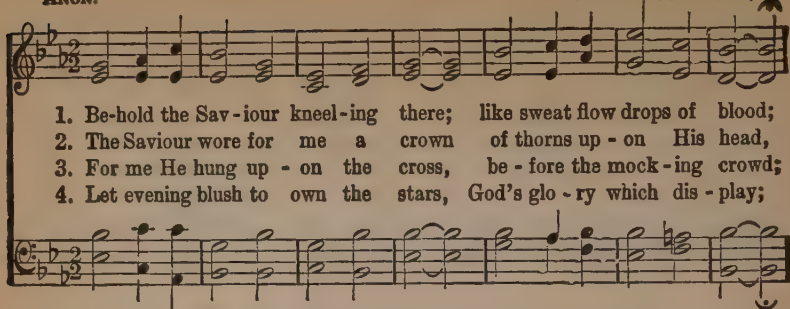


ran - somed my soul, I have peace, sweet peace.....
 won - der - ful peace.

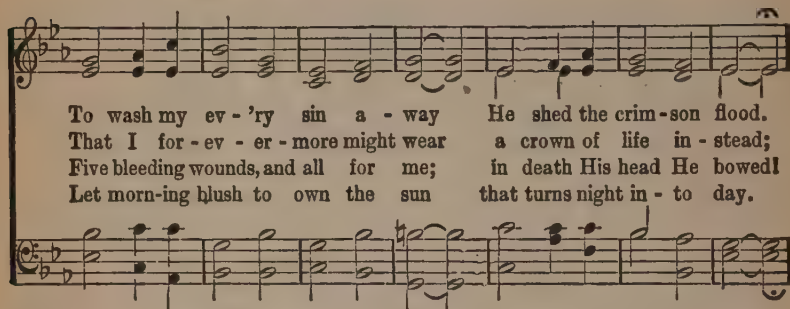


ANON.

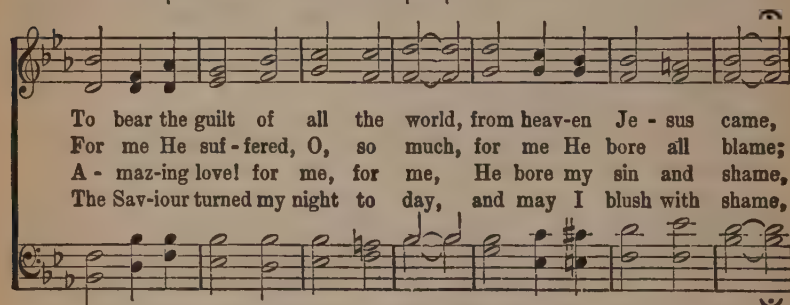
GEORGE S. SCHULER



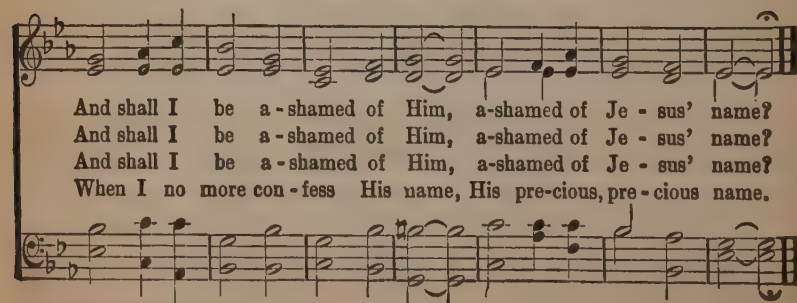
1. Be-hold the Sav-iour kneel-ing there; like sweat flow drops of blood;
 2. The Saviour wore for me a crown of thorns up-on His head,
 3. For me He hung up-on the cross, be-fore the mock-ing crowd;
 4. Let evening blush to own the stars, God's glo-ry which dis-play;



To wash my ev-'ry sin a-way He shed the crim-son flood.
 That I for-ev-er-more might wear a crown of life in-stead;
 Five bleeding wounds, and all for me; in death His head He bowed!
 Let morn-ing blush to own the sun that turns night in-to day.



To bear the guilt of all the world, from heav-en Je-sus came,
 For me He suf-fered, O, so much, for me He bore all blame;
 A-maz-ing love! for me, for me, He bore my sin and shame,
 The Sav-iour turned my night to day, and may I blush with shame,

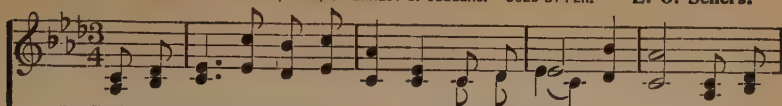


And shall I be a-shamed of Him, a-shamed of Je-sus' name?
 And shall I be a-shamed of Him, a-shamed of Je-sus' name?
 And shall I be a-shamed of Him, a-shamed of Je-sus' name?
 When I no more con-fess His name, His pre-cious, pre-cious name.

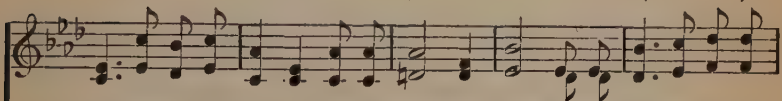
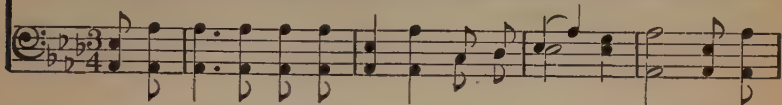
James Rowe.

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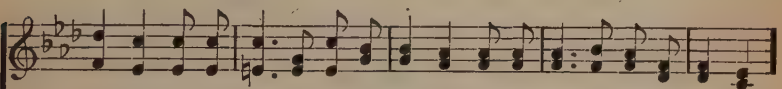
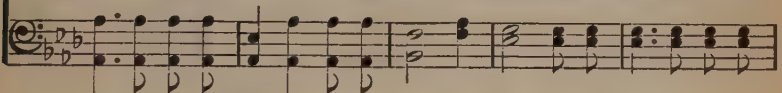
E. O. Sellers.



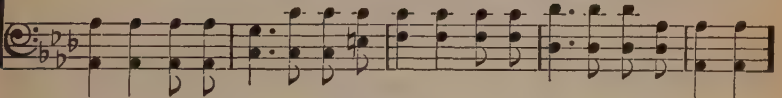
1. Smil-ing skies will bend a - bove us, When the shad - ows flee; Hearts now
2. Fet - ters nev - er-more will bind us, When the shad - ows flee; This dark
3. We shall view our home su - per-nal, When the shad - ows flee; We shall



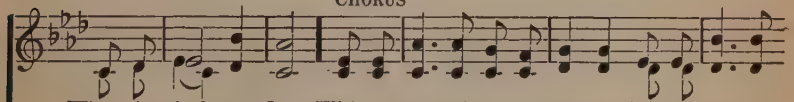
cold a-gain will love us, When the shad-ows flee; We shall lose our care and
vale will be be - hind us, When the shad-ows flee; There will be no tem-pest
meet our King e - ter-nal, When the shad-ows flee; There, where death will reach us



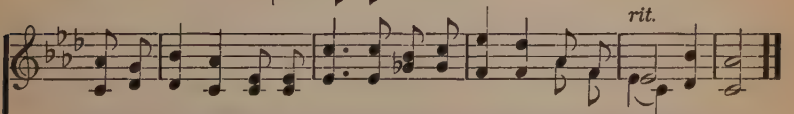
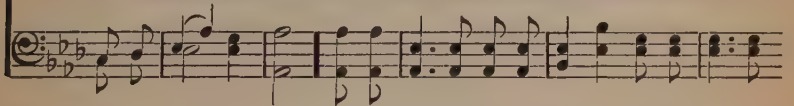
sor-row, Troub-le nev-er-more to bor-row, On that blessed, peaceful morrow,
sweeping, In our lov-ing Father's keeping We shall wake, where none are weeping,
nev - er, There, where naught our hearts shall sever, We shall dwell with Christ forever,



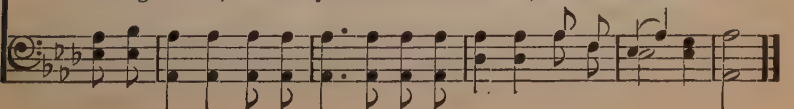
CHORUS



When the shad-ows flee. With e - ter-nal day be-fore us, And our Sav-ior

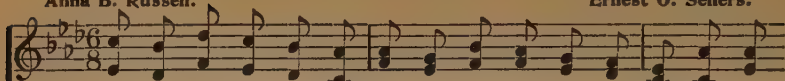


watch-ing o'er us, We shall join the end-less cho-rus, When the shad-ows flee.

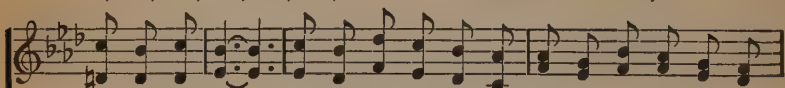
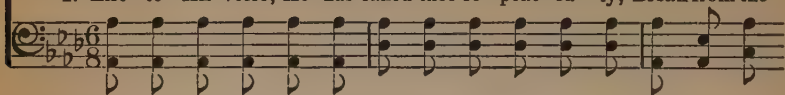


Anna B. Russell.

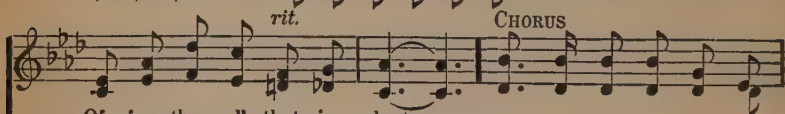
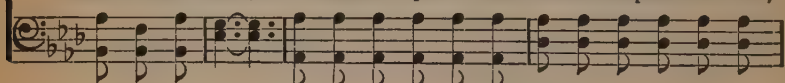
Ernest O. Sellers.



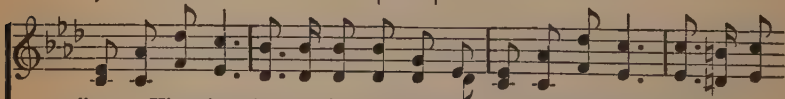
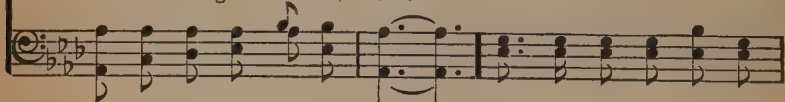
1. Ten - der - ly, gra - cious - ly Je - sus in - vit - eth thee, "Come un - to
2. Paid He the price for thy soul on Mount Cal - va - ry, Pierc - ed His
3. Turn not a - way while the Spir - it is call - ing thee, O - pen to
4. List to His voice, He has called thee re - peat - ed - ly, Break from the



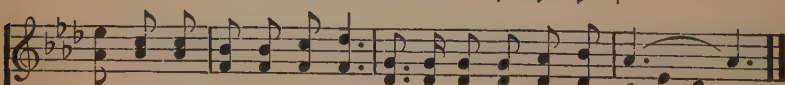
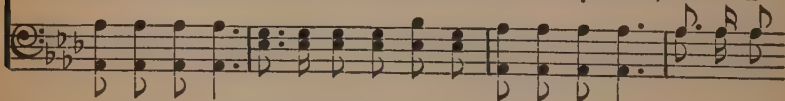
Me and find rest." Pleads He so lov - ing - ly, waits He so pa - tient - ly,
hands and His side; Will - ing - ly, free - ly He suf - fer - ed such ag - o - ny,
Him thy heart's door; Bid Him to en - ter and cleanse thy heart thoroughly,
chains that en - thrall; Grieve not the Spir - it lest He should depart from thee,



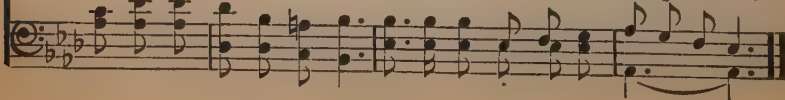
Of - fers thee all that is best.
Bid Him come in to a - bid. Je - sus is call - ing thee—
Free thee from guilt ev - er - more.
Nev - er a - gain on thee call.



list to His voice; Je - sus is call - ing thee—make Him your choice; Je - sus is



call - ing thee—bids thee re - joice, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.
calling thee now.



Who'll Be the Next?

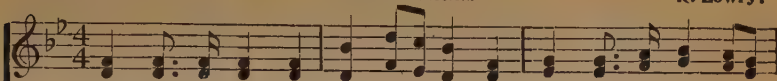
One of the earliest solos of Gipsy Smith after his conversion.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBT. LOWRY. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

USED BY PERMISSION.

R. Lowry.



1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol - low His wea - ry,
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to



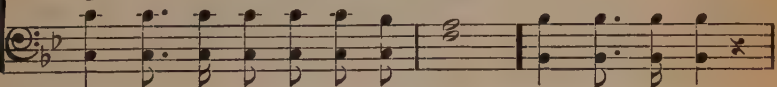
cross to bear? Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing;
 bleed - ing feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den
 praise His name? Who'll swell the cho - rus of free re-demp-tion?—



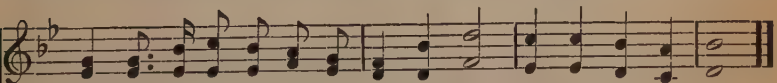
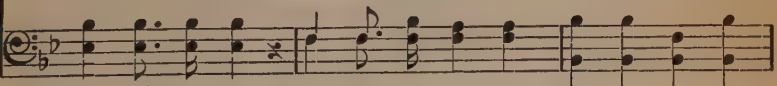
CHORUS



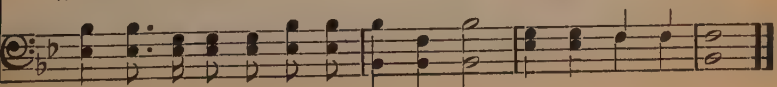
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Down at the Fa - ther's mer - cy - seat? Who'll be the next?
 Sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lamb!



Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?



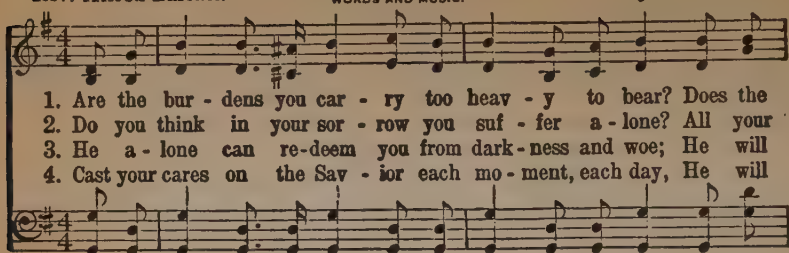
Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now— Fol - low Je - sus now?



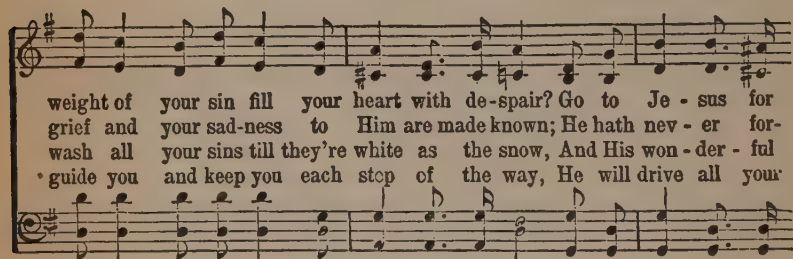
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

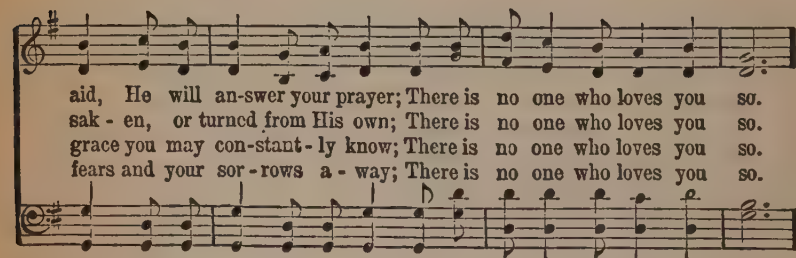
Henry P. Morton.



1. Are the bur - dens you car - ry too heav - y to bear? Does the
 2. Do you think in your sor - row you suf - fer a - lone? All your
 3. He a - lone can re-deem you from dark-ness and woe; He will
 4. Cast your cares on the Sav - ior each mo - ment, each day, He will

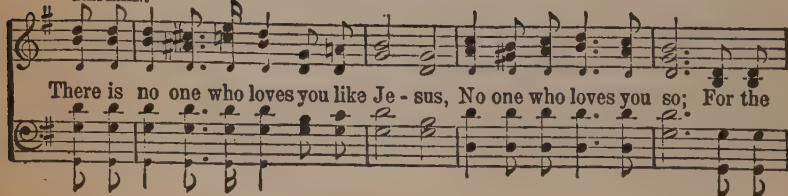


weight of your sin fill your heart with de-spair? Go to Je - sus for
 grief and your sad-ness to Him are made known; He hath nev - er for-
 wash all your sins till they're white as the snow, And His won - der - ful
 * guide you and keep you each step of the way, He will drive all your

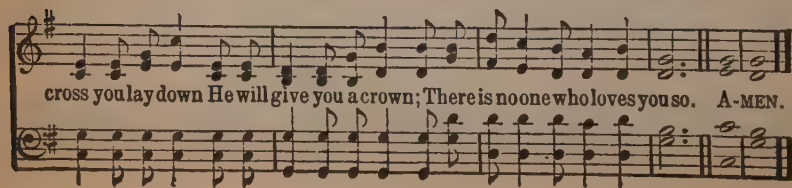


aid, He will an-swer your prayer; There is no one who loves you so.
 sak - en, or turned from His own; There is no one who loves you so.
 grace you may con-stant-ly know; There is no one who loves you so.
 fears and your sor - rows a - way; There is no one who loves you so.

REFRAIN.



There is no one who loves you like Je - sus, No one who loves you so; For the

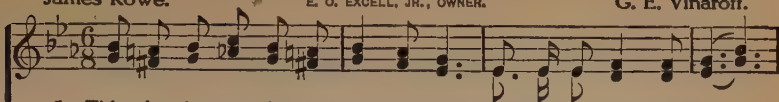


cross you lay down He will give you a crown; There is no one who loves you so. A-MEN.

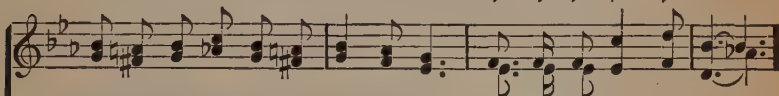
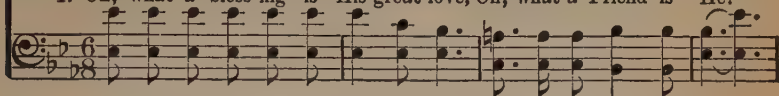
James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, JR., OWNER.

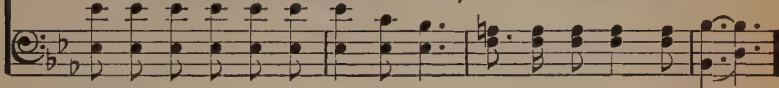
G. E. Vinaroff.



1. This is the prom-ise that conquers fear: Tempted my soul may be,
2. Loved ones may fail me when bil-lows sweep, Friends may desert my side;
3. Shar-ing my hap-pi-ness and my tears, Keep-ing me sweet and whole;
4. Oh, what a bless-ing is His great love, Oh, what a Friend is He!



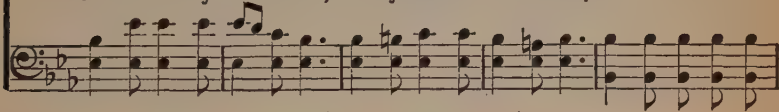
Bur-dens be heav-y and path-ways drear, Je - sus will care for me.
 Je - sus His prom-ise will sure - ly keep, Faith-ful He will a - bide.
 All thro' the night till the dawn ap - pears, He will be with my soul.
 Till I am safe in the home a - bove, Je - sus will care for me.



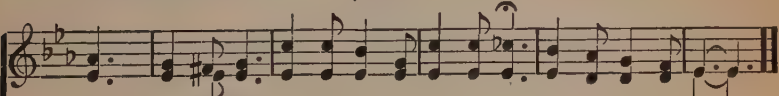
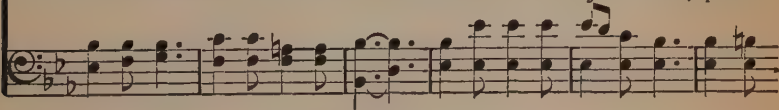
CHORUS.



He will care for me, Bur - dens bear for me, If I trust His re-
 He will sure-ly care for me, Ev-'ry bur-den bear for me,



deem-ing grace, Safe my soul will be;.. So I'll stay with Him, Spend
 So I'll ev-er stay with Him, Spend life's



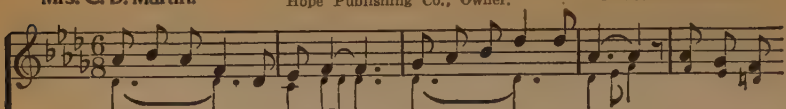
life's day with Him, Till I meet Him face to face, He will care for me,
 fleeting day with Him,



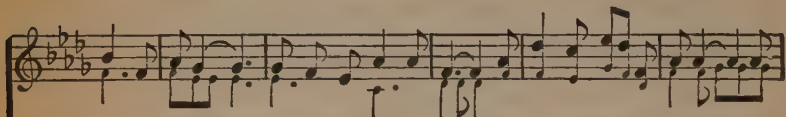
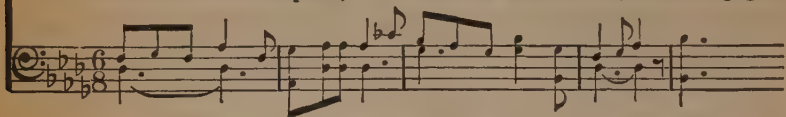
Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

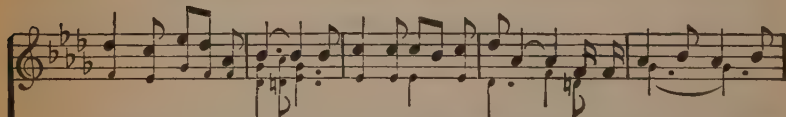
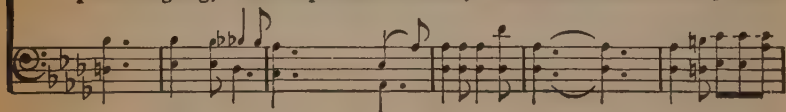
Chas. H. Gabriel.



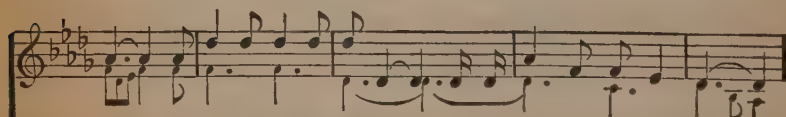
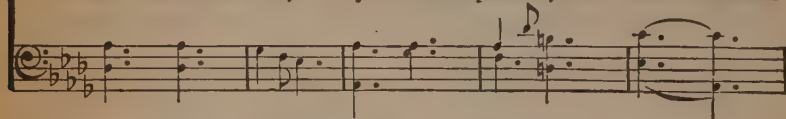
1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing
3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a-rise, When songs give



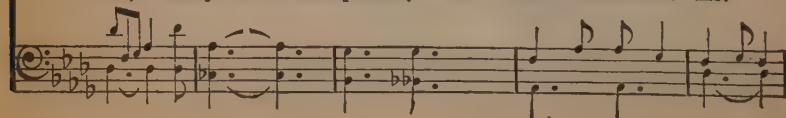
heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears: Tho' by the path He leadeth But
place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From



constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for



me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.



His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

CHORUS.

I sing because I'm happy, (I'm happy,) I sing because I'm free, (I'm free,)

rall.
For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.

No. 109.

Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady. 7s. 6l.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

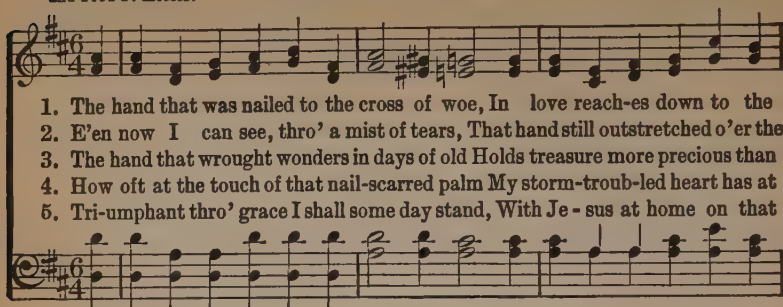
Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

No. 110 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

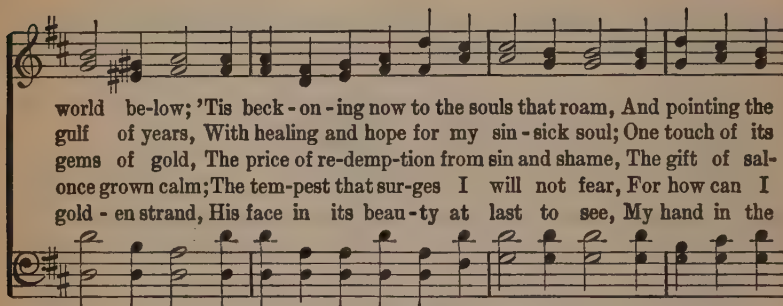
Hattie H. Pierson
and Fred P. Morris.

Copyright, 1905, by Daniel B. Towner.
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

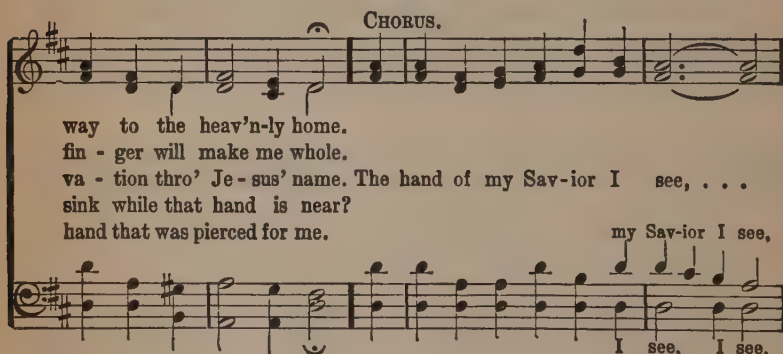
D. B. Towner.



1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still outstretched o'er the
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Holds treasure more precious than
4. How oft at the touch of that nail-scarred palm My storm-troub-led heart has at
5. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je-sus at home on that



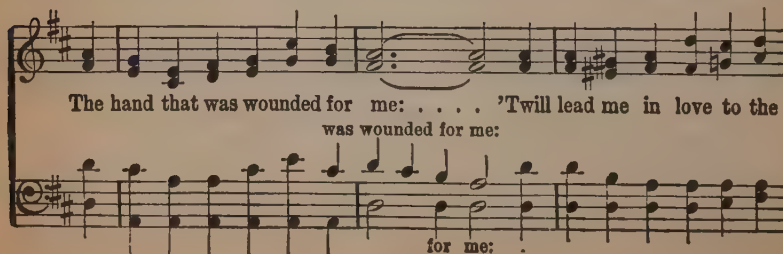
world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam, And pointing the
gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin-sick soul; One touch of its
gems of gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal-
once grown calm; The tem-pest that sur-ges I will not fear, For how can I
gold-en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see, My hand in the



CHORUS.

way to the heav'n-ly home.
fin-ger will make me whole.
va-tion thro' Je-sus' name. The hand of my Sav-ior I see, . . .
sink while that hand is near?
hand that was pierced for me.

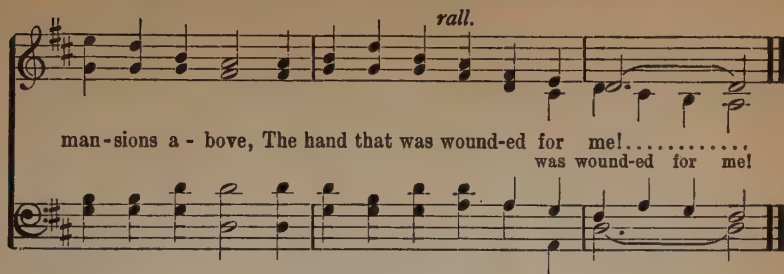
my Sav-ior I see,
I see, I see,



The hand that was wounded for me: . . . 'Twill lead me in love to the
was wounded for me:
for me:

The Hand That Was Wounded For Me.

rall.



man-sions a - bove, The hand that was wound-ed for mel.....
was wound-ed for mel

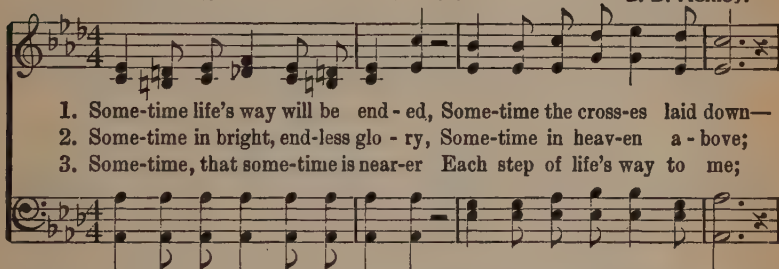
No. 111

Sometime.

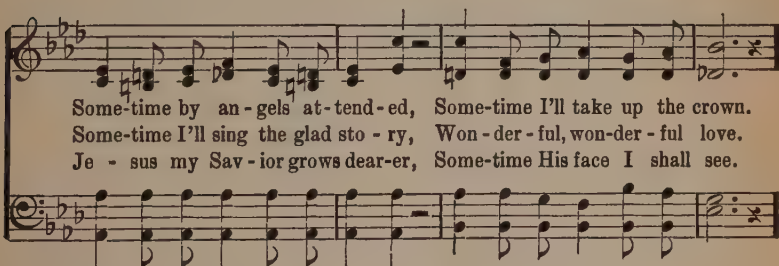
Rev. W. C. Poole.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

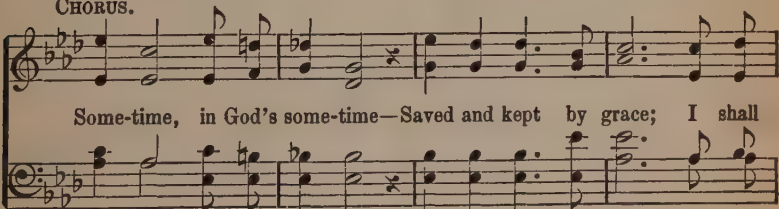


1. Some-time life's way will be end - ed, Some-time the cross-es laid down—
2. Some-time in bright, end-less glo - ry, Some-time in heav-en a - bove;
3. Some-time, that some-time is near-er Each step of life's way to me;

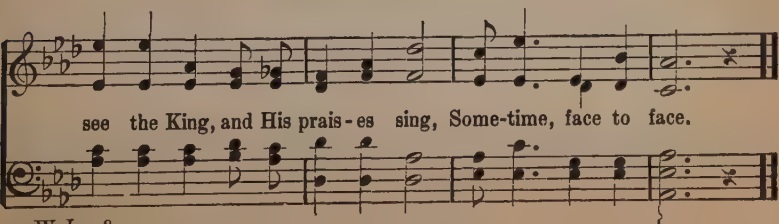


Some-time by an-gels at-tend-ed, Some-time I'll take up the crown.
Some-time I'll sing the glad sto - ry, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love.
Je - sus my Sav - ior grows dear-er, Some-time His face I shall see.

CHORUS.



Some-time, in God's some-time—Saved and kept by grace; I shall



see the King, and His prais-es sing, Some-time, face to face.

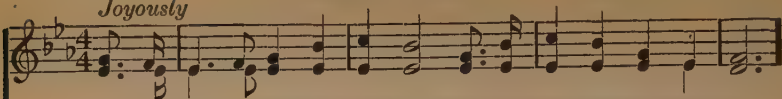
No. 112. When the Children All Get Home.

F. C. H.

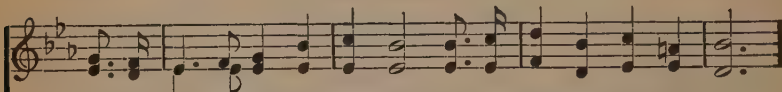
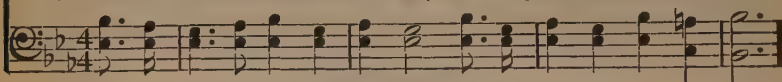
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Frank C. Huston.

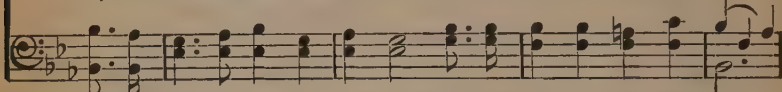
Joyously



1. There's a wondrous time that's coming, When the saints shall meet on high,
2. There we'll meet our sainted loved ones On that hap - py, gold - en shore,
3. There we'll meet our blessed Sav - ior, At His pier - ed feet we'll fall,



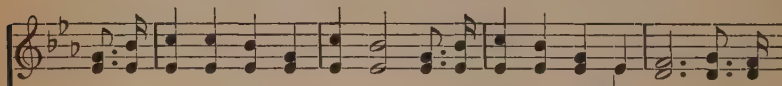
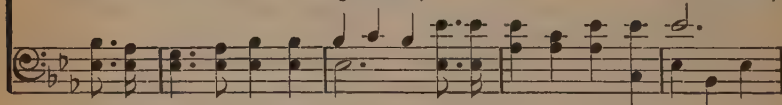
When from all the earth they gath - er In that glo - rious by and by.
Where, for - ev - er free from sor - row, We shall meet to part no more.
And, with all the hosts of heav - en, We will crown Him Lord of all.



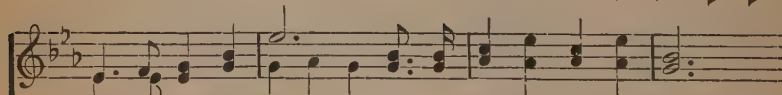
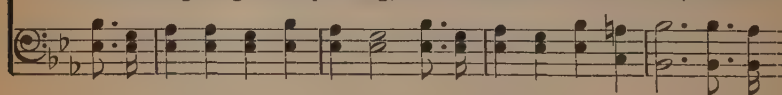
CHORUS



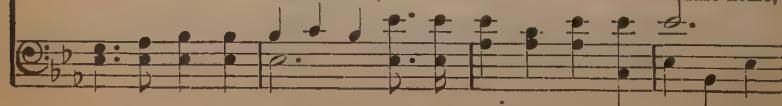
When the chil - dren all get home, When the children all get home,
get home, safe home,



There'll be songs of great re - joic - ing, Nev - er - more we'll care to roam; When the

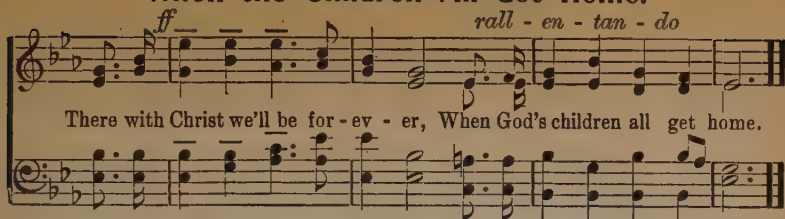


chil - dren all get home, When the chil - dren all get home;
safe home, safe home;



When the Children All Get Home.

ff *rall - en - tan - do*

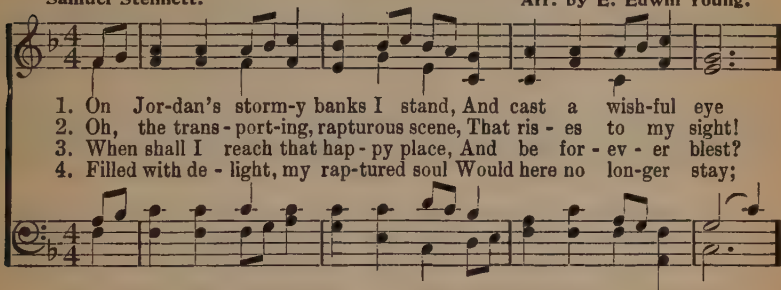


There with Christ we'll be for - ev - er, When God's children all get home.

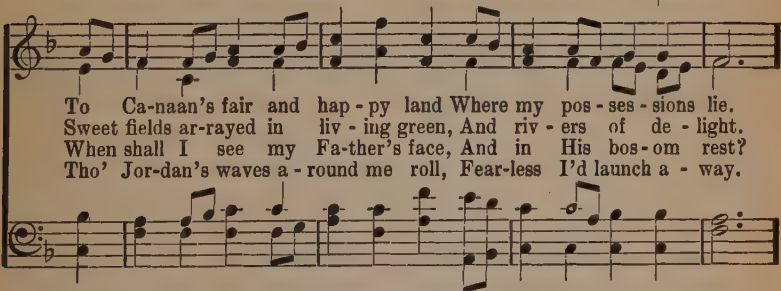
No. 113. Bound for the Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett.

Arr. by E. Edwin Young.

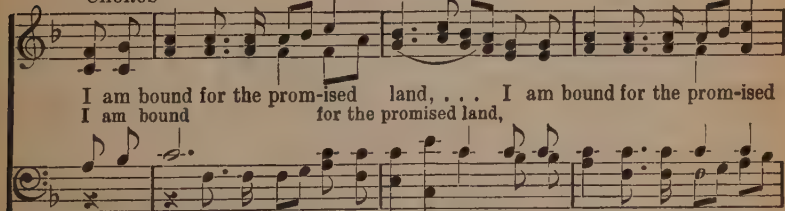


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. Oh, the trans- port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight!
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de - light, my rap-tured soul Would here no lon-ger stay;



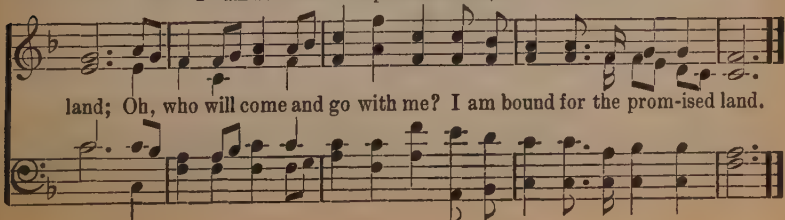
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS



I am bound for the prom-ised land, . . . I am bound for the prom-ised
 I am bound for the promised land,

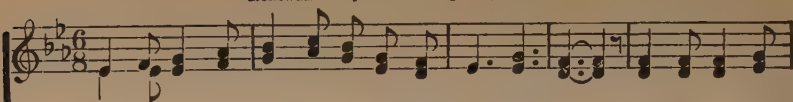
I am bound for the promised land,



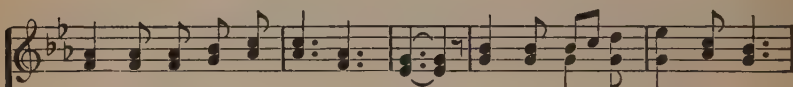
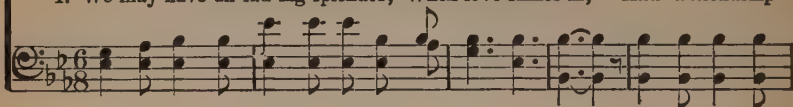
land; Oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner.

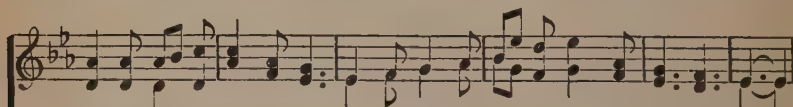
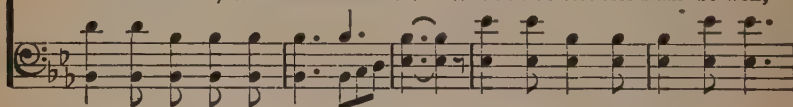
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



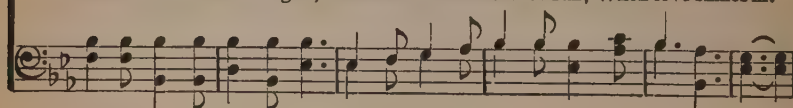
1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



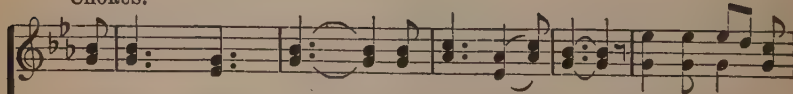
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,



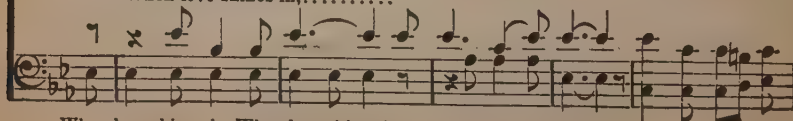
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.



CHORUS.

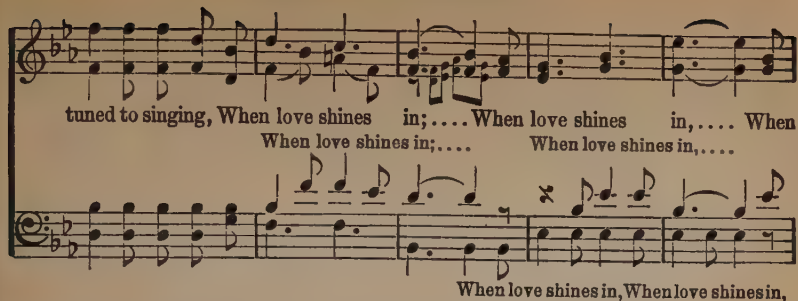


When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....



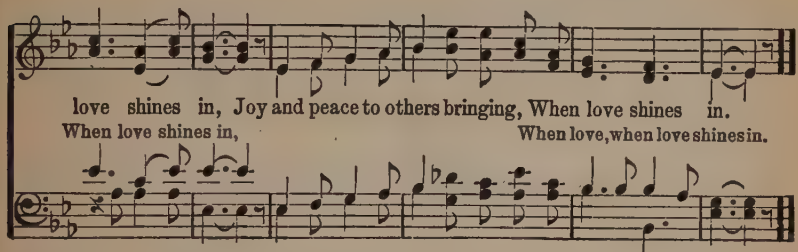
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.



tuned to singing, When love shines in;.... When love shines in,.... When
When love shines in;.... When love shines in,....

When love shines in, When love shines in,

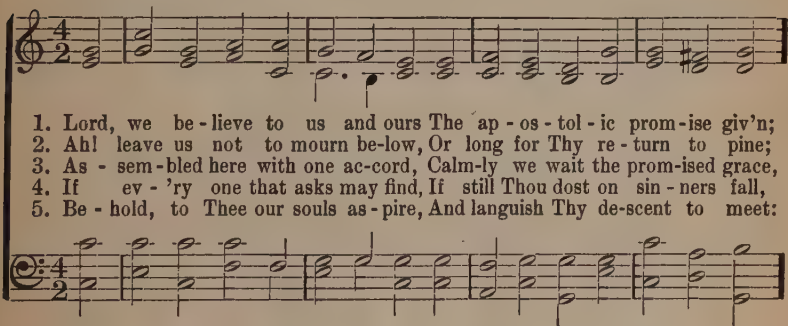


love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in, When love, when love shines in.

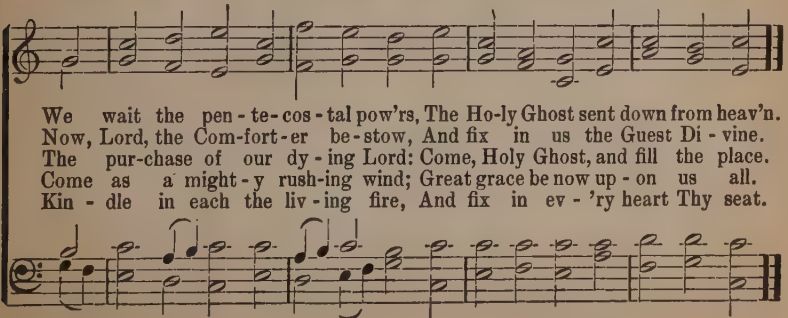
No. 115. Lord, We Believe to Us and Ours.

C. Wesley.

German.



1. Lord, we be-lieve to us and ours The ap-os-tol-ic prom-ise giv'n;
2. Ah! leave us not to mourn be-low, Or long for Thy re-turn to pine;
3. As - sem-bled here with one ac-cord, Calm-ly we wait the prom-ised grace,
4. If ev-'ry one that asks may find, If still Thou dost on sin-ners fall,
5. Be - hold, to Thee our souls as-pire, And languish Thy de-scent to meet:



We wait the pen-te-cos-tal pow'rs, The Ho-ly Ghost sent down from heav'n.
Now, Lord, the Com-fort-er be-stow, And fix in us the Guest Di-vine.
The pur-chase of our dy-ing Lord: Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
Come as a might-y rush-ing wind; Great grace be now up-on us all.
Kin-dle in each the liv-ing fire, And fix in ev-'ry heart Thy seat.

H. M.

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Harold Murray.

1. March - ing on to vic - t'ry, Sing - ing as we go, (we go.)
 2. March - ing on to tri - umph, Watch - ful as we go, (we go.)
 3. March - ing on to glo - ry, Pray - ing as we move, (we move,)

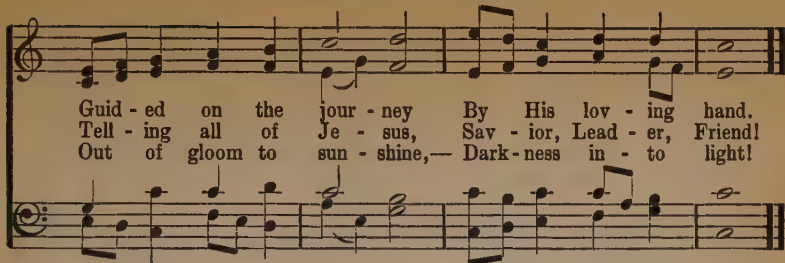
Cheer - ful songs of Zi - on, Heav - en brought be - low!
 Heed - ing sub - tle dan - gers Hid - den by the foe;
 Con - fi - dent and fear - less In the Fa - ther's love;

Mak - ing hap - py mu - sic In a drear - y day, (drear - y day,)
 Tend - ing wea - ry strag - glers, Giv - ing them new life, (new life,)
 Not in pomp and splen - dor, Not for world - ly gain, (world - ly gain,)

Heart - en - ing the foot - sore On the heav'n - ward way;
 Lift - ing up the fall - en, Wound - ed in the strife;
 His own peace with - in us, Heal - ing oth - ers' pain;

March - ing on, re - joic - ing, Je - sus in com - mand, (com - mand,)
 Cheer - ing on the fee - ble, Point - ing to the end, (the end,)
 So we press on sing - ing, E - ven in the night, (the night,)

Marching On Rejoicing.



Guid - ed on the jour - ney By His lov - ing hand.
 Tell - ing all of Je - sus, Sav - ior, Lead - er, Friend!
 Out of gloom to sun - shine, — Dark - ness in - to light!

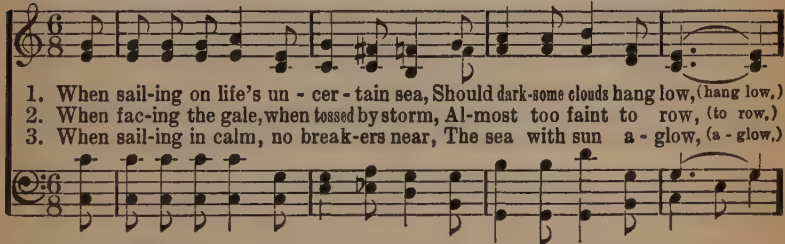
No. 117. The Hand That Never Lets Go.

"I the Lord, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." ISA. 41: 13.

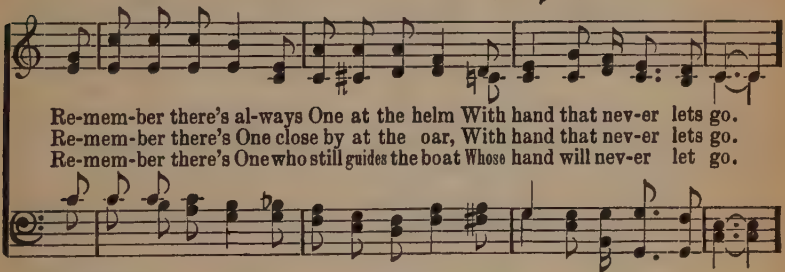
Anna B. Russell.

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Ernest O. Sellers.

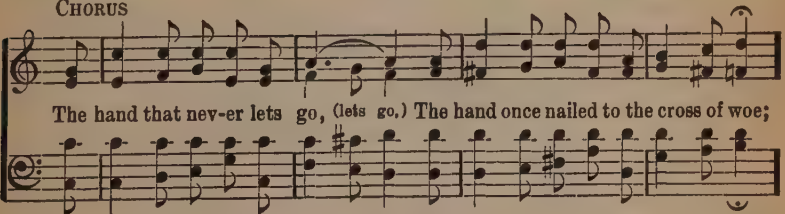


1. When sail - ing on life's un - cer - tain sea, Should dark - some clouds hang low, (hang low,)
 2. When fac - ing the gale, when tossed by storm, Al - most too faint to row, (to row,)
 3. When sail - ing in calm, no break - ers near, The sea with sun a - glow, (a - glow,)

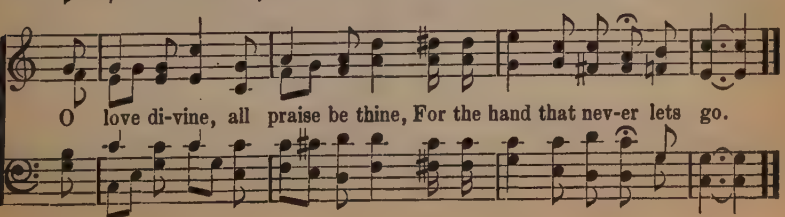


Re - mem - ber there's al - ways One at the helm With hand that nev - er lets go.
 Re - mem - ber there's One close by at the oar, With hand that nev - er lets go.
 Re - mem - ber there's One who still guides the boat Whose hand will nev - er let go.

CHORUS



The hand that nev - er lets go, (lets go.) The hand once nailed to the cross of woe;



O love di - vine, all praise be thine, For the hand that nev - er lets go.

H. D. L.

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Harry Dixon Loes.

1. It was His love, (It was His love,) His love di - vine, (His love di - vine,)
 2. It was His love (It was His love) that bro't my Lord (that bro't my Lord)
 3. Here-in is life (Here-in is life) and joy to - day (and joy to - day,)

That made this great (That made this great) sal - va - tion mine; (sal - va - tion mine;)
 To Cal - v'ry's cross, (To Cal - v'ry's cross) (despised, ignored; (de - spised, ig - nored;)
 For Him whose trust - (For Him whose trust -) ing heart can say: (ing heart can say:)

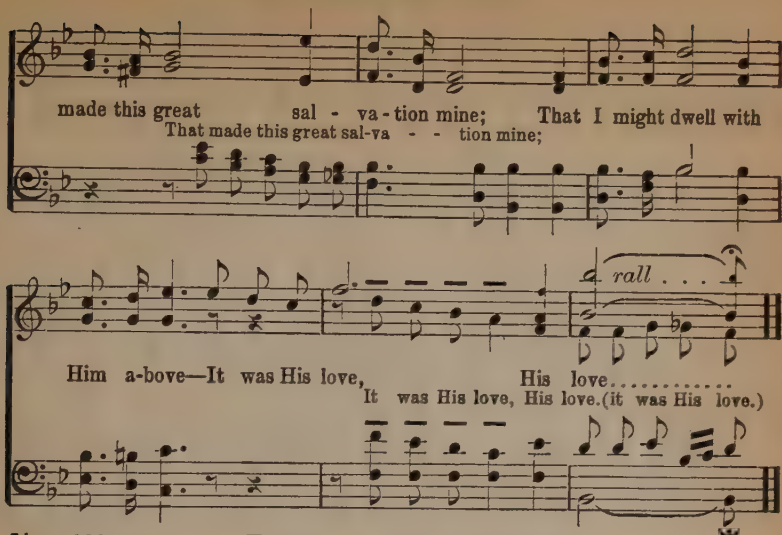
And since by faith (And since by faith) His grace I plead, (His grace I plead,)
 To bat - tle with (To bat - tle with) the tempter's pow'r, (the tempt - er's pow'r,)
 "He saved my soul" ("He saved my soul) from death and sin; (from death and sin,)

I find His love (I find His love) is all I need. (is all I need.)
 And suf - fer thro' (And suf - fer thro') that midnight hour. (that midnight hour.)
 His love has giv'n (His love has giv'n) me peace with - in. (me peace with - in.)

CHORUS.

It was His love, His love di - vine, That
 It was His love, His love di - vine,

It Was His Love.



made this great sal - va - tion mine; That I might dwell with
That made this great sal - va - - tion mine;

Him a - bove—It was His love, His love.....
It was His love, His love.(it was His love.)

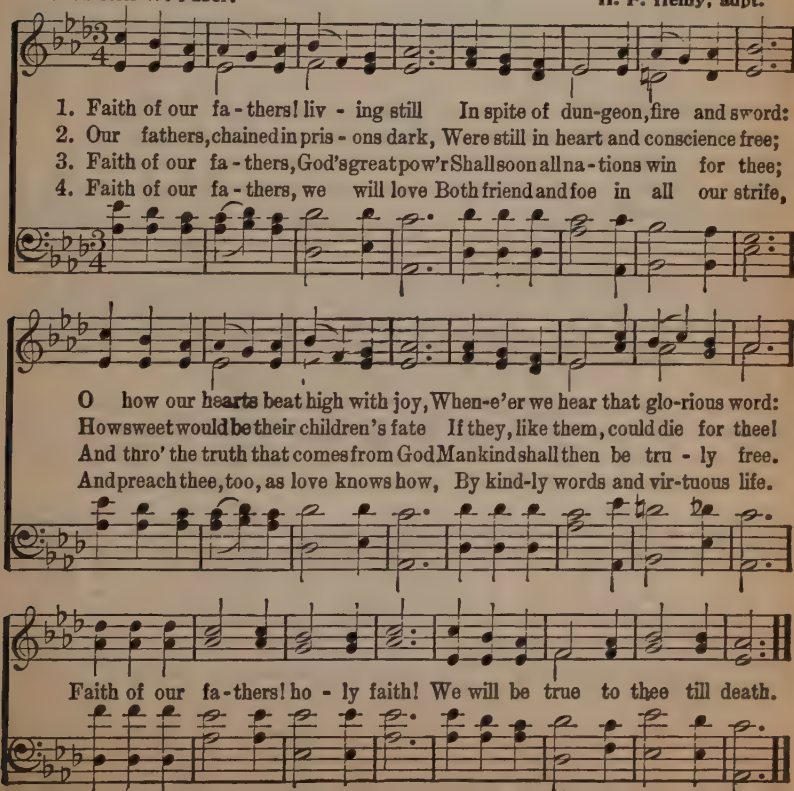
rall . . .

No. 119.

Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber.

H. F. Hemy, adpt.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

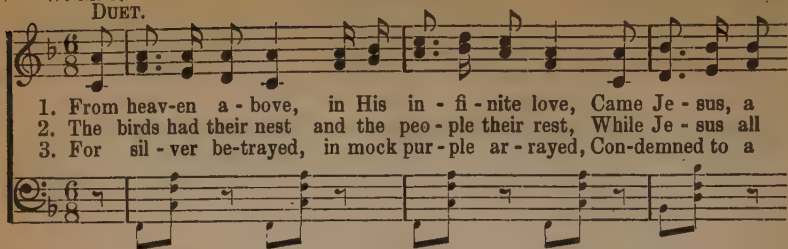
No. 120.

The Savior For Me.

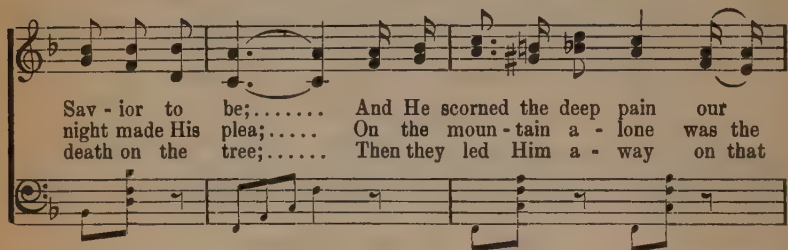
W. M. R.
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY W. M. RUNYAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

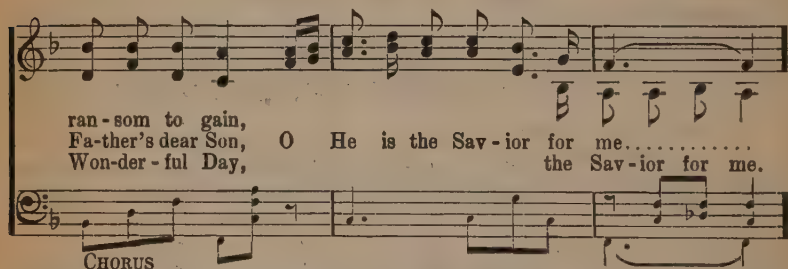
William M. Runyan.



1. From heav-en a - bove, in His in - fi - nite love, Came Je - sus, a
2. The birds had their nest and the peo - ple their rest, While Je - sus all
3. For sil - ver be - trayed, in mock pur - ple ar - rayed, Con - demned to a

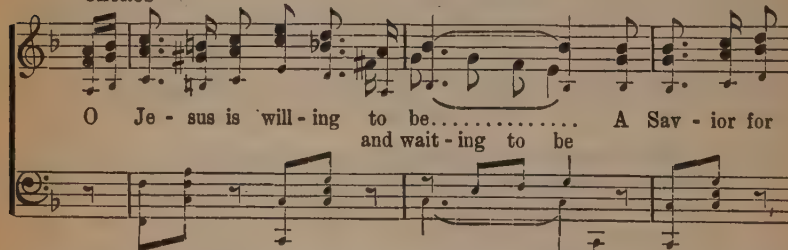


Sav - ior to be;..... And He scorned the deep pain our
night made His plea;..... On the moun - tain a - lone was the
death on the tree;..... Then they led Him a - way on that

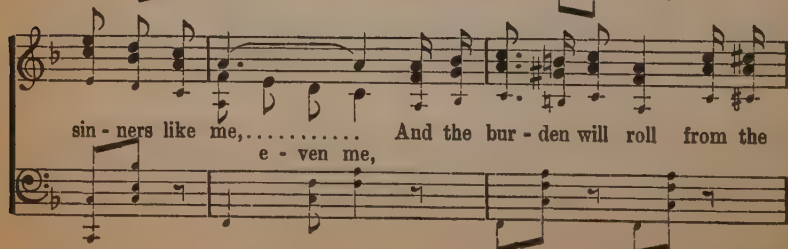


ran - som to gain,
Fa - ther's dear Son, O He is the Sav - ior for me.....
Won - der - ful Day, the Sav - ior for me.

CHORUS

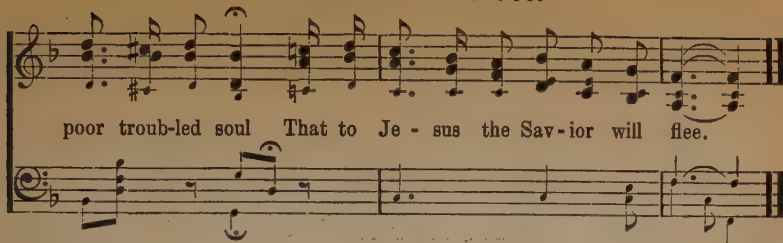


O Je - sus is will - ing to be..... A Sav - ior for
and wait - ing to be



sin - ners like me,..... And the bur - den will roll from the
e - ven me,

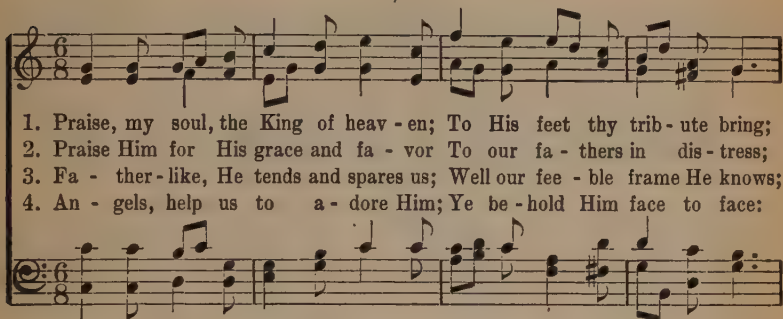
The Savior For Me.



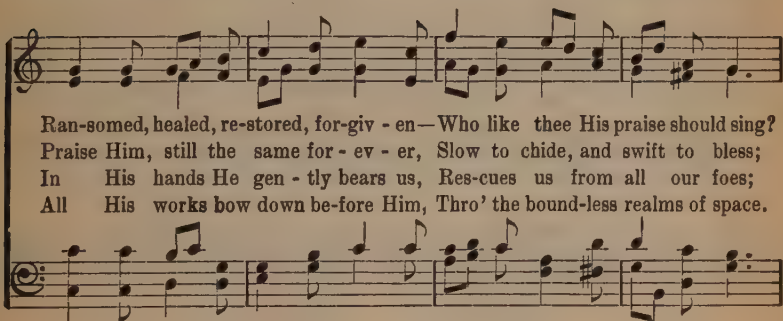
poor troub-led soul That to Je - sus the Sav-ior will flee.

No. 121. Praise My Soul, the King of Heaven.

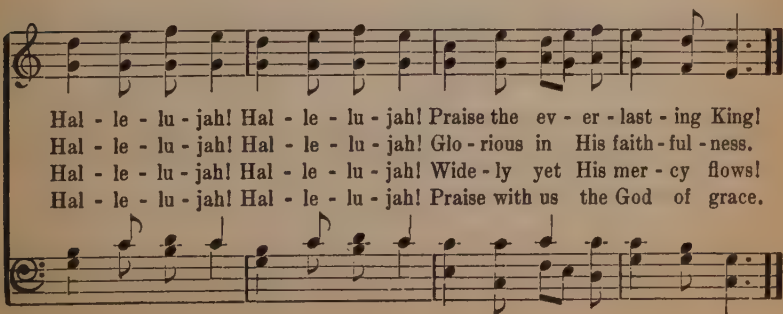
H. F. Lyte.



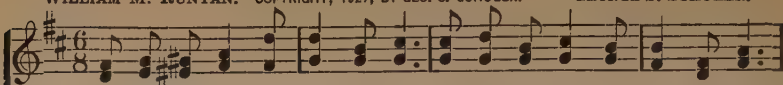
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;
3. Fa-ther-like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee-ble frame He knows;
4. An-gels, help us to a-dore Him; Ye be-hold Him face to face:



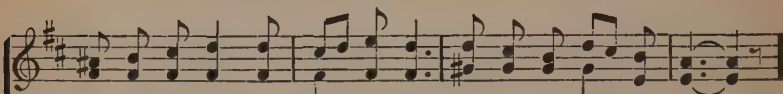
Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en—Who like thee His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, still the same for-ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 In His hands He gen-tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes;
 All His works bow down be-fore Him, Thro' the bound-less realms of space.



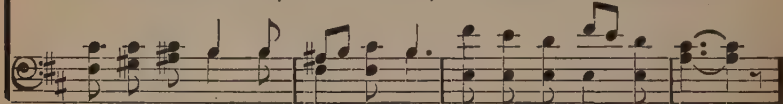
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise with us the God of grace.



1. 'Twas God's own Son who came to earth, Who chose to know a low - ly birth;
2. Won - der - ful, Coun - sel - lor was He, Matchless His grace; how could it be
3. Kind were the deeds that crowned each day, Gracious the words His lips would say,
4. Nev - er a - gain His brow shall know Piercings of ag - o - ny and woe;



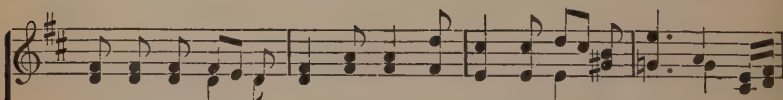
But, tho' a King of matchless worth, He wore a crown of thorns.
That, at the last, He wore for me That bit - ter crown of thorns?
While He pur - sued the fate - ful way To wear that crown of thorns.
But 'twas for us that, here be - low, He wore the crown of thorns!



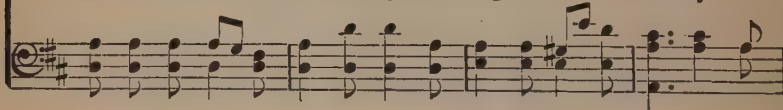
CHORUS



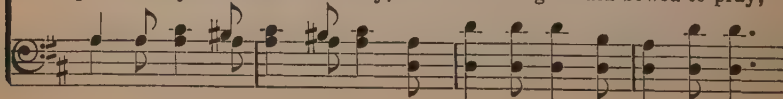
He wore a crown of thorns that I Might wear a crown of glo - ry!



He laid His heav'nly splen-dors by To bring me love's sweet story. In



pov - er - ty He walked life's way, In Ol - ive's gar - den bowed to pray;



He Wore a Crown of Thorns.—Concluded.

He wore a crown of thorns that I Might wear a crown of glo - ry!

No. 123. Silent Night! Holy Night!

Joseph Mohr.

Franz Gruber.

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon-der,
2. Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Darkness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid-ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-li-est night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the

where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
 hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
 an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(As sung by Gipsy Smith.)

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

W. R. Featherston.

Gipsy Smith

1. My Je - - sus, I love Thee I know Thou art
2. In man - - sions of glo - - ry and end - - less de-

mine, For Thee all the pleas - ures of sin I re-
light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee and dwell in Thy

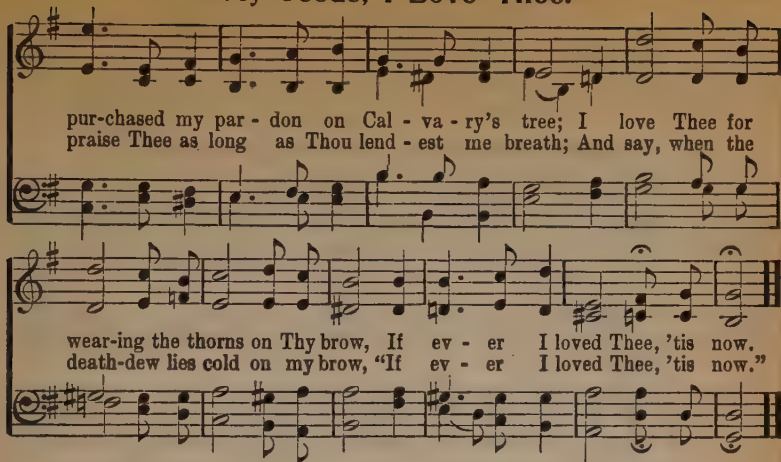
sign:..... My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art
sight; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my

Thou; If ev - - er I loved Thee, 'tis now.
brow, "If ev - - er I loved Thee, 'tis now."

PARTS.

I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And
I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And

My Jesus, I Love Thee.



pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for
praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the

wear-ing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, 'tis now.
death-dew lies cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, 'tis now."

No. 125. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

I. Watts.

(ROCKINGHAM.)

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Adapted from
English by E. E. Y.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

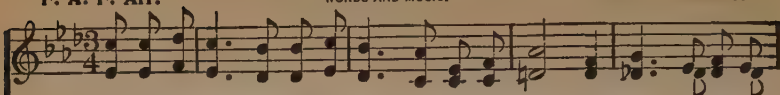
count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 126. I Shall See Him Face to Face.

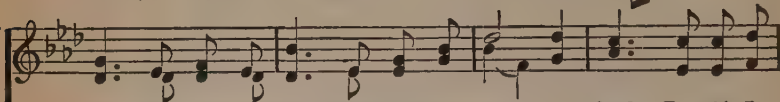
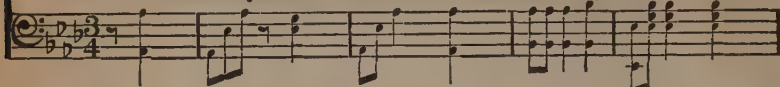
F. A. F. Arr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

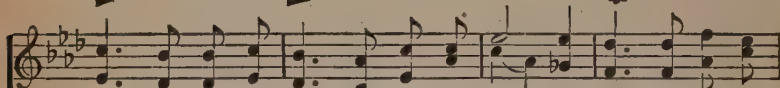
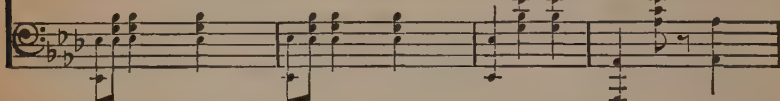
Fred A. Fillmore.



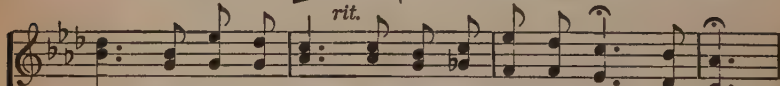
1. I do not know just what will be To-mor-row's press-ing need; I do not
2. I do not know if rough or smooth My path-way is to be; I do not
3. I do not know just when or where I'll see life's set - ing sun; I do not



know what will be - fall Where faith and du - ty lead; But this I
know, but yet I trust, My bless - ed Lord, in Thee; For this I
know when I shall hear The gra-cious words, "Well done;" But this I



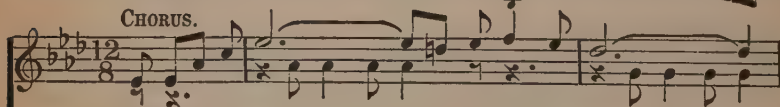
know, where Je - sus calls, There glad-ly I shall go, Re - ly - ing
know, come good or ill, Thou art my strength and stay, My ref - uge
know, if I be - lieve And trust His love and grace, A crown of



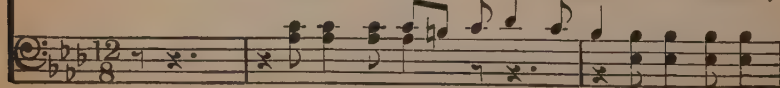
on His prom - is - es All need - ed bless - ings to be - stow.
from the storms of life, My guide, my help, from day to day.
life I shall re - ceive, And I shall see Him face to face.



CHORUS.



But this I know,..... if I be - lieve,.....
But this I know, if I be-lieve, if I be-lieve,



I Shall See Him Face to Face.

And trust His love,..... His love and grace,.....
 And trust His love, and trust His pre-cious love and grace,

A crown of life..... I shall re-ceive,.....
 A crown of life I shall re-ceive,

And I shall see Him face to face.....
 And I shall see Him face to face, I shall see Him face to face.

No. 127. Hallelujah, What a Savior!

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

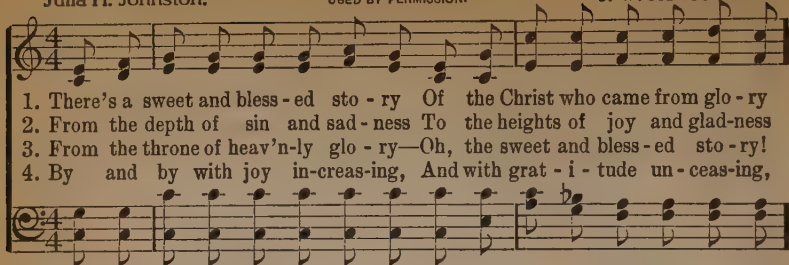
1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
 2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

f Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior!
 Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior!
 "Full a-tone-ment," can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior!
 Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior!
 Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior!

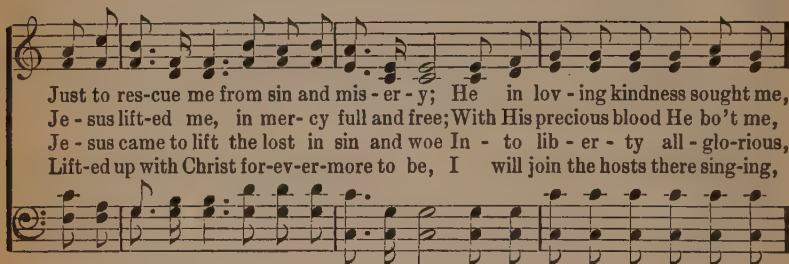
Julia H. Johnston.

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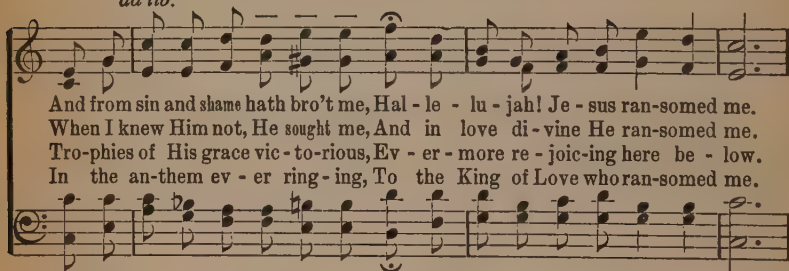
J. W. Henderson.



1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto-ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry
 2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
 3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo-ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto-ry!
 4. By and by with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat-i-tude un-ceas-ing,

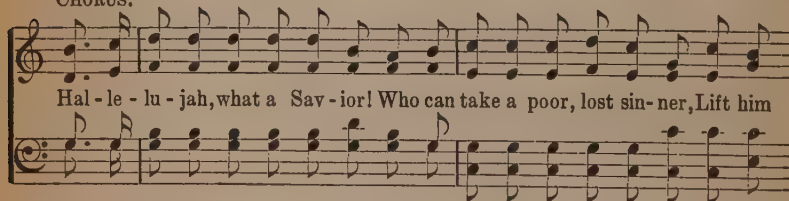


Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er-y; He in lov-ing kindness sought me,
 Je-sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
 Je-sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In-to lib-er-ty all-glo-rious,
 Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be, I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

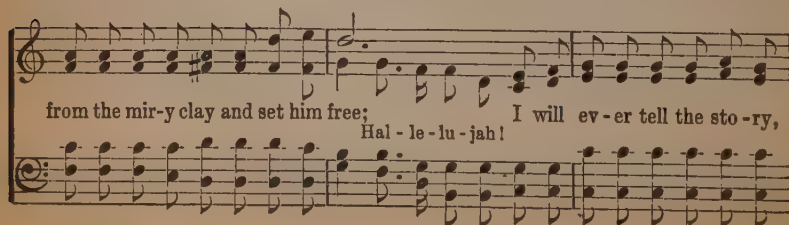
ad lib.


And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.
 When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
 Tro-phies of His grace vic-to-rious, Ev-er-more re-joic-ing here be-low.
 In the an-them ev-er ring-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior! Who can take a poor, lost sin-ner, Lift him



from the mir-y clay and set him free; I will ev-er tell the sto-ry,
 Hal-le-lu-jah!

He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.

Shout-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ransomed me.

No. 129. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: }
 { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: }
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; }
 { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint Heal the sick, and lead the blind. }

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my hope on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;

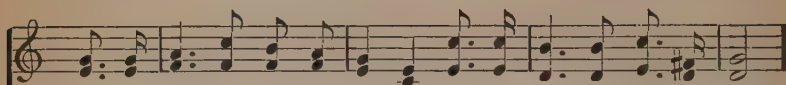
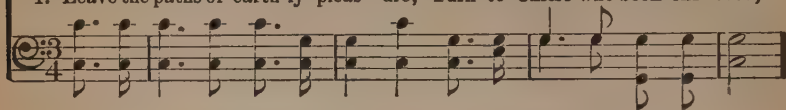
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Julia H. Johtson. Arr.

Frank C. Huston.



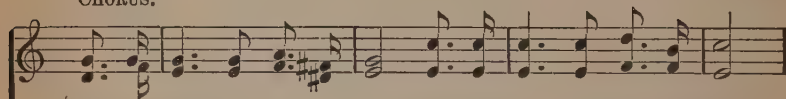
1. To the cross on Cal-v'ry's mountain, Burdened soul, look up to - day;
2. Burdened soul, what is thy sor - row? Christ has borne it all for thee;
3. Tho' thy load of sin ap - palls thee, Peace may seem a fruit-less quest,
4. Leave the paths of earth-ly pleas - ure, Turn to Christ who beck-ons thee;



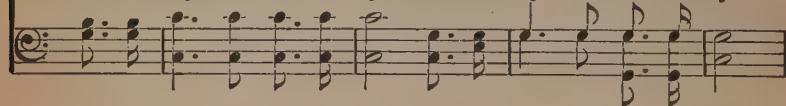
There's a pre-cious, cleans-ing foun-tain That can wash thy guilt a - way.
 Wouldst thou find a bright - er mor-row? Look, by faith, to Cal - va - ry.
 Heed the voice of love that calls thee, "Come, and I will give thee rest."
 Peace and joy be-yond all meas-ure Come by way of Cal - va - ry.



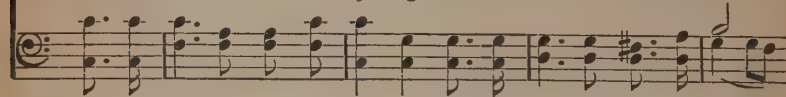
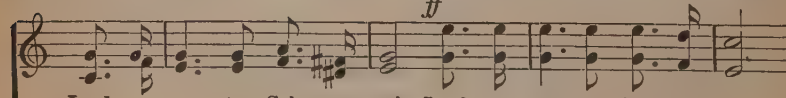
CHORUS.



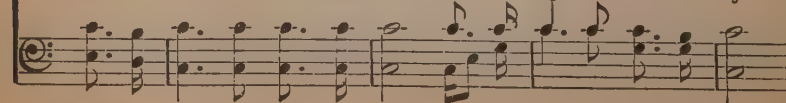
Look a - way to Cal - va - ry! Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!



There be-hold the Sav - ior dy - ing On the cru - el cross for thee.

*ff*

Look a - way to Cal - va - ry! Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!



Look Away to Galvary.

f *p*

It was there He died to save thee; Look a-way to Cal - va - ryl

No. 131

Safe With The Shepherd.

James Rowe.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Far from the Shepherd I had wan - dered, E - vil my drifting life con - trolled;
 2. Pleas - ures of sin no lon - ger charm me, Pleas - ures un - end - ing now are mine;
 3. Here I shall rest till cares are end - ed, Prais - ing His soul - redeeming love,

Tal - ents and time in sin I squandered, Now I am safe with - in the fold.
 Foes still as - sail, but fail to harm me, For I have found a Friend divine.
 Till on His breast I have as - cend - ed To the e - ter - nal fold a - bove.

CHORUS.

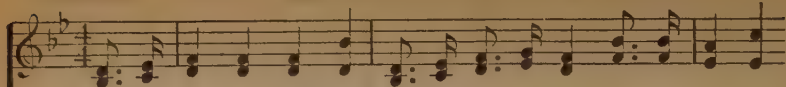
Je - sus the Shepherd sought and found me Now I am having joys un - told;
 joys un - told;

His might - y arms I feel a - round me, Safe with the Shepherd in the fold!

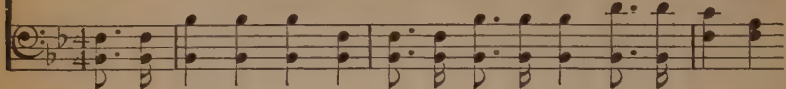
El Nathan.

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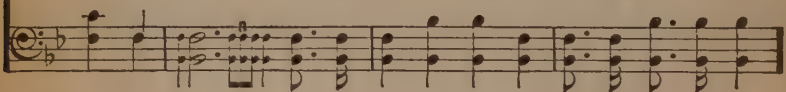
James McGranahan.



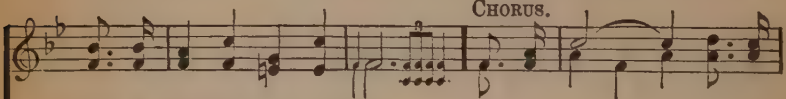
1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near—It is has - t'ning



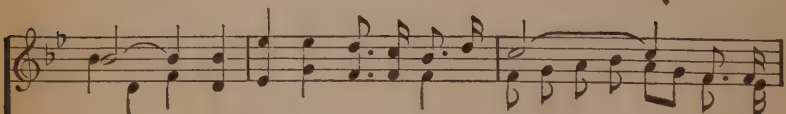
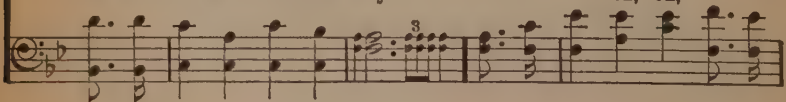
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis-played, And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,



CHORUS.



While as ran - somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, . . . march - ing
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway!



on, . . . For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! And to
on, on, ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss!



The Banner of the Cross.

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross!
 we'll Be-neath

No. 133.

Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1 I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give,
 2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you,
 3. Life is of-fer'd un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Jesus when He made me whole:

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
 'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
 If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
 'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trusted and He sav'd my soul.

D.S.-'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS.

"Look and live" . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
 "Look and live," my brother live, "Look and live,"

INTRO.

The musical notation for the Intro is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including triplets and an eighth rest. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

BOYS IN UNISON.

1. The King needs boys to join His val - iant ar - my; The
 2. The King needs boys in pros-p'rous fields of com-merce, Where
 3. The King needs boys to stand in courts of jus - tice Where
 4. The King needs boys to speak His mes - sage glad - ly, As

The musical notation for the Boys in Unison section is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble staff, with lyrics written below the notes.

grow - ing youth can find a place to serve, For there are tasks that
 Mam - mon of - ten holds his sor - did sway, To teach the trades - men
 wrong so of - ten rules in place of right, To plead the cause of
 He in old - en days be - yond the sea Proclaimed the ti - dings

The musical notation for the first part of the verse is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble staff, with lyrics written below the notes.

call for hearts of courage, For lads of stal-wart will and steady nerve.
 in the mar-ket pla-ces The hon - est ways of traf - fic and fair play.
 hum - ble men and women, That e - ven weak-ness shall re - veal its might:
 of His coming kingdom, When men should know the joy of be - ing free.

The musical notation for the second part of the verse is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble staff, with lyrics written below the notes.

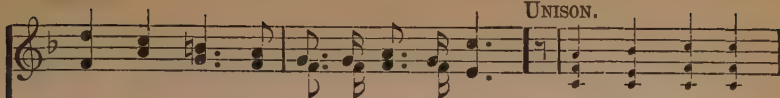
PARTS.

As knights of old went forth up - on their mis - sion Of
 To o - ver - turn the mon - ey chang - ers' ta - bles Whose
 That crim - i - nals no lon - ger gain their free - dom, By
 And tho' to - day with - hold from youth its treas - ure, With

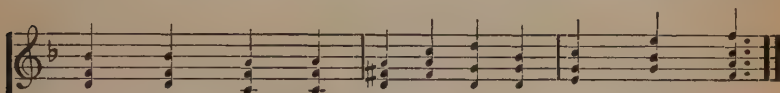
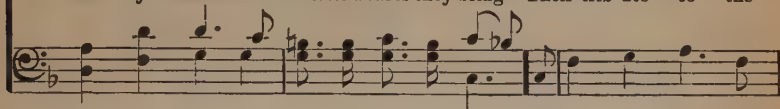
The musical notation for the Parts section is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble staff, with lyrics written below the notes.

The King Needs Boys.

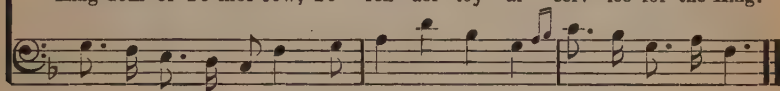
UNISON.



help - ful - ness to those who were oppressed, So in the gold - en
bal - an - ces were weight-ed with de - ceit, En-force the use of
wit - ness false, or shame-ful cow - ard - ice, That stern-er judg-ment
read - y hands and val-iant hearts they bring Their trib-ute to the



Now the chance is giv-en To those who are of rud-dy youth possessed.
standard weights and measures That shall pre - vail up - on the business street.
from the bench be giv-en, And judg-ment be not bargained for a price.
King-dom of To-mor-row, To ren - der loy - al serv-ice for the King.



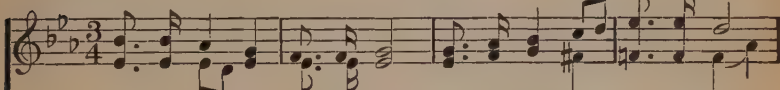
No. 135.

Holy Spirit From Above.

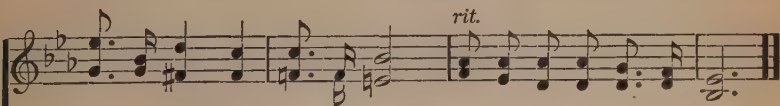
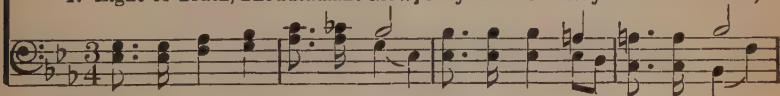
Gipsy Smith.

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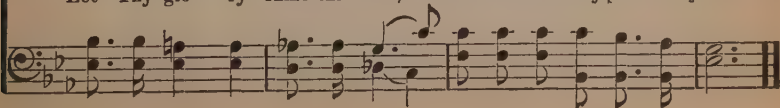
E. Edwin Young.



1. Ho - ly Spir-it from a-b-ove, Ten-der, gra-cious Heav'n-ly Dove,
2. Bless-ed Spir-it, I would be Gen-tle, lov-ing, more like Thee;
3. In the full-ness of Thy might, I would walk in Thy clear light,—
4. Light of Truth, Thou Radiant Glow, May I all Thy full-ness know;



Fill my heart with love di-vine; Take pos-ses-sion, make me Thine.
Cleanse and make me all Thine own, Dwell with-in my heart a-lone.
All my spir - it, bod - y, soul, Con - se - cra - ted and made whole.
Let Thy glo - ry shine thro' me, Till the world Thy pow'r may see.



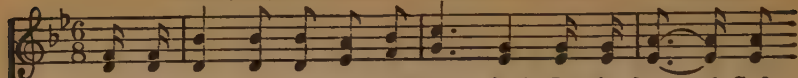
No. 136 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

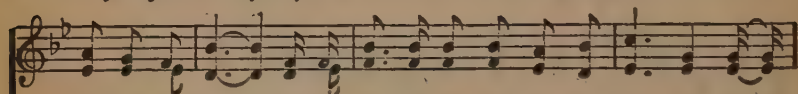
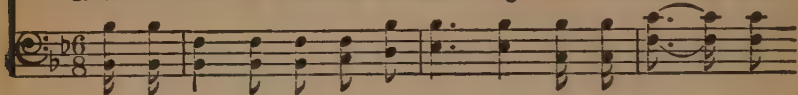
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H. G. Smyth.



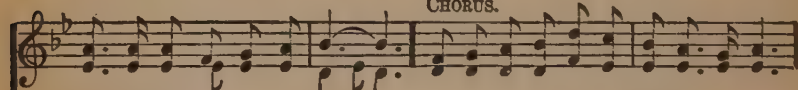
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not



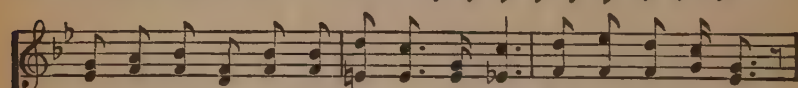
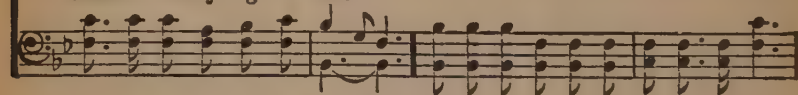
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray - ing, The tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To freed from known sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To



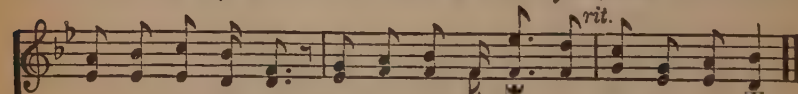
CHORUS.



read - y His serv - ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.



Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,



my serv - ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.



No. 136a.

Sun of My Soul.

John Keble.

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-ied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

No. 137.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. MORRIS.
 USED BY PER.

J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C.

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Give your heart to Je - sus, Let the Sav-ior in; He can save and
 2. Give your love to Je - sus, He's the Friend you need, For your lov-ing
 3. Give your life to Je - sus, Take the way He went, And in loy - al

keep you From the pow'r of sin; Give Him lov - ing wel - come,
 Sav - ior Is a Friend in - deed. Chief - est in ten thou-sand,
 serv - ice Let your days be spent; Claim the Mas - ter's prom-ise,

O - pen wide the door, He your royal Guest Would be for-ev - er - more.
 None with Him compare, Lil - y of the Val - ley, Rose of Shar-on fair.
 "In - as-much," said He, "As you've done for oth-ers, You have done for Me."

CHORUS.

Give Je - sus your all,..... Give Je - sus your all,.....
 Give Je - sus your all, Give Je - sus your all,

All you have and are is but a gift too small;

Give Your All to Jesus.

Give Je - sus your all, Give Je - sus your all,
 Give Je - sus your all, Give Je - sus your all,

ad lib.

In an ut - ter-most sur - ren - der, Give Je - sus your all.

No. 139.

Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

BY PERMISSION.

Silas J. Vall.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.

D. S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
 D. S.—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

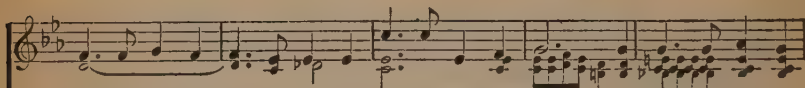
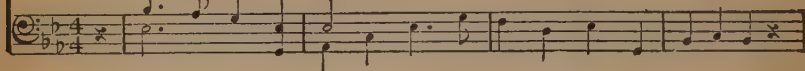
T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

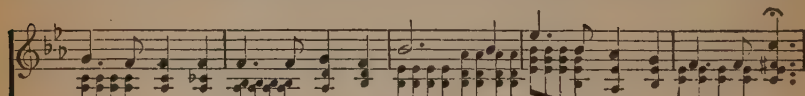
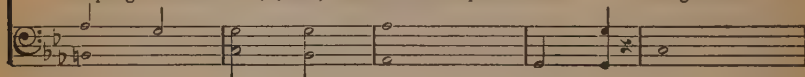
Chas. H. Gabriel.



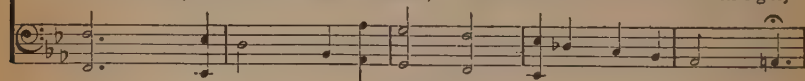
1. Be - hold! One com - eth in the way, In hum - ble gar - ments clad; The
 2. What words of truth and grace He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth be - fore: The
 3. They lead Him forth to Cal - va - ry, — O see Him bleed and die! His
 4. But lo! what won - drous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To



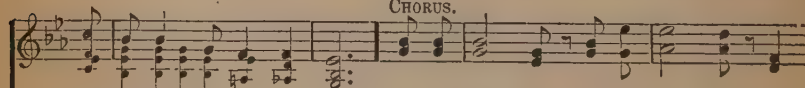
poor - est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head. The hun - gry, wear - y,
 bur - dened sin - ner hears that voice, And feels His sins no more. He calls the dead to
 parch - ed lips are plead - ing now For those who cru - ci - fy! His head is bowed, the
 weep - ing ones He re - ap - pears, When all their hopes had fled. He lin - gers but a



sick and sad In crowds a - bout Him press, — To ev - 'ry one He gives re - lief, —
 life a - gain, Bids winds and bil - lows cease, — None oth - er man such works hath done, —
 - cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease. — He suf - fered thus for you and me, —
 lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The Heav'ns re - ceive Him from their sight, —



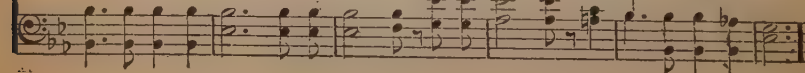
CHORUS.



What man - ner of man - is this? It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The



Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry.



I. Watts.

Traditional.



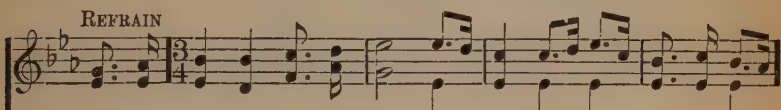
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;
2. Wor-thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex-alt-ed thus!
3. Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and pow'r di-vine;
4. The whole cre-a-tion join in one To bless the sa-cred name



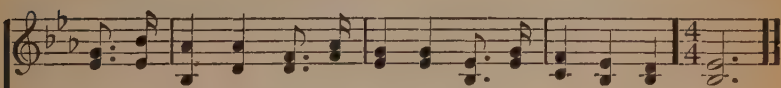
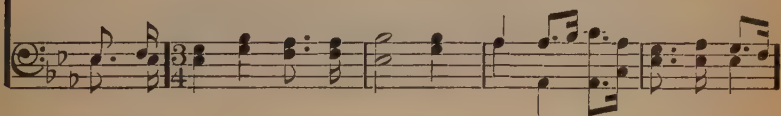
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 Wor-thy the Lamb! our hearts re-ply; For He was slain for us.
 And bless-ings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.
 Of Him that sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb.



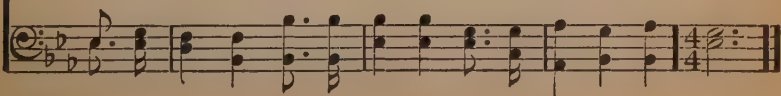
REFRAIN



Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb who died on Mount Cal-va-ry!



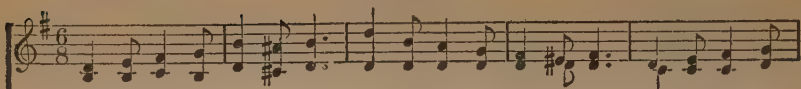
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.



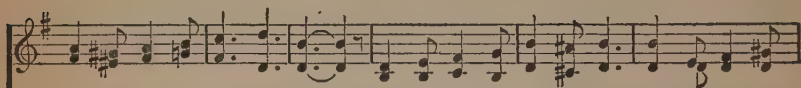
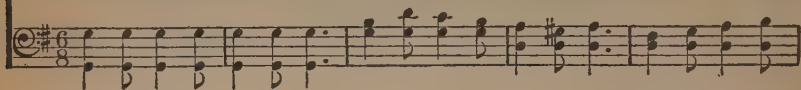
Lizzie DeArmond.

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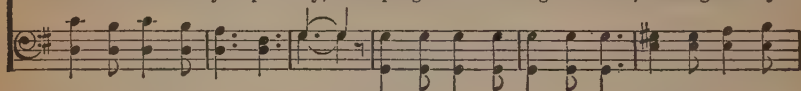
Chas. H. Gabriel.



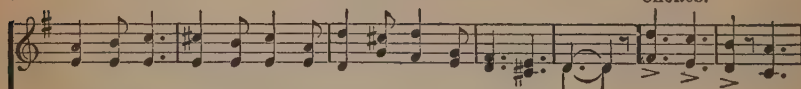
1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
 2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly,
 3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle



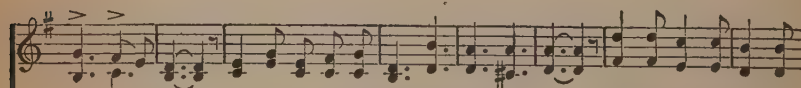
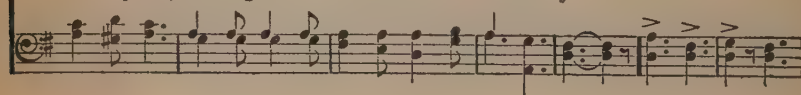
His dis-ci-ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the by-ways
 in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part to some wear-y,
 touch of hu-man sym-pa-thy; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seek-ing on-ly



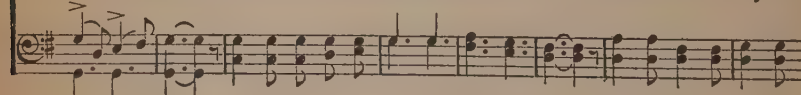
CHORUS.



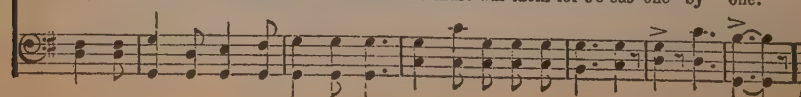
turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
 sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand. One by one, yes,
 God to please, Point-ing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.



one by one, We must win them for Je-sus one by one; In the nar-row ways of



life, a-mid the tu-mult and the strife. We must win them for Je-sus one by one.



Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

Introduction.

Legato.

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil - lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
3. Wound - ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;

Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth - er's ca - ress, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

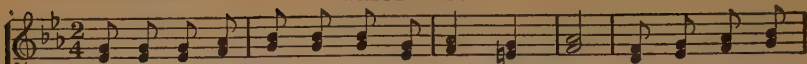
Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows When I am tempt - ed and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me— Some - bod - y knows— 'tis Je - sus.

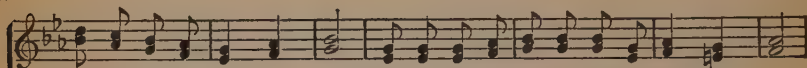
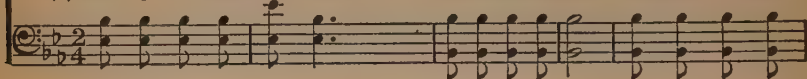
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell



1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er ur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -
 (1) When up - o life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -



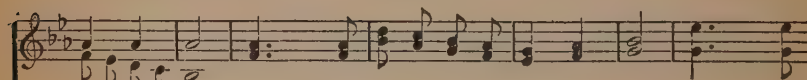
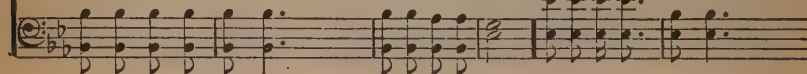
cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them one by one,
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - 'ry doubt will fly,
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man - y bless - ings, mon - ey can - not buy
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels will at - tend,
 cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them one by one.



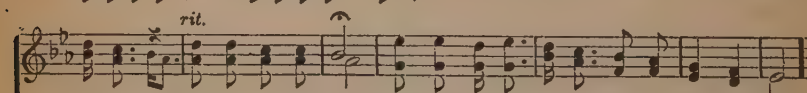
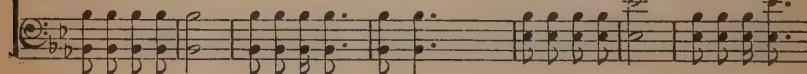
CHORUS.



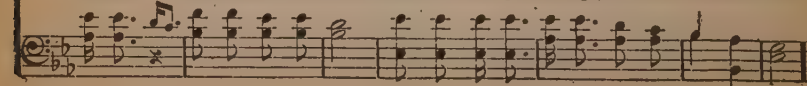
And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your bless - ings, Name them
 Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
 Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
 And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done. Count your man - y bless - ings,



one by one; Count your bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your
 Name them one by one; Count your man - y bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your many



bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your man - y bless - ings, See what God hath done.



C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction.

1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Con-fused at the
 2. I mar-vel that He would de-scend from His throne di-vine, To res-cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleed-ing, to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such

grace that so full-y He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
 soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
 love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-

me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fered, He bled and died.
 love un-to such as I, Suf-ficient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
 dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
 won-der-ful!

die for me! Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!
 won-der-ful

Introduction.

1. You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ? O yes, I know! There came a yearning in my soul for
2. You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can tell! The day, and just the hour, indeed, I
3. You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can say! That sacred place can never fade from

Him, So long ago. I found earth's fairest flow'rs would fade and die; I wept for something that would satisfy
 now Remember well. It was when I was struggling all a - lone, The light of His for-giv-ing Spir-it
 sight, As yes-ter-day. Perhaps He tho't it better I should not Forget the place, for I should love the

fy; . . . And, in my grief, somehow, I seemed to dare . . . To lift my bro-ken heart to Him in
 shone . . . In - to my heart all clouded o'er with sin, . . . That I un-locked the door and let Him
 spot; . . . And un-till I be-hold Him face to face, . . . 'T will be to me, on earth, the dear-est

prayer. O yes, I know! And I can tell you how; I know, I know He is my Savior now. . .
 in. . . O yes, I know! And I can tell you when; I know, I know He is so dear since then.
 place. . . O yes, I know! And I can tell you where; I know, I know He came and blest me there.

S. M. I. Henry.

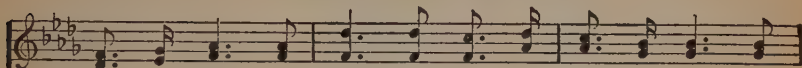
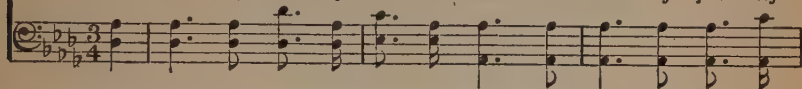
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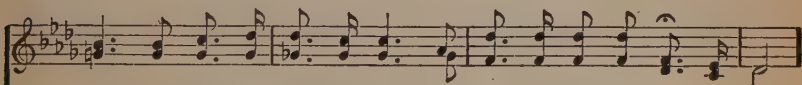
E. O. Excell



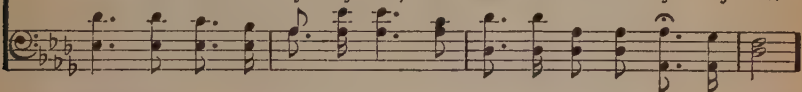
1. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The storms that would my
 2. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The balm I need to
 3. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows How frail I am to
 4. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The hour my jour - ney



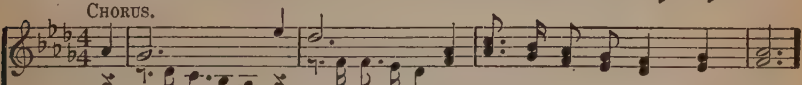
way op - pose; But He can drive the clouds a - way, And
 soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di - vine He
 meet my foes; But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up -
 here will close; And may that hour, O faith - ful Guide, Find



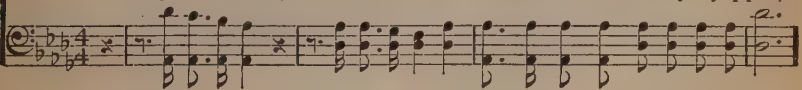
turn my dark - ness in - to day, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 heals this wound - ed soul of mine, He heals this wound - ed soul of mine.
 hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
 me safe shel - tered by Thy side, Find me safe shel - tered by Thy side.



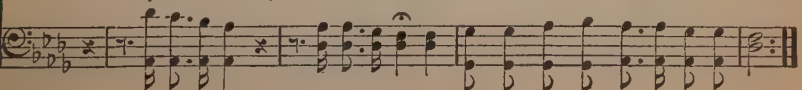
CHORUS.



He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
 My Fa - ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



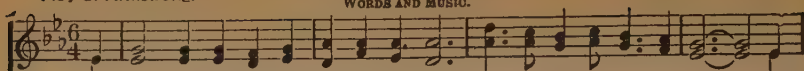
He knows, He knows, And tem - pers ev - 'ry wind that blows.
 My Fa - ther knows, I'm sure He knows the wind that blows.



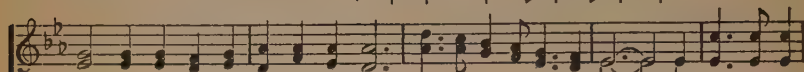
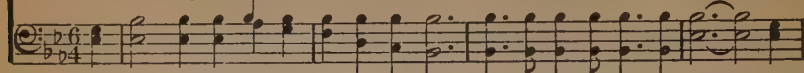
Floy S. Armstrong.

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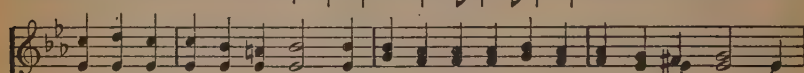
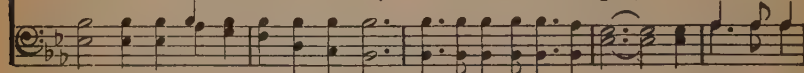
Chas. H. Gabriel.



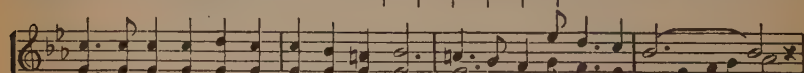
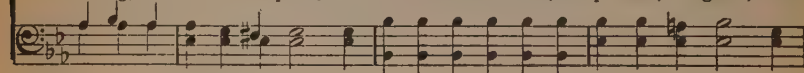
1. How man - y times has He light-ened our cares, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! How
 2. He ne'er re - fus - es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o - ver a - gain, Sends
 3. Tho' we may wan - der in by - ways of sin, O - ver and o - ver a - gain, The



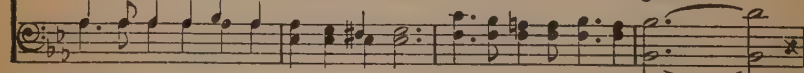
man-y times has He an-swered our prayers, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! Then tell of His
 show'rs of bless-ing so free-ly on all, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
 heart of Je - sus will bid us come in, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be



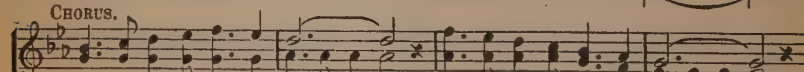
good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mer-cies to me and to mine, Re-
 si - lent so oft - en, so long, When tell-ing the sto-ry will turn them from wrong? Then
 will-ing, wher-ev - er the place, To tell of His kind-ness, His par-don, His grace, And



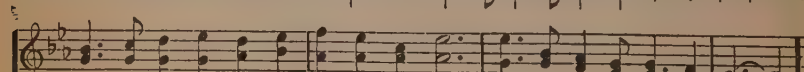
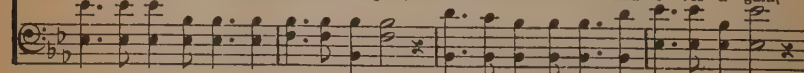
peat the old sto-ry of par-don di-vine, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
 tell it, O tell it in praise or in song, O - - ver and o - ver a - gain.
 some day in glo-ry we'll look on His face, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.



CHORUS.



O - ver and o - ver a - gain, O - ver and o - ver a - gain,
 and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,



O what a won-der-ful sto-ry to tell, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.



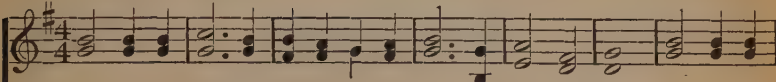
Special Selections

No. 149.

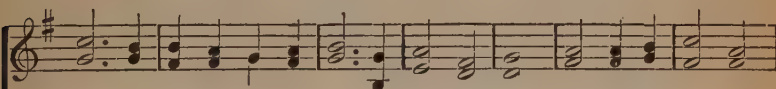
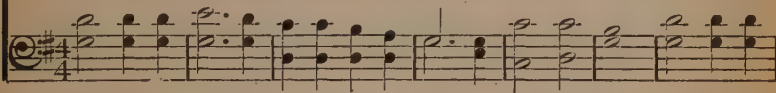
Light of the World.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

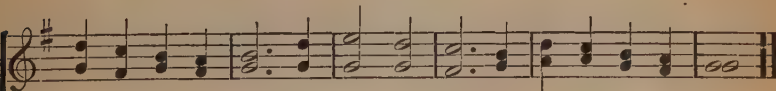
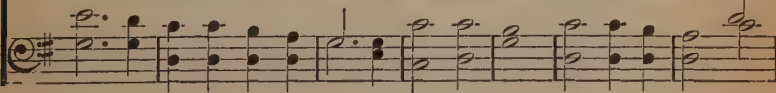
C. H. Purday.



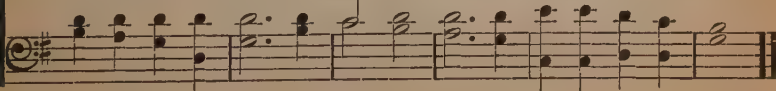
1. Light of the world, faint were our weary feet With wand'ring far; But Thou didst
2. In days long past we missed our homeward way; We could not see; Blind were our
3. Now hal - le - lu - jahs rise a-long the road Our glad feet tread; Thy love hath
4. Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic-to-ry, Where all the pain, Now that thy

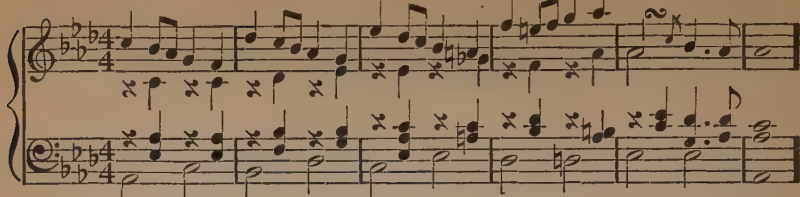
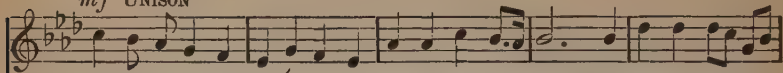


come our lone-ly hearts to greet, O Morn-ing Star; And Thou didst bid us
eyes, our feet were bound to stray: How blind to Thee! But Thou didst pit-y,
shared our sor-row's heav-y load; There's light o'er-head: Glo - ry to Thee whose
King the veil that hung o'er thee Hath rent in twain? Light of the world, we

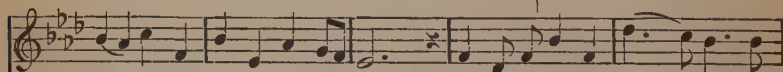
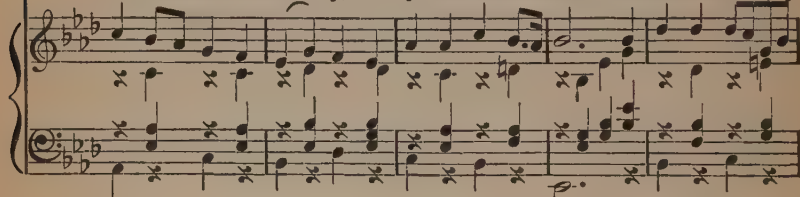


lift our gaze on high, To see the glo - ry of the glow-ing sky.
Lord, our gloomy plight; And Thou didst touch our eyes and give them sight.
love hath led us on, Glo - ry for all the great things Thou hast done!
hear Thee bid us come To light and love in Thine e - ter - nal home.



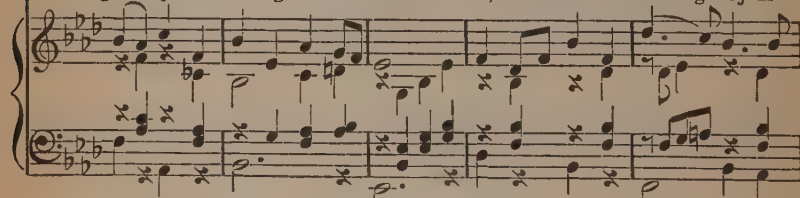
*mf* UNISON

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in — That wonderful re -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber! I'm the
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty



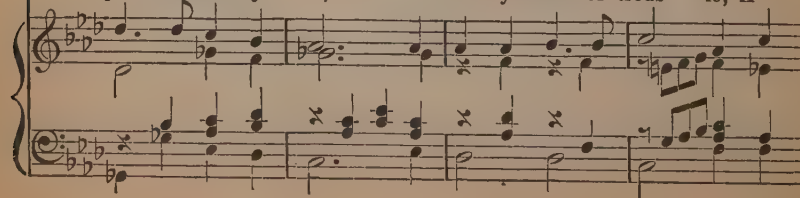
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 demption, God's remedy for sin.
 sin - ner Whom Jesus came to save.
 glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.

Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As
 Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For
 Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If
 Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is

*First three verses**p*

to a lit - tle child,
 I for - get so soon:
 you would real - ly be,

For I am weak and wea - ry, And
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
 In an - y time of troub - le, A



Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Go on to Chorus

Last verse

1. help - less and de - filed.
2. passed a - way at noon.
3. com - fort - er to me.

Go on to Chorus.

4. dawning on my soul,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

CHORUS. *Slowly and plaintively*

cres.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old

sto - ry Of Je - - sus, Je - sus and His love.

E. E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

The introduction consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/4 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. There are some rests and accidentals throughout the piece.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

The first verse is set to a melody in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 6/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

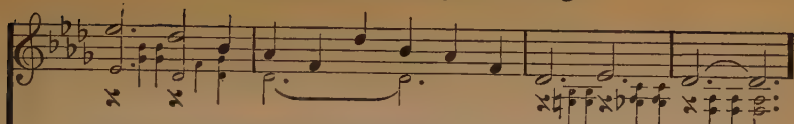
Praise and hom-age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul-eth by love a - lone;

The second verse continues the melody in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 6/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav-en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

The third verse continues the melody in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 6/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

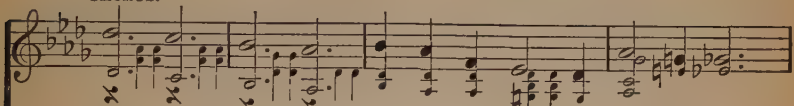
Crown Him King of Kings.



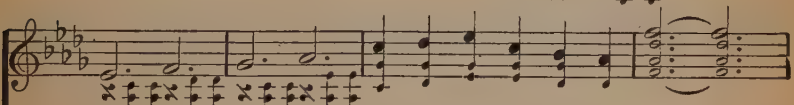
Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign!
 Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-que-ers our ev - 'ry foe!
 Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!



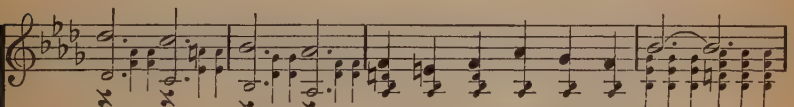
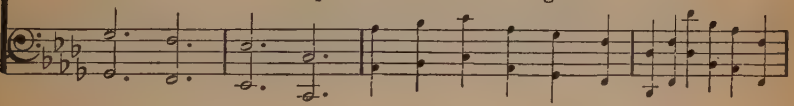
CHORUS.



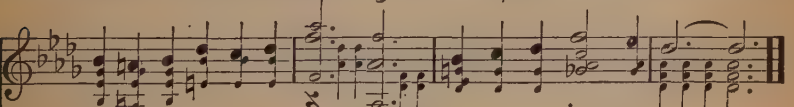
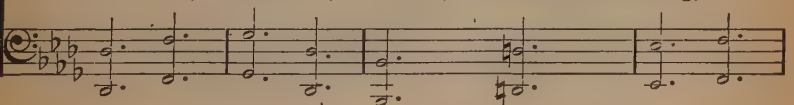
Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an - thems ring,



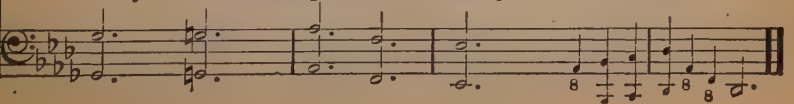
Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!



Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,



Glo-ry to God in the high - est— Glo-ry for - ev - er - more!



Wake the song, . . . wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song of jubilee;
Wake the song, wake the song, of ju-bi-lee;

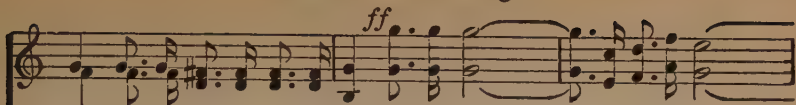
m Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee;
Wake the song, wake the song,

Let it ech - o o'er the sea, let it ech - o o'er the sea.
Let it ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech-o o'er the sea.

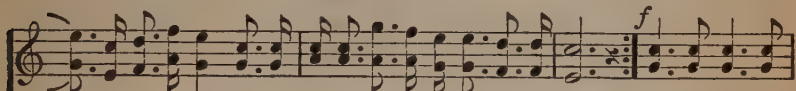
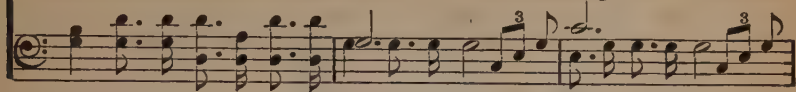
f Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song,
Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of
BARITONE OBBLIGATO.

f of jub - i - lee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,
ju - bi - lee; Loud as might - y thunders roar, when it

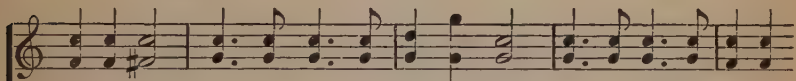
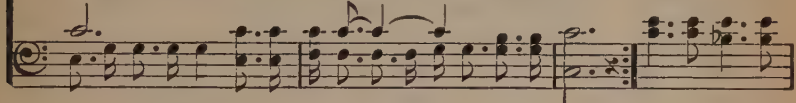
Wake the Song.



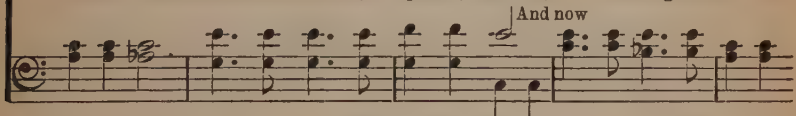
Wake the song..... of ju - bi-lee,.....
breaks, when it breaks upon the shore; Wake the song, wake the



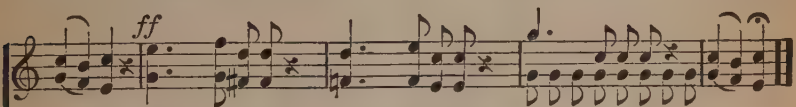
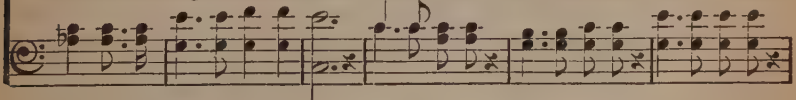
of ju - bi-lee, let it ech-o
song, Let it ech-o..... o'er the sea. See Je-ho-vah's



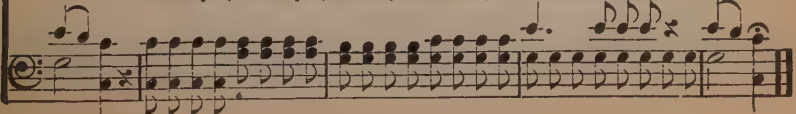
banner furled, Sheathed the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, Now the kingdoms of this



world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,



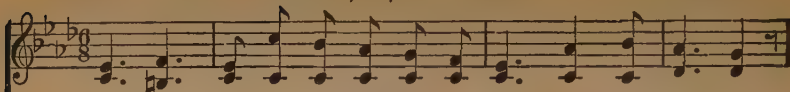
A - men; Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, A - men.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,



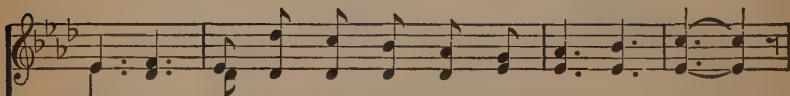
Charlotte G. Homer

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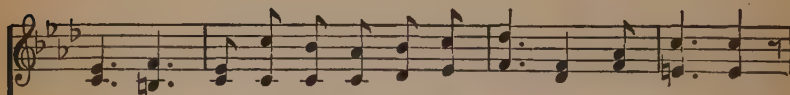
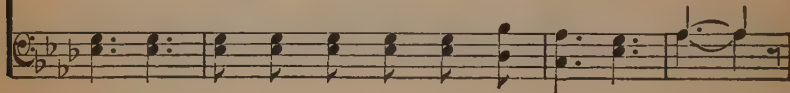
Chas. H. Gabriel.



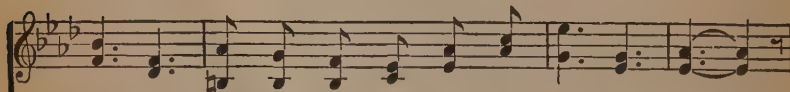
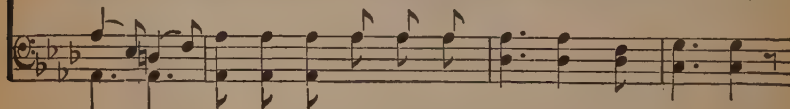
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
 2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
 3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
 Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
 For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
 Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
 Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

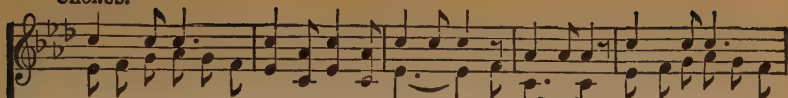


Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
 While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
 His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

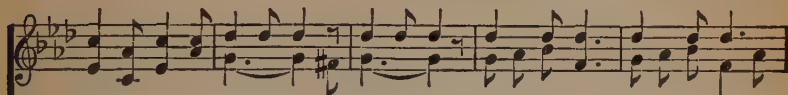
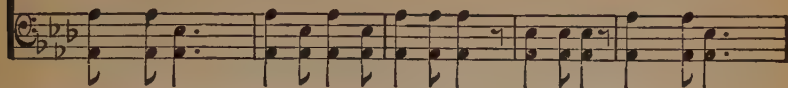


A Song of Victory.

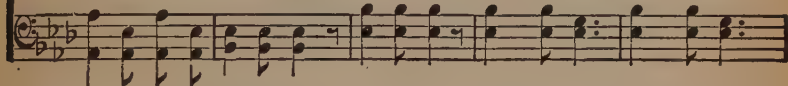
CHORUS.



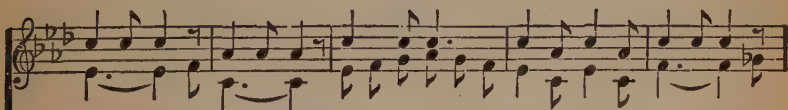
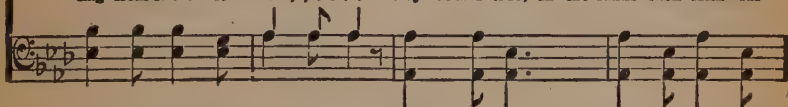
Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo - ri - ous



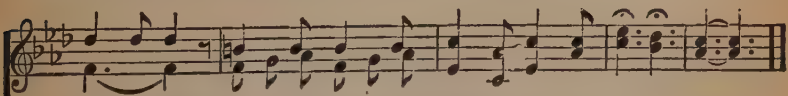
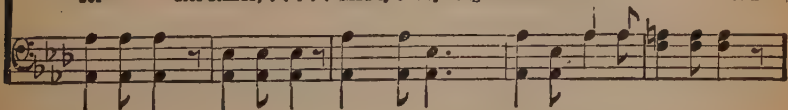
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His



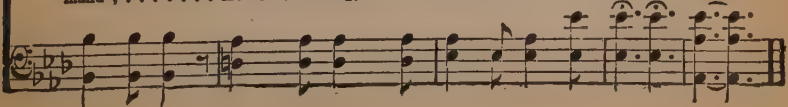
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; . . . Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful



soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, . . . Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -



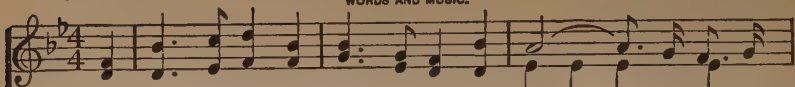
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.



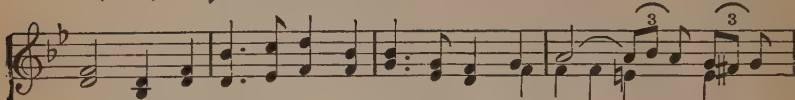
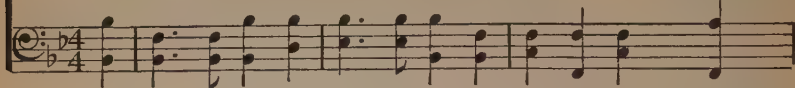
D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

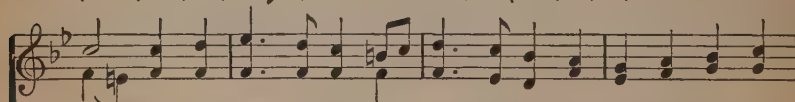
Chas. H. Gabriel.



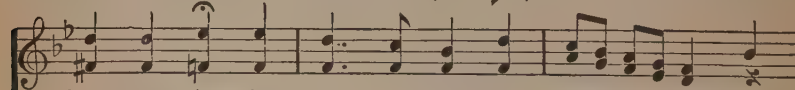
1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and



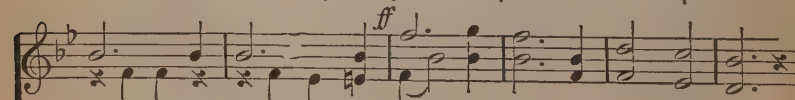
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-



dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
 crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-sem-bled round the
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

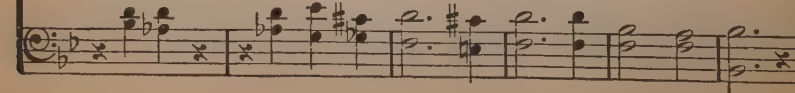


heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain: All
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All



hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!



All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im-man-u-el Hail to the King we love so well,

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im-man-u-el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! Glo-ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un-to Thee, Now and ev-er-more!
Wis-dom be un-to Thee,

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,

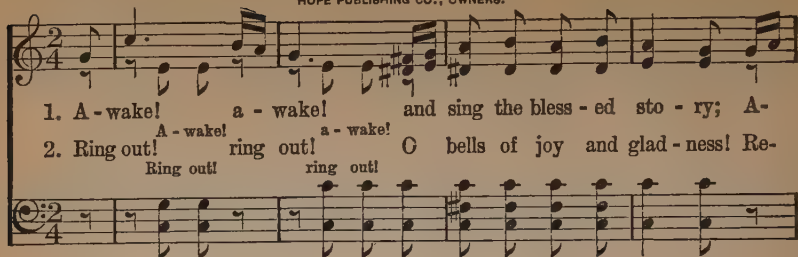
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im-man-u-el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

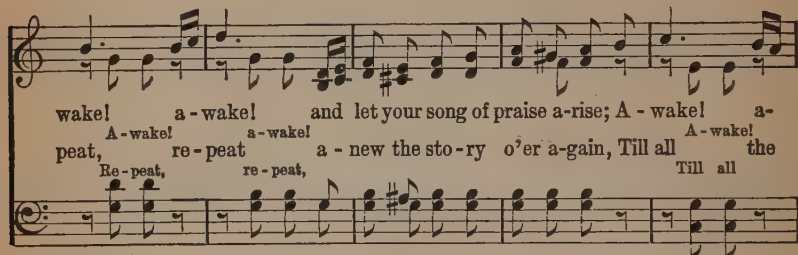
Charlotte G. Homer

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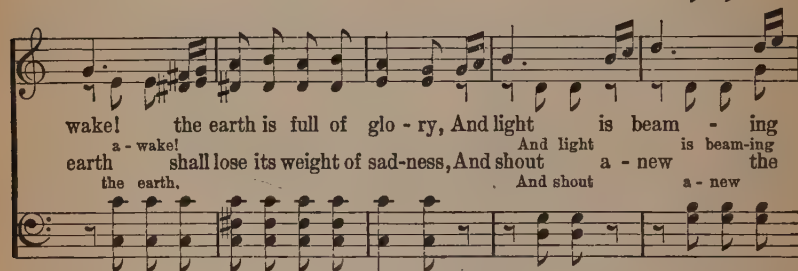
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
 2. Ring out! ^{A - wake!} ring out! ^{a - wake!} G bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -
 Ring out! ring out!

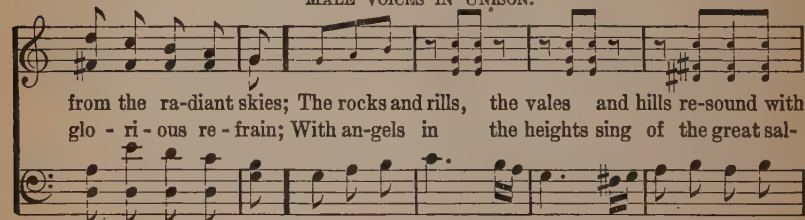


wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a -
^{A - wake!} ^{a - wake!}
 peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all ^{A - wake!} the
 Re - peat, re - peat, Till all



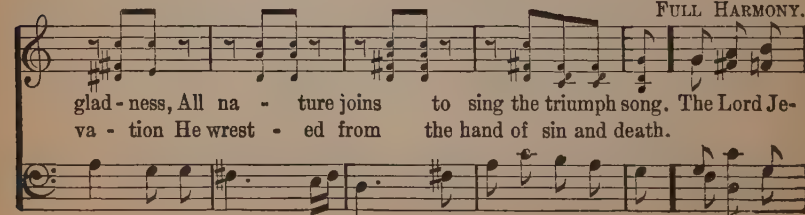
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
^{a - wake!} ^{And light} ^{is beam - ing}
 earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
 the earth, And shout a - new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.



from the ra - diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
 glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great sal -

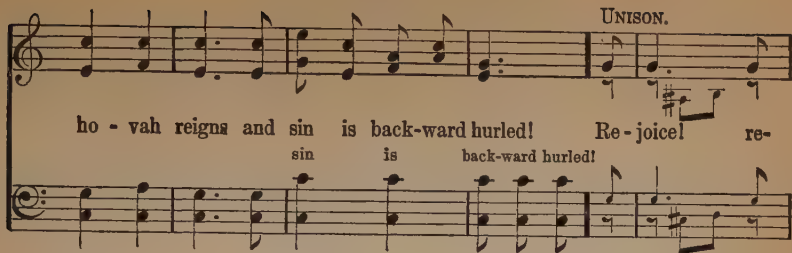
FULL HARMONY.



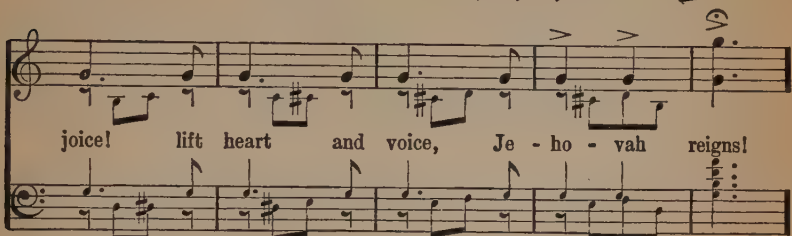
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je -
 va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

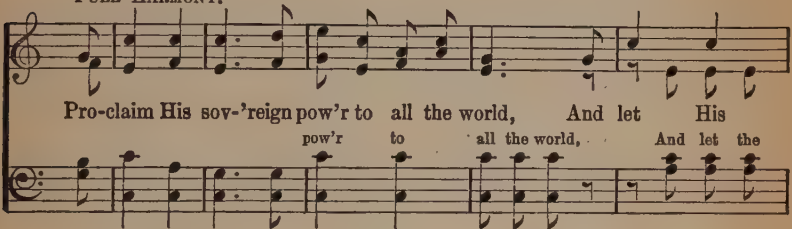


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!

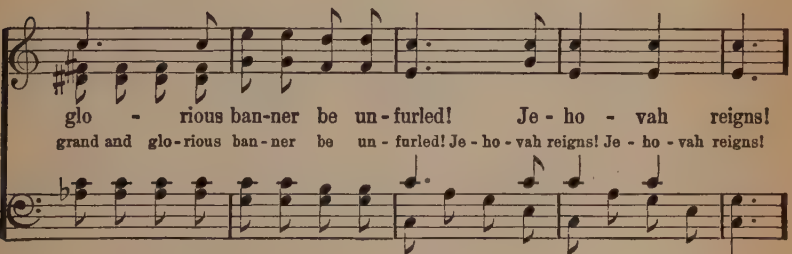


joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

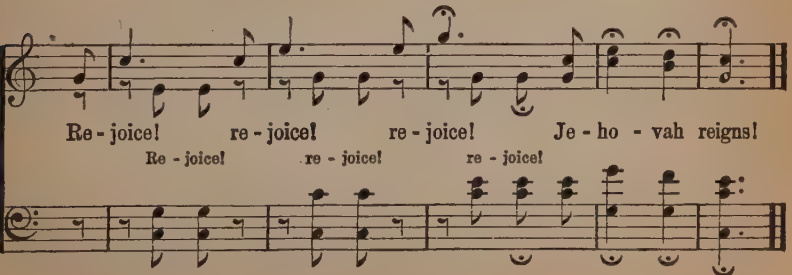
FULL HARMONY.



Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the



glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!



Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

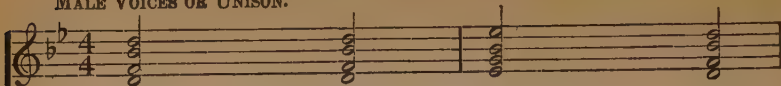
D. R. Shoarley.

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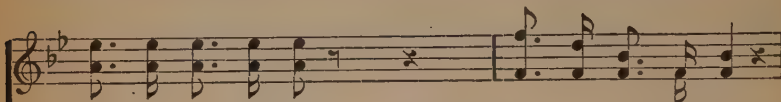
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Harry Dixon Loes.

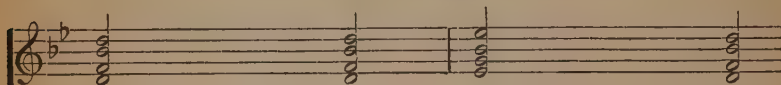
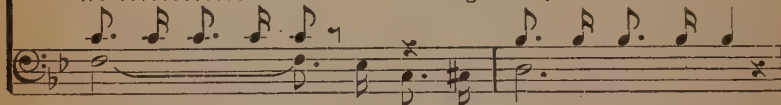
MALE VOICES OR UNISON.



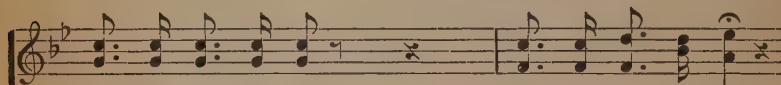
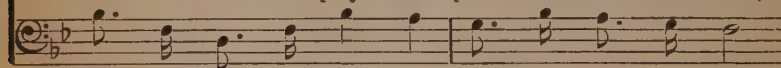
1. Je - sus, our Com-mand - er, go - eth on be - fore,
 2. Might-y are His pow'r and grace, so rich and free,
 3. When in weak-ness all our strength from Him we claim,



We are trust-ing Him, we are trust-ing Him;
 We..... are trust-ing Him;.....



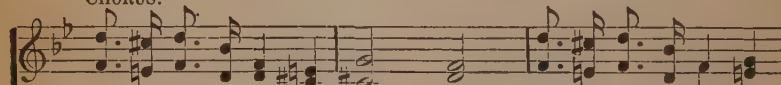
Thro' the riv - en skies our shouts of vic - t'ry soar,
 Ev - 'ry heart to win in - tent on Him must be,
 God will hear the prayer that pleads the won - drous Name,



We are trust-ing Him, we are trust-ing Him.
 We..... are trust-ing Him.....



CHORUS.



We are trust-ing our Com-mand - er, Ev - 'ry life is in His
 We are trust-ing our Com-mand-er, Ev - 'ry life is



Our Commander.

hand;..... Un - to us is giv'n a call His arms to bear; A-
in His hand;

lone in Je-sus' strength we stand—Move on - ward! We are not a-
We are

shamed to own Him, He for ev - 'ry good hath
not a - shamed to own Him, He for ev - 'ry

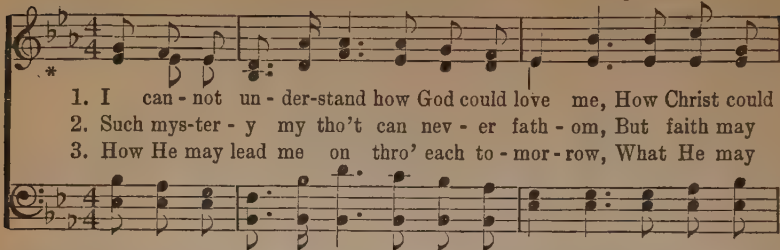
planned;..... Her - alds of the Lord, with
good hath planned;

good, for ev - 'ry good hath planned;
hearts to do and dare, We'll glad-ly fol-low His com-mand.
We'll glad - ly fol-low His com-mand.

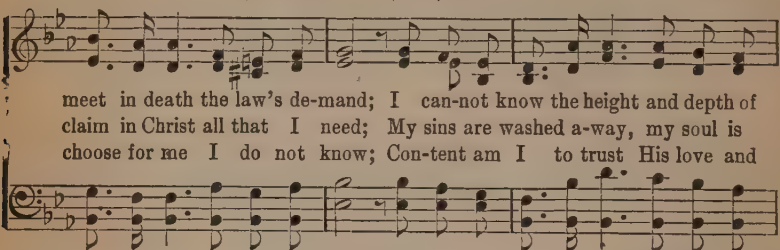
William M. Runyan.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

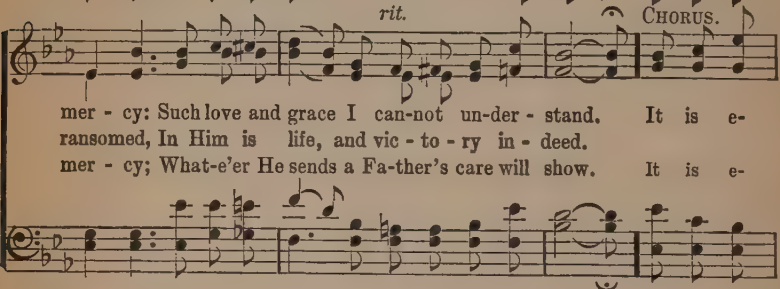
Harry Dixon Loes.



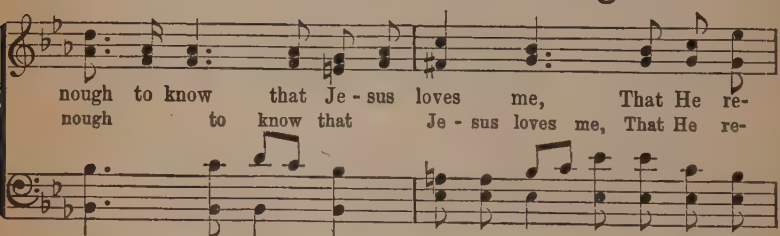
1. I can - not un - der - stand how God could love me, How Christ could
 2. Such mys - ter - y my tho't can nev - er fath - om, But faith may
 3. How He may lead me on thro' each to - mor - row, What He may



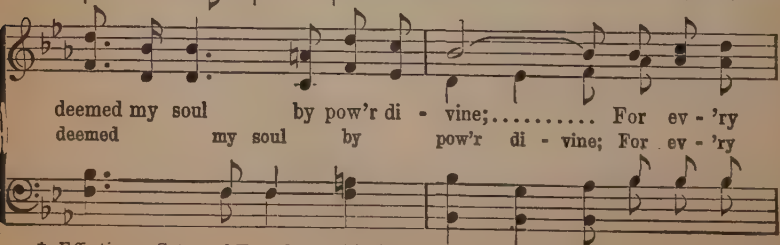
meet in death the law's de - mand; I can - not know the height and depth of
 claim in Christ all that I need; My sins are washed a - way, my soul is
 choose for me I do not know; Con - tent am I to trust His love and



rit. CHORUS.
 mer - cy: Such love and grace I can - not un - der - stand. It is e -
 ransomed, In Him is life, and vic - to - ry in - deed.
 mer - cy; What - e'er He sends a Fa - ther's care will show. It is e -



nough to know that Je - sus loves me, That He re -
 nough to know that Je - sus loves me, That He re -



deemed my soul by pow'r di - vine;..... For ev - 'ry
 deemed my soul by pow'r di - vine; For ev - 'ry

It Is Enough.

need to Him in faith I'm cling - ing; It is e-
need to Him in faith I'm cling - ing; It is e-

nough to know that He is mine,..... mine,.....
nough for me to know He is mine. He is mine.

Stanzas 1 & 2 *Stanza 3*

No. 157a. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.
ten-der-ly say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure."
come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move.

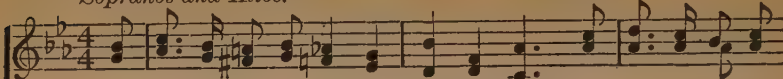
Peggy Irene Young,

Sopranos and Altos.

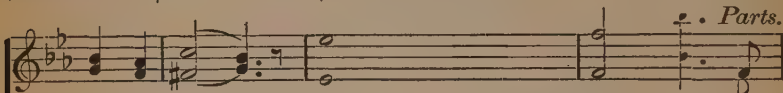
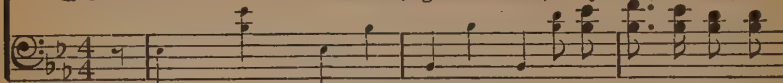
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E. Edwin Young.

Parts.

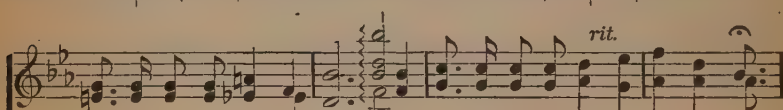
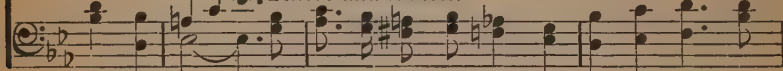


1. Thro'-out the ev - er chang-ing tide of years, Thy love, O God, re-
2. Vic - to-rious days oft come to cheer my heart,—Oh, keep me hum-ble
3. And so—thro' storm and sun-shine, light and shade, Thy love, O God, re-

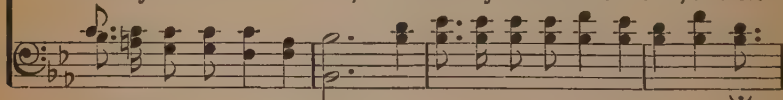


main - eth sure; De - spite my man - y name - less doubts and fears, In
at Thy feet; Help me Thy lov - ing mes - sage to im - part To
main - eth sure; O'er ev - 'ry hill and val - ley, mount and glade, In

Tenors and Basses.



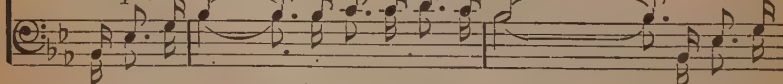
Thee my soul can rest se - cure, In Thee my soul can rest se - cure, se - cure.
ev - 'ry burdened soul I meet, To ev - 'ry burdened soul I meet, I meet.
Thee my soul can rest se - cure, In Thee my soul can rest se - cure, se - cure.



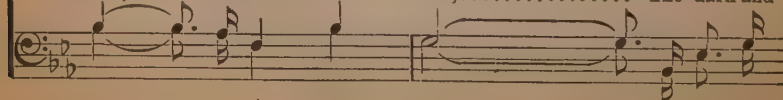
CHORUS.



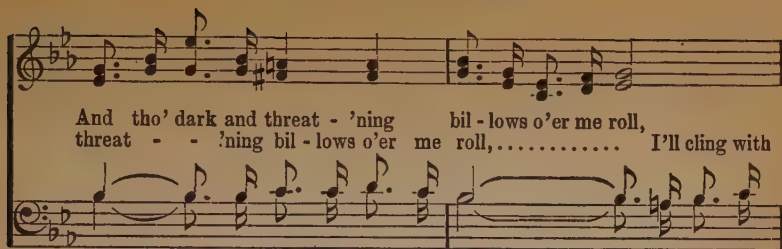
Storms may fiercely rage, may rage a - bout my soul,
Tho' storms may fierce - ly rage a - bout my soul,..... Thine arm, O
a tempo.



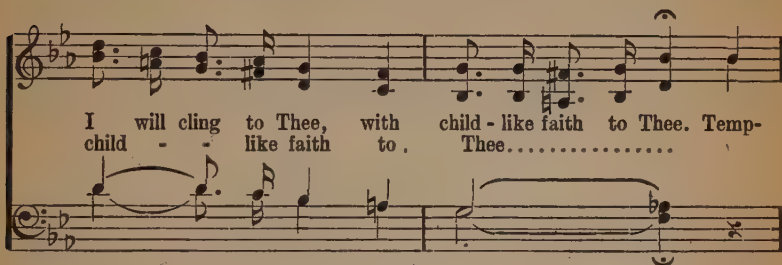
Thou, O Christ, sus - tain - eth me, Thine arm sus - tain - eth me;
Christ,..... sus - tain - eth me;..... Tho' dark and



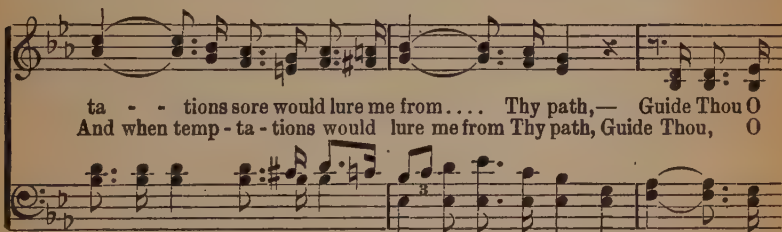
The Security Song.



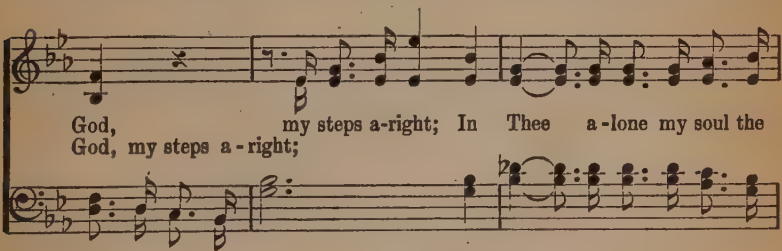
And tho' dark and threat - 'ning bil - lows o'er me roll,
 threat - - 'ning bil - lows o'er me roll,..... I'll cling with



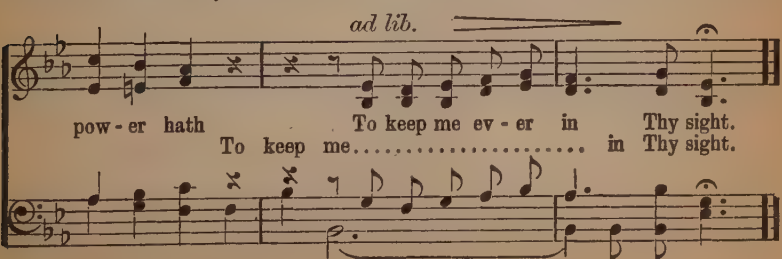
I will cling to Thee, with child - like faith to Thee. Temp-
 child - like faith to Thee.....



ta - - tions sore would lure me from.... Thy path,— Guide Thou O
 And when temp - ta - tions would lure me from Thy path, Guide Thou, O



God, my steps a-right; In Thee a-lone my soul the
 God, my steps a-right;



ad lib.
 pow - er hath To keep me ev - er in Thy sight.
 To keep me..... in Thy sight.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Sor - rows and trou - ble's hov - er a - round us, Dan - gers un - seen may
 2. How can our path be lone - ly and drear - y? How can our hearts be
 3. Shel - tered from e - vil now we are hid - ing, Now is our faith in

oft - en sur - round us; Yet, thro' the night no ill shall con - found us—
 gloom - y and wear - y, While in our souls His love - light is cheer - y?—
 Je - sus con - fid - ing; Safe - ly our souls in love He is guid - ing,—

ad lib. CHORUS. 2 Peter 1: 19.

Un - til the day dawn Je - sus will guide us, Un - til the day dawn Je - sus will

guide us, Un - til the Day - Star a - rise in our hearts; With Him be -

ad lib.

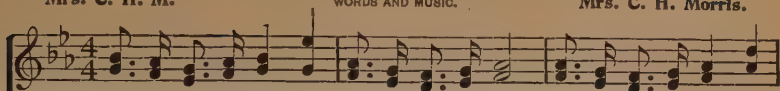
side us What can be - tide us? Un - til the day dawn Je - sus will guide us.

No. 159a. Service for Jesus is Sweet.

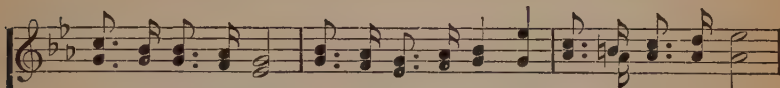
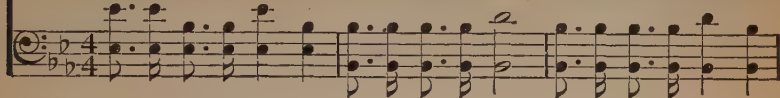
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. "Love ye one an-oth-er," 'tis the Lord's command; To a weak-er broth-er
2. Man-y hearts are sinking 'neath the weight of care, You may help to light-en
3. Time is swift-ly fly-ing, la-bor while you may, Scat-ter seeds of kind-ness



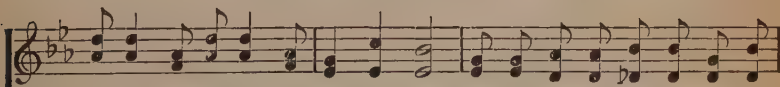
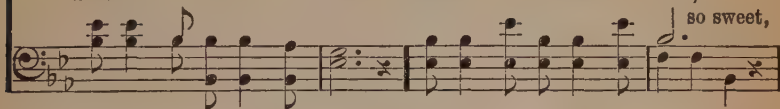
reach a help-ing hand; Take the way of serv-ice love di-vine hath planned;
and their burdens share; Be a will-ing work-er, al-ways, ev-'ry-where;
all a-long the way; Make this old world bright-er ev-'ry pass-ing day;



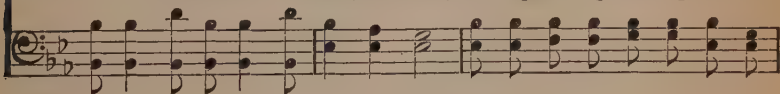
CHORUS.



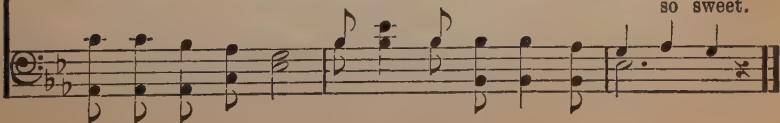
Serv-ice for Je-sus is sweet. Serv-ice for Je-sus is sweet,
so sweet,



Serv-ice for Je-sus is sweet, so sweet; Lov-ing, toil-ing, lift-ing all the



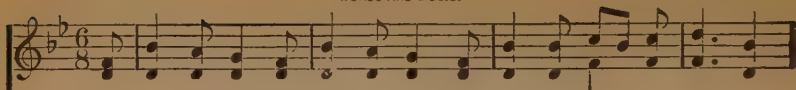
time and ev-'ry-where; Serv-ice for Je-sus is sweet,
so sweet.



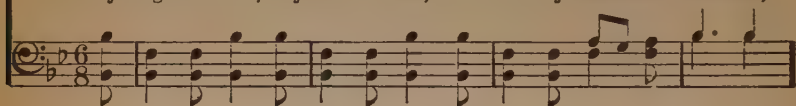
Mrs. C. H. M.

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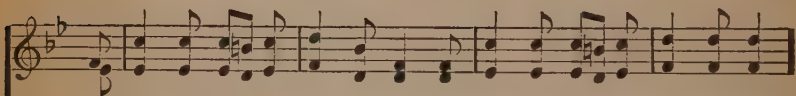
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



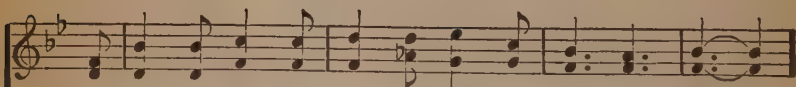
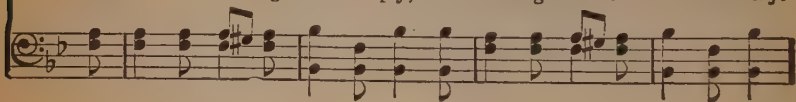
1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri-umph day is near-ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;



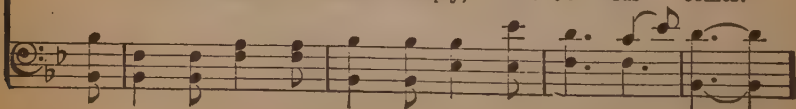
The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
 Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
 And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;



He comes the pris - ner to re - lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
 That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre - pare:
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply; the morn - ing breaks! the watchmen cry!



He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
 God's king - dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
 "A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."



Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*



Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal - le - lu - jah!



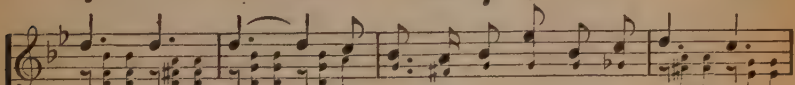
Praise His name whom an - gels in glo - ry a - dore;



Hail, all hail the con - quer - ing Li - on of Ju - dah!



He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er - more;



Hail, all hail the con - quer - ing Li - on of Ju - dah!

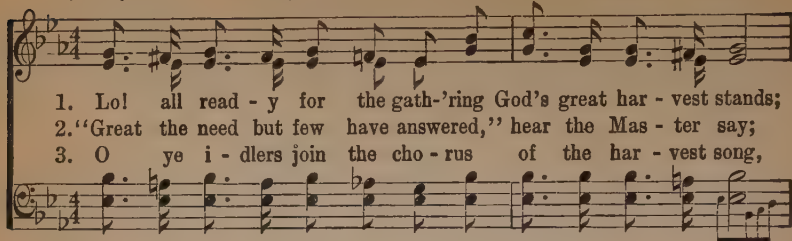


He shall reign for - ev - er - more.

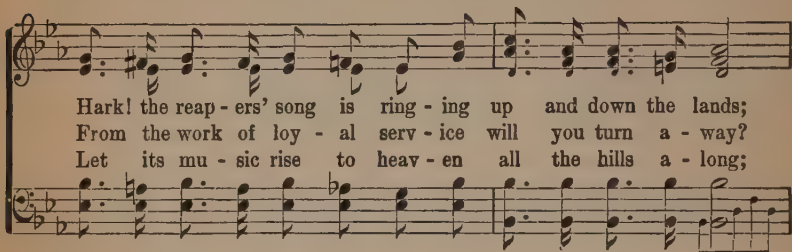
Eben Rexford.

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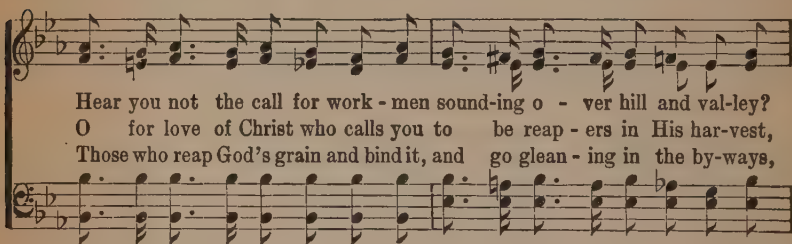
Samuel W. Beasley.



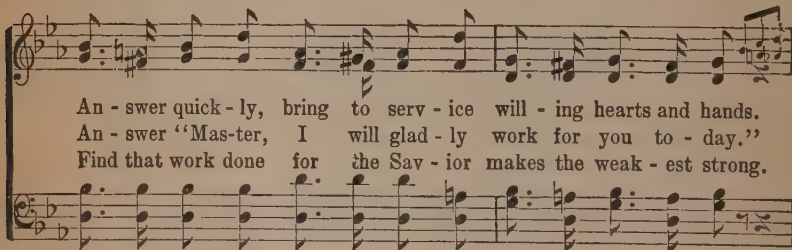
1. Lo! all read - y for the gath-'ring God's great har - vest stands;
 2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
 3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,



Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
 From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
 Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

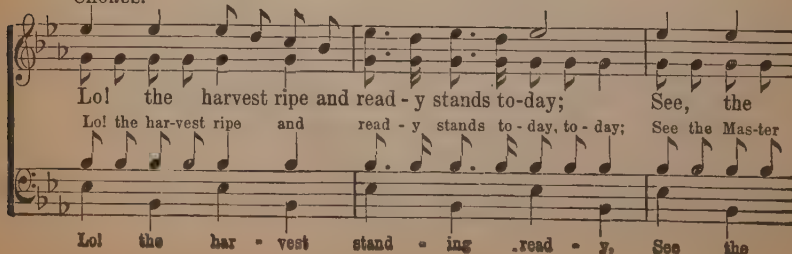


Hear you not the call for work - men sound - ing o - ver hill and val - ley?
 O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har - vest,
 Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by - ways,



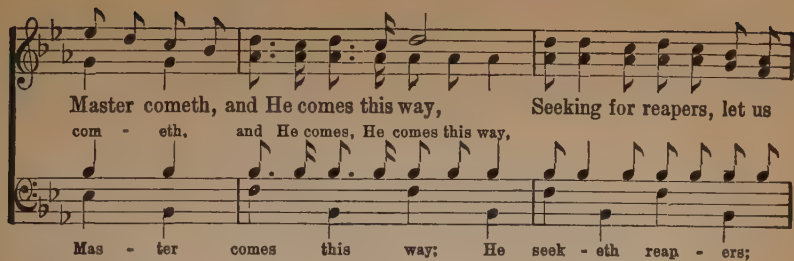
An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
 An - swer "Mas - ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
 Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

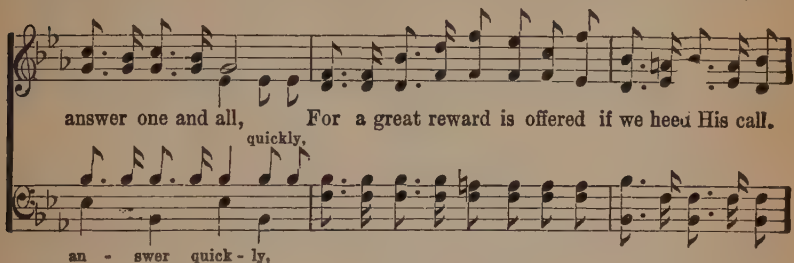


Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to - day; See, the
 Lo! the har - vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas - ter
 Lo! the har - vest stand - ing .read - y, See the

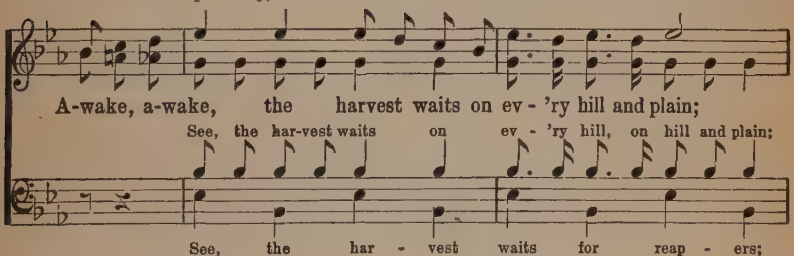
Reapers for the Harvest.



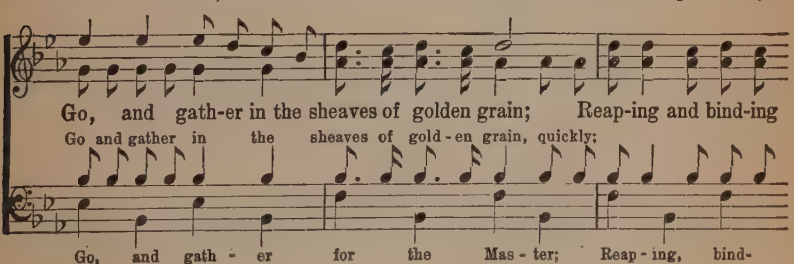
Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers, let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,
Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;



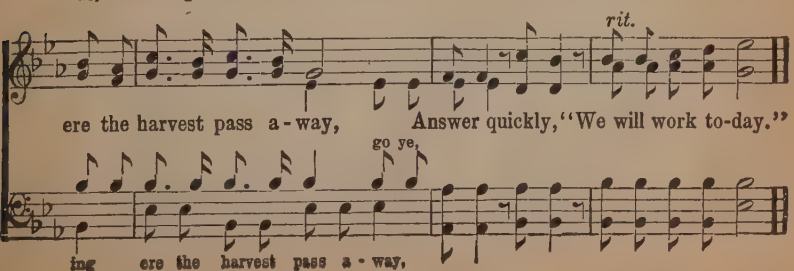
answer one and all, For a great reward is offered if we heed His call.
quickly,
an - swer quick - ly,



A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;



Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reap-ing and bind-ing
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold-en grain, quickly;
Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind-



ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,
ing ere the harvest pass a - way,

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

INTRODUCTION.

rit.

1. At Cal-v'ry's cross I met a Friend,....
 2. When I am help - less and a - lone,.....
 3. And when the Light of Heav - en fills.....

Who touched my bro - ken heart,...
 'Tis then I seek this Guide;..
 My soul with fair - est day,....

My guilt - y soul re - vived, made whole,....
 So true and kind I al - ways find.....
 I know that He is with me still,.....

O How I Love Him.

Thro' grace set me a part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .

CHORUS.

O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!

O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!

There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;

O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . . .

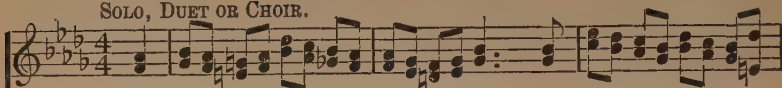
Thos. C. Whitehead.

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E. Edwin Young.

SOLO, DUET OR CHOIR.



1. Be - hold! the pa - tient Sav - ior stands Up - on the thresh - old
 2. Out - side the door and knock - ing still, An en - trance there to
 3. The day of life is has - t'ning on, But barred is still the
 4. "Too late, too late!" may be the cry, If lon - ger ye de -




floor; (threshold floor;) A Friend, all oth - er friends a - bove, A
 gain; (there to gain;) No read - y step comes forth to bring A
 door; (still the door;) The hard - ened heart which dwells with - in Is
 lay; (ye de - lay;) The door it - self may soon be fast Be -




King who rules a - lone by love, — Yet still out - side the door.
 wel - come to the Sav - ior King — Say, shall He wait in vain?
 cen - tered in it - self, and sin Has rust - ed to its core.
 yond thy reach, and Christ at last In sor - row turned a - way.



REFRAIN.



Oh, o - pen now the door to Him, Thy tru - est Friend and
 thy



*If sung by choir, basses and tenors sing small notes.

The Waiting Guest.

best; Let not the Sav-ior turn a - way, But
tru-est Friend and best;

look in - to His face and say:—"Come in, Thou wel - come
"Come in, come in, Thou

rit.

Guest, Come in, Thou welcome Guest." (Thou welcome Guest.)
wel - come Guest, Come in, Thou wel-come Guest."

No. 164. Just As I Am, Thine Own To Be.

Marianne Hearn, 1887.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. EARNSHAW.

Dr. R. H. Earnshaw.

1. Just as I am, Thine own to be, Friend of the young, Who lov-est me,
2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
3. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ev - er for the right,
4. Just as I am, young, strong and free, To be the best that I can be

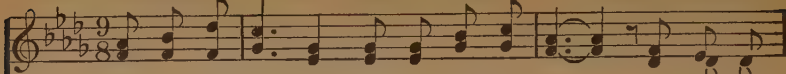
To con-se-crate my-self to Thee, O Je-sus Christ, I come, I come.
With no re-serve and no de-lay, With all my heart I come, I come.
I would serve Thee with all my might; There-fore, to Thee I come, I come.
For truth and right-eous-ness and Thee, Lord of my life, I come, I come.

Oh, What a Change!

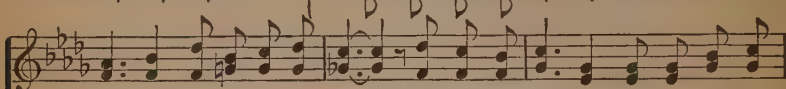
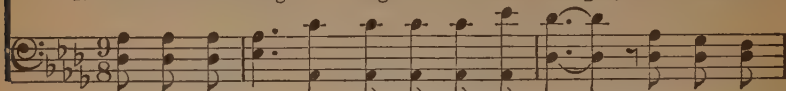
- Copyright, 1905, by Charles M. Alexander.
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

Ada R. Habershon.

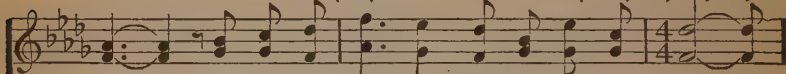
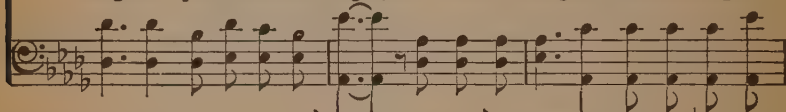
Robert Harkness.



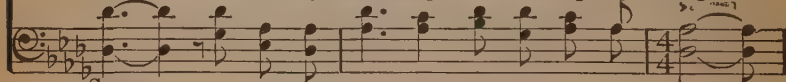
1. Soon will our Sav - ior from Heav - en ap - pear; Sweet is the
 2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Ab - sence ex -
 3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark - ness a - way, Night will be
 4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will



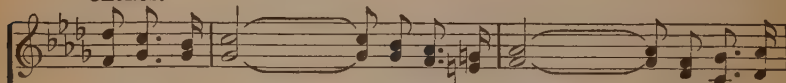
hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
 changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a mo - ment of
 changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
 change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor - row will change to un - end - ing de -



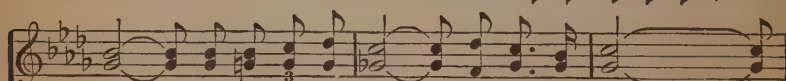
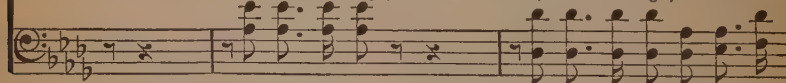
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
 time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
 calm, Weep - ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
 light, Walk - ing by faith change to walk - ing by sight!



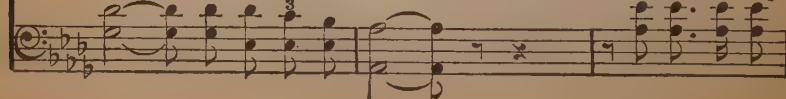
CHORUS.



Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change, When I shall
 Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,



see . . . His won - der - ful face! Oh, what a change,
 Oh, what a change,



Oh, What a Change!

Oh, what a change,..... When I shall see His face!
Oh, what a change,

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Oh, What a Change!'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

No. 166.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Unknown.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-fi-cient shall

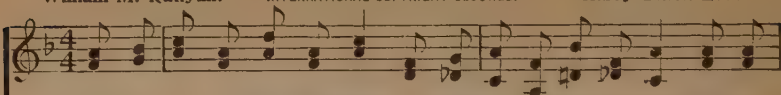
The image shows the first system of the musical score for 'How Firm a Foundation.' It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
not o-ver-flow, For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy sup-ply; The flames shall not hurt thee, I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-

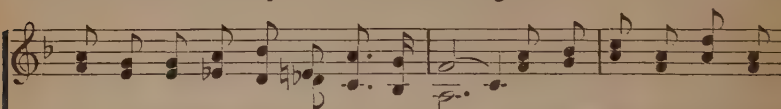
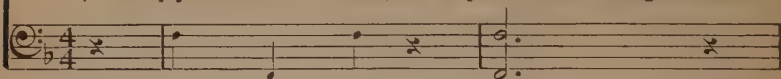
The image shows the second system of the musical score for 'How Firm a Foundation.' It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand."
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

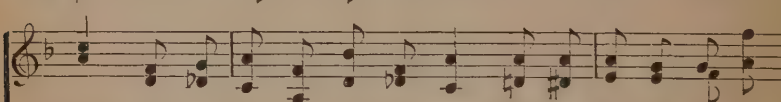
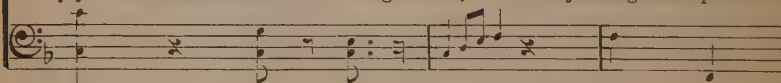
The image shows the third system of the musical score for 'How Firm a Foundation.' It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.



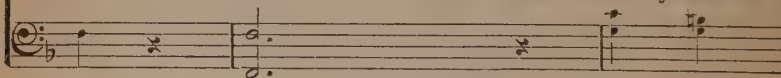
1. Tho' my way be swept with storm, I shall fear no hurt nor harm, For my
 2. When to sin my life I gave, It was He who came to save, And He
 3. O, the joy that here I know, As in peace I on-ward go! And this



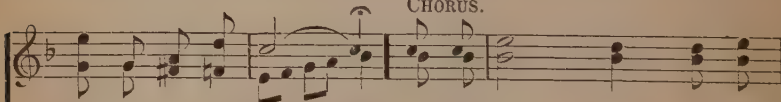
Sav - ior holds the worlds in His con - trol; And He loves me more than
 bade me leave my sins and be made whole; His dear voice I then o-
 joy will last while end - less a - ges roll; 'Tis my strength and por-tion



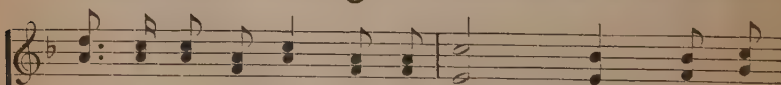
these, So I live in per - fect peace, For this Je - sus is the
 beyed, Now I live all un - a - fraid, For the Sav - ior is the
 here, 'Twill be sweet - er o - ver there When I see my bless - ed



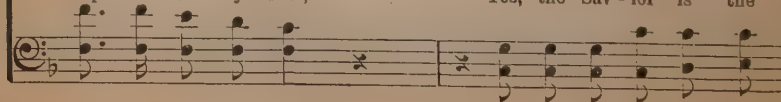
CHORUS.



keep - er of my soul. (my soul.) O the Sav - - ior is the
 keep - er of my soul. (my soul.)
 Lord who keeps my soul. (my soul.) O the Sav - ior is the



keep - er of my soul, Yes, the Sav - - ior is the
 keep - er of my soul, Yes, the Sav - ior is the



The Keeper of My Soul.

keep - er of my soul; On my way I sing-ing go,— I have
 keep - er of my soul;

rit.

peace be-cause I know That the Sav-ior is the keep-er of my soul.

This musical score is for the hymn 'The Keeper of My Soul'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The tempo is marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: 'keep - er of my soul; On my way I sing-ing go,— I have peace be-cause I know That the Sav-ior is the keep-er of my soul.'

No. 167a. Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY H. D. LOES.
 W. ELMER BAILEY, OWNER USED BY PER.

Harry Dixon Loes.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus
 Je - sus

sus, Je - - - sus; He died on the cross to
 Christ, the won - der - ful Sav - ior;

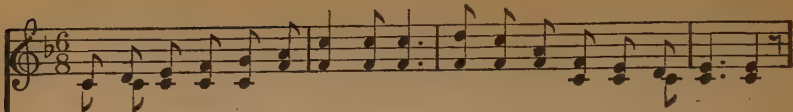
save us from sin, Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Je - sus.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Everybody Ought to Love Jesus'. It is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus. sus, Je - - - sus; He died on the cross to Christ, the won - der - ful Sav - ior; save us from sin, Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Je - sus.'

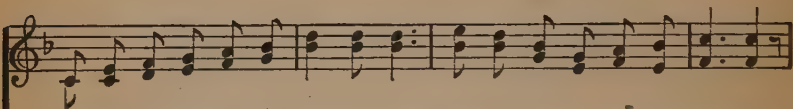
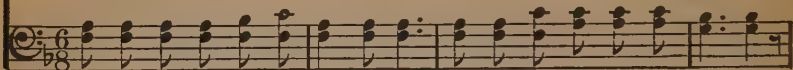
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

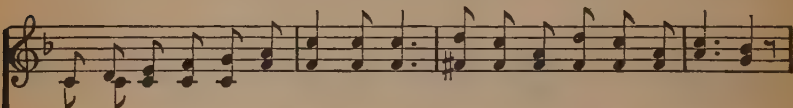
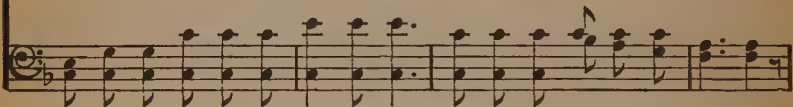
Chas. H. Gabriel.



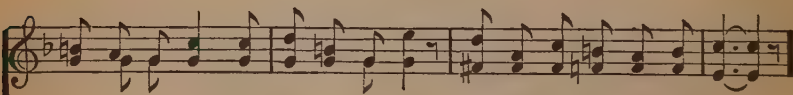
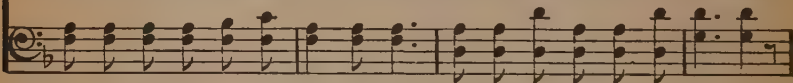
1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!



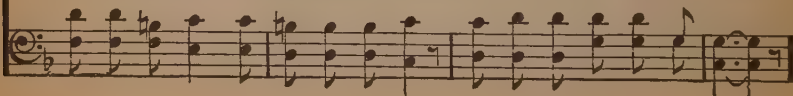
Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Woa-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;



Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and loy-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dream-ing!

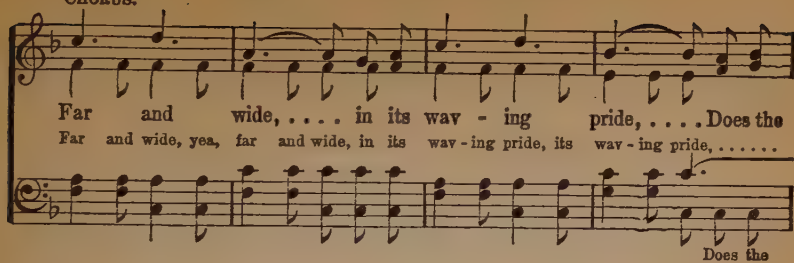


As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!



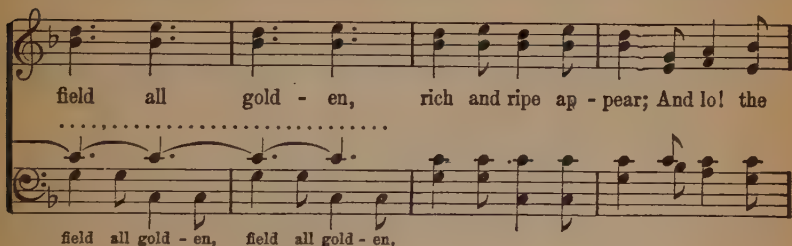
Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

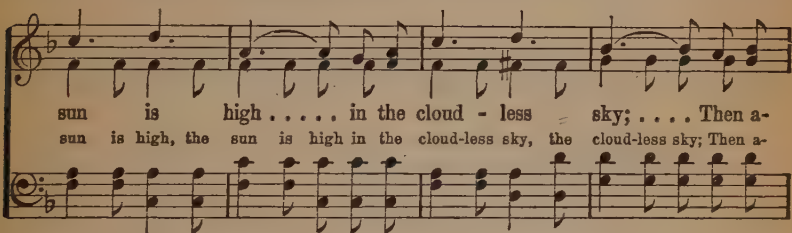


Far and wide, . . . in its wav - ing pride, . . . Does the
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, . . .

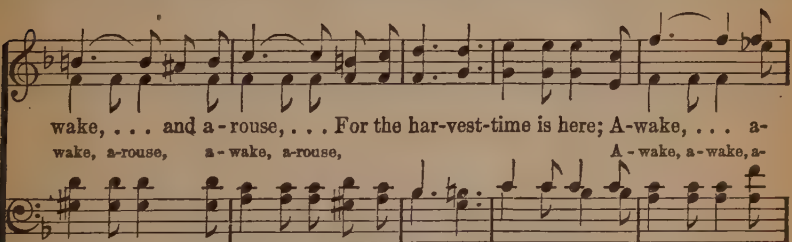
Does the



field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the
.....
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,



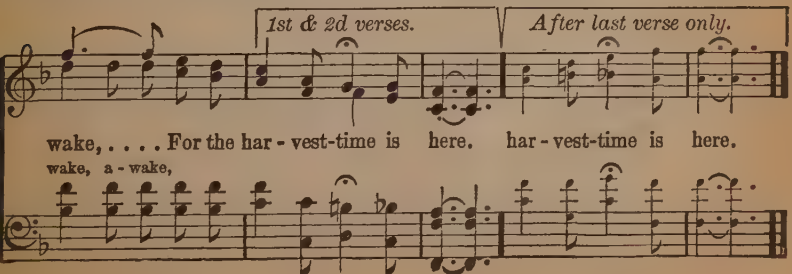
sun is high . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . Then a -
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a -



wake, . . . and a-rouse, . . . For the har-vest-time is here; A-wake, . . . a -
wake, a-rouse, a - wake, a-rouse, A - wake, a-wake, a -

1st & 2d verses.

After last verse only.



wake, . . . For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.
wake, a - wake,

H. L.

Halvor Lillenas.

1. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Great - er than all my sin;
 2. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing to all the lost,
 3. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing the most de - filed,

How shall my tongue de - scribe it, Where shall its praise be - gin?.....
 By it I have been par - doned, Saved to the ut - ter - most,.....
 By its transforming pow - er, Mak - ing him God's dear child,.....

Tak - ing a - way my bur - den, Set - ting my spir - it free;
 Chains have been torn a - sun - der, Giv - ing me lib - er - ty;
 Pur - chas - ing peace and heav - en, For all e - ter - ni - ty;

For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
 For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
 And the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.

CHORUS.

the matchless grace of Je - sus,
 Won - der - ful the matchless grace of Je - - sus, Deep - er than the

Wonderful Grace of Jesus.—Concluded.

the roll-ing sea; Won - - der - ful
might-y roll-ing sea;..... High-er than the mountain,

grace spark-ling like a foun-tain, All suf-fi-cient grace for e - ven

me, for e - ven me,
me,..... Broad - er than the scope of my trans-

gres - sions, Great-er far than all my sin and shame,.....
gres-sions, sing it! my sin and shame,

O mag-ni-fy the pre-cious name of Je - sus, Praise His name!

How Sweet the Name.

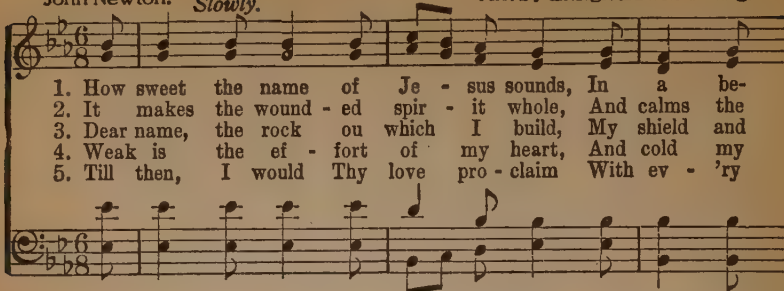
(As sung by Gipsy Smith.)

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG.

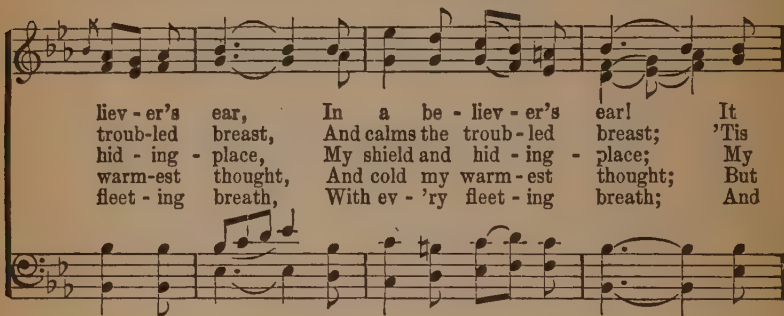
John Newton.

Slowly.

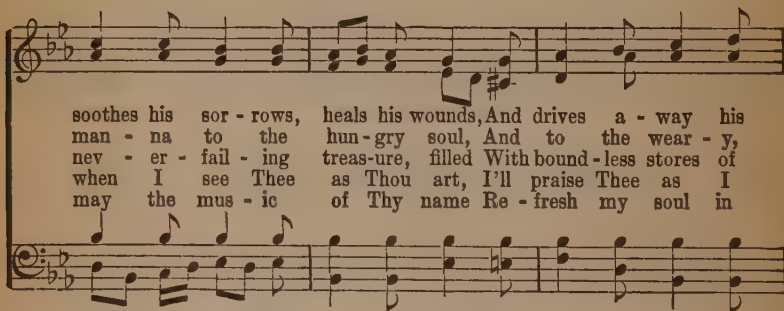
Arr. by Ensign Edwin Young.



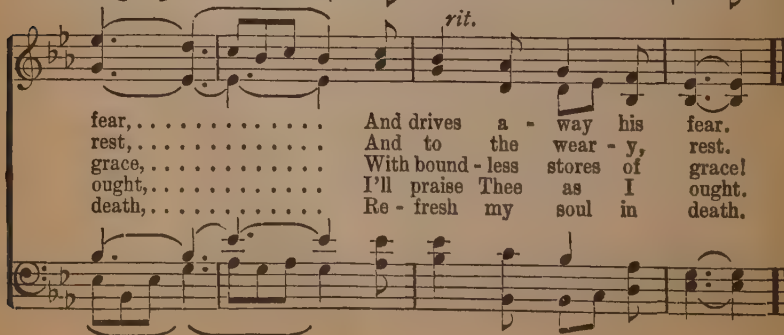
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be-
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the
 3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and
 4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my
 5. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry



liev - er's ear, In a be - liev - er's ear! It
 troub - led breast, And calms the troub - led breast; 'Tis
 hid - ing - place, My shield and hid - ing - place; My
 warm - est thought, And cold my warm - est thought; But
 fleet - ing breath, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; And



soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his
 man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y,
 nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, filled With bound - less stores of
 when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I
 may the mus - ic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in



fear,..... And drives a - way his fear.
 rest,..... And to the wear - y, rest.
 grace,..... With bound - less stores of grace!
 ought,..... I'll praise Thee as I ought.
 death,..... Re - fresh my soul in death.

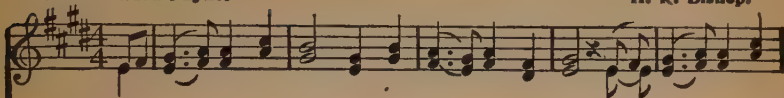
Patriotic Selections

No. 171.

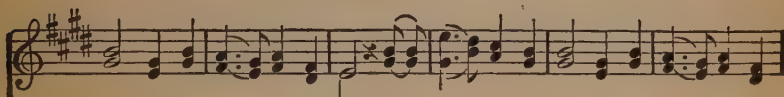
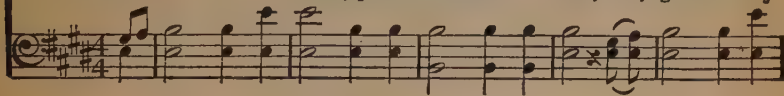
Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

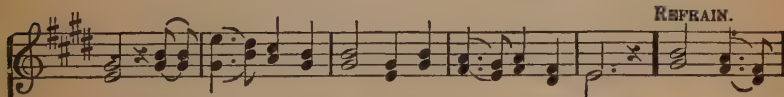
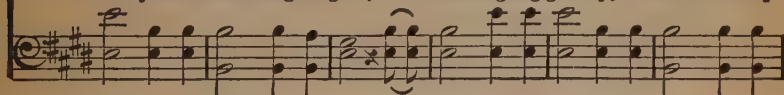
H. R. Bishop.



1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my

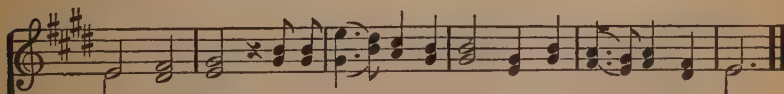
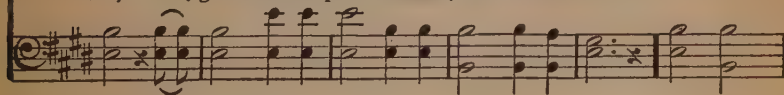


humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
low - ly thatched cottage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my

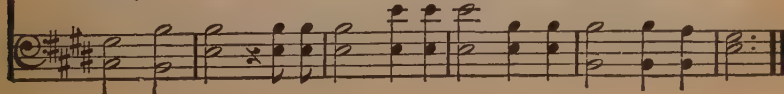


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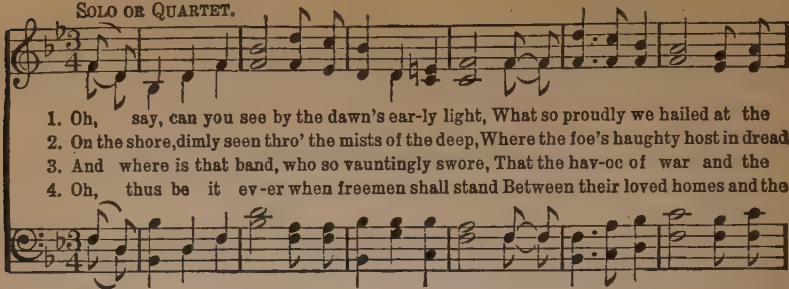
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Oh, give me that peace of mind, dear-er that all.



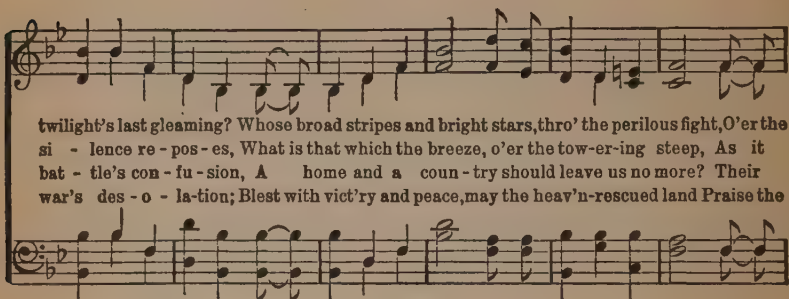
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.



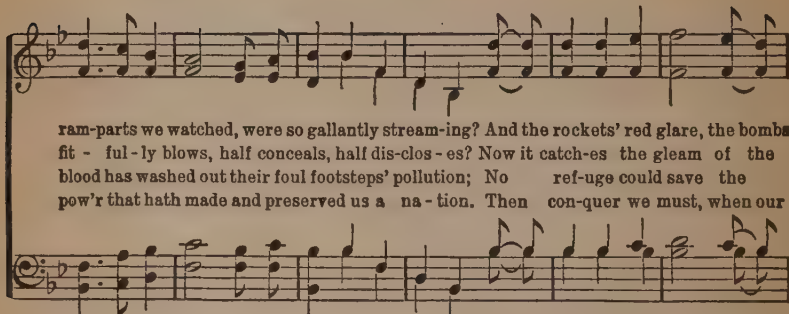
SOLO OR QUARTET.



1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the

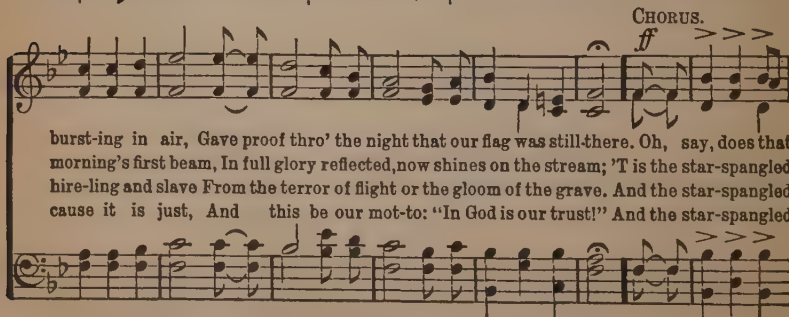


twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



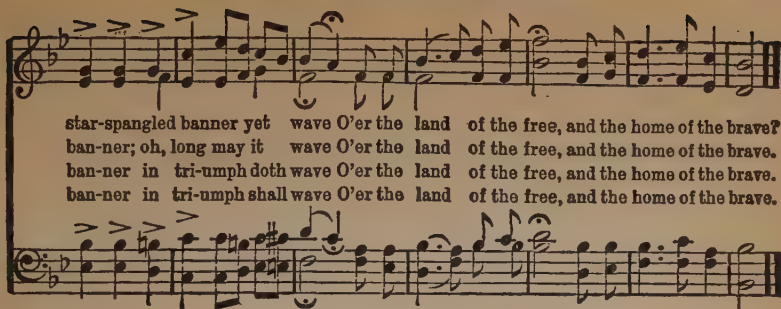
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly stream-ing? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
 pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS.
ff > > >



burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'T is the star-spangled
 hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.



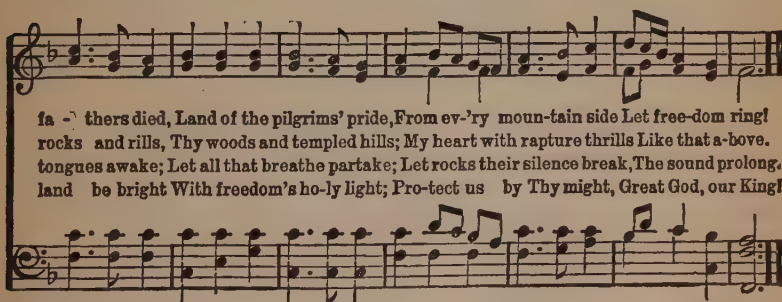
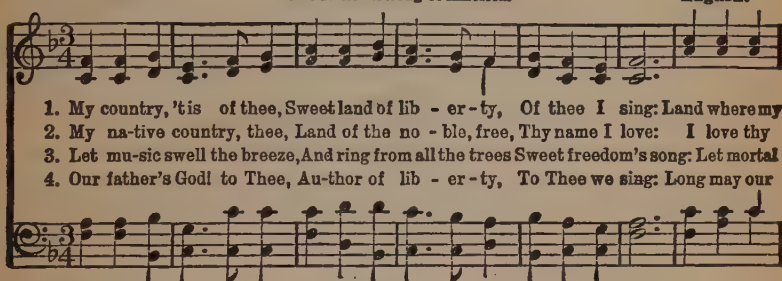
No. 173.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.



No. 174.

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King:
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us;
 God save the King.

2.

Through every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King;
 Long may he reign:
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain,

3.

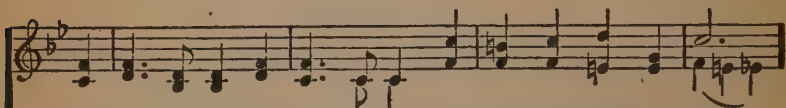
Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour;
 Long may he reign:
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

Katharine Lee Bates.

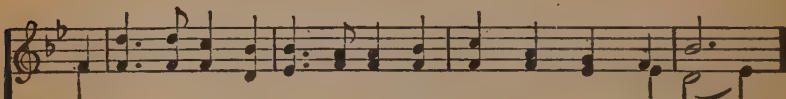
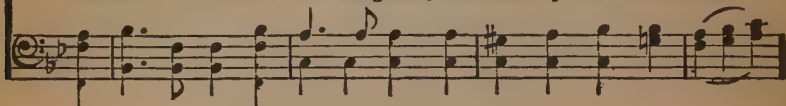
S. A. Ward.



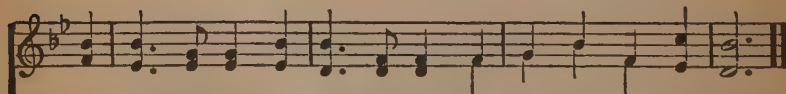
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



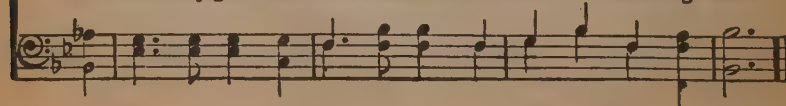
For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
 A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
 Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
 Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Undimmed by hu-man tears!



A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,
 A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
 A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal May God thy gold re-fine,
 A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,



And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal
 Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
 Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
 And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal



1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion, A world offers homage to thee.
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!

Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

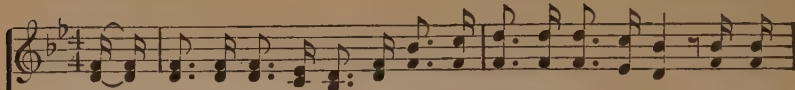
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

D. S.

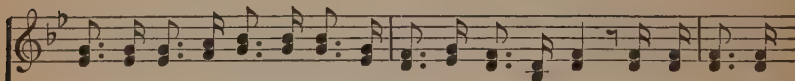
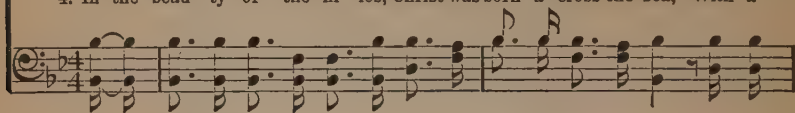
No. 177. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

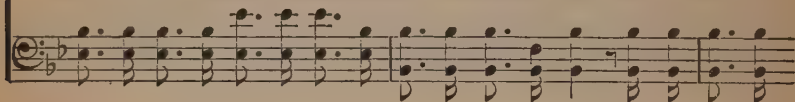
Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."



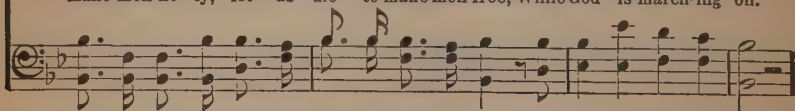
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er sound re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



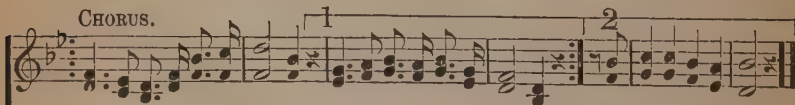
tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.

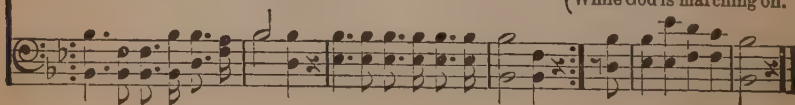


CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

{ His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.



Grand Old Favorites

No. 178.

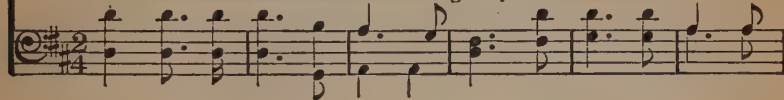
Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts.

G. F. Handel.



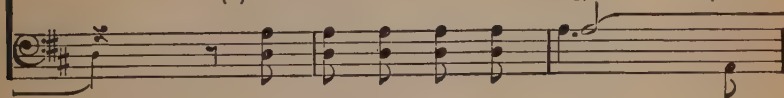
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Northorns in-fest the
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions



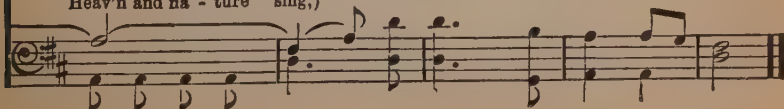
King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And
ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far
prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And

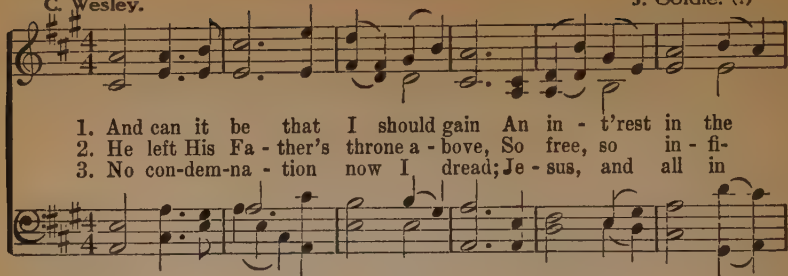


Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture
as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His
(1) And Heav'n and na-ture sing, (And

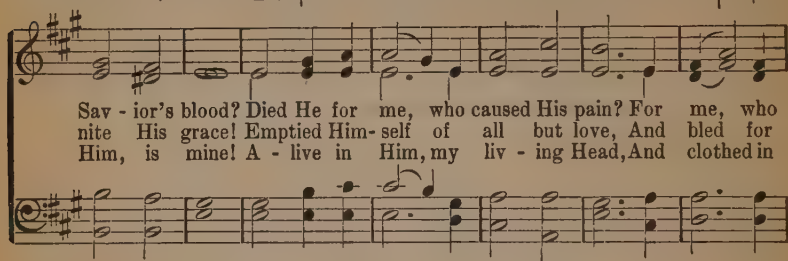


sing, And Heav'n, And Heav'n and na-ture sing.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders, And won-ders of His love.
Heav'n and na-ture sing,)

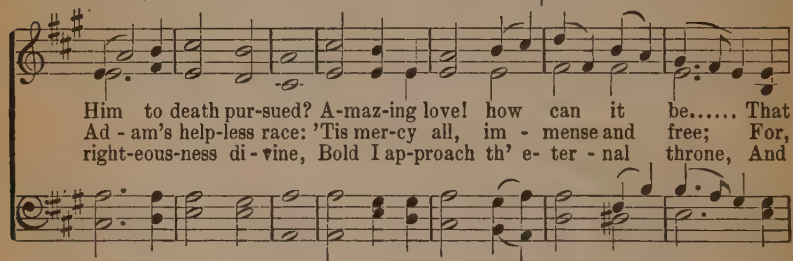




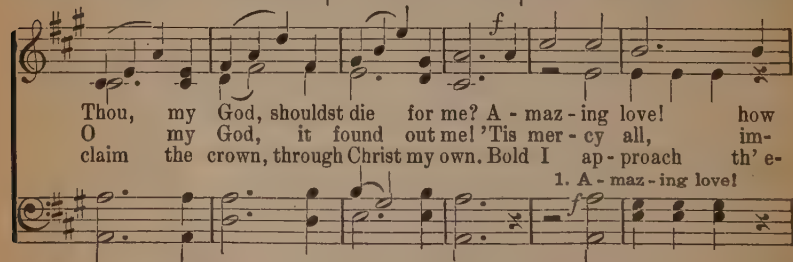
1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the
 2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so in - fi -
 3. No con-dem-na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in



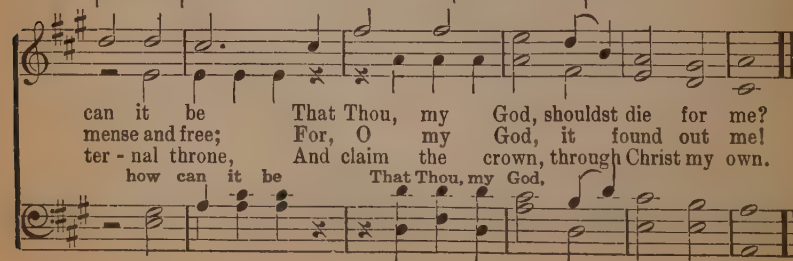
Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who
 nite His grace! Emptied Him - self of all but love, And bled for
 Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in



Him to death pur-sued? A-maz-ing love! how can it be..... That
 Ad - am's help-less race: 'Tis mer-cy all, im - mense and free; For,
 right-eous-ness di-vine, Bold I ap-proach th' e - ter - nal throne, And



Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - maz - ing love! how
 O my God, it found out me! 'Tis mer - cy all, im -
 claim the crown, through Christ my own. Bold I ap - proach th' e -
 1. A - maz - ing love!



can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 mense and free; For, O my God, it found out me!
 ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
 how can it be That Thou, my God,

Arise, My Soul, Arise!

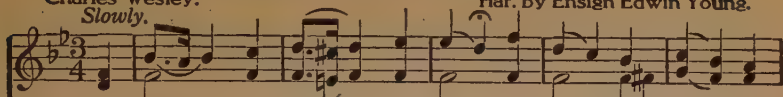
As sung by Gipsy Smith.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY WM. MCEWAN & E. E. YOUNG.

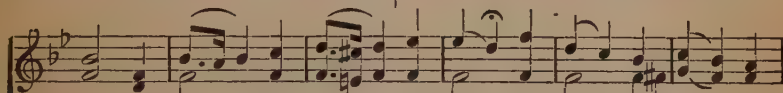
Charles Wesley.

Slowly.

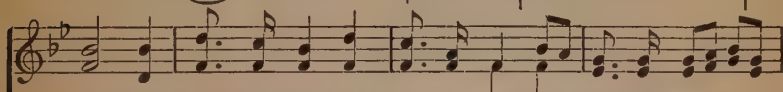
Har. by Ensign Edwin Young.



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter -
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va -
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear A - noint - ed
 5. My God is rec - on - ciled, His par - d'ning voice I



fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be-half ap -
 pede—His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to
 ry; They pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong - ly plead for
 One; He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His
 hear; He owns me for His child—I can no lon - ger



pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands: My name is writ - ten
 plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the
 me. "For - give him, oh, for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed
 Son: His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am
 fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba,



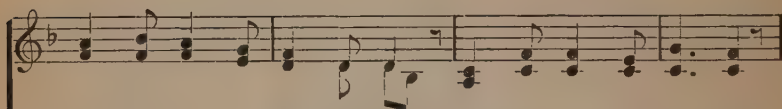
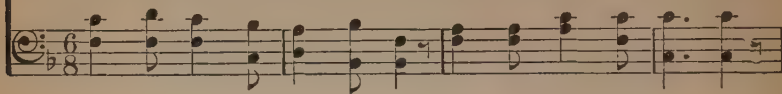
on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
 sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
 born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
 Fa - ther!" cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

Fanny J. Crosby.

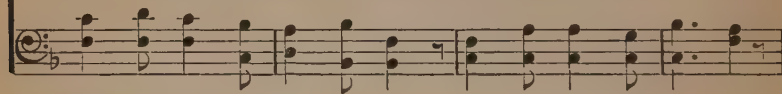
W. H. Doane.



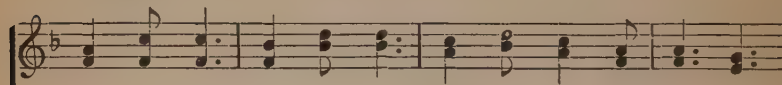
1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,



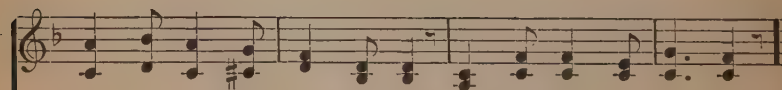
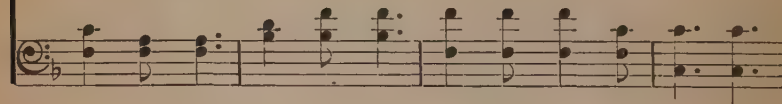
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.



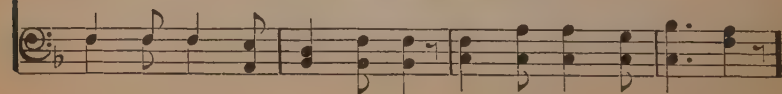
REFRAIN.



In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,



Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.



No. 182.

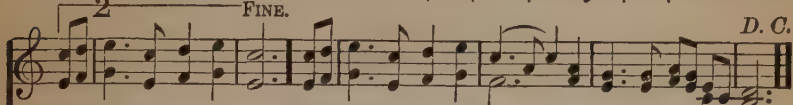
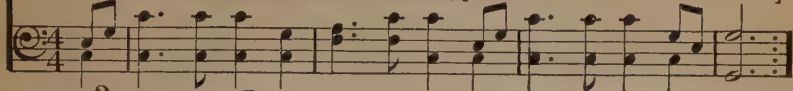
Cowper.

There is a Fountain.

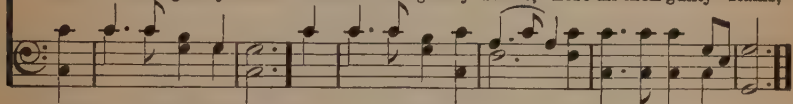
E. O. E. Arr.



1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-mān-uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit]



Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains;



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

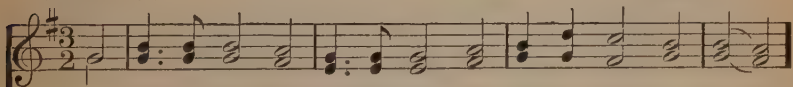
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 183.

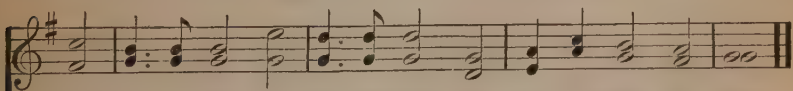
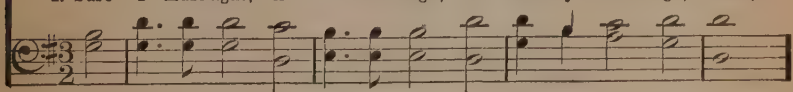
Isaac Watts.

Am I a Soldier?

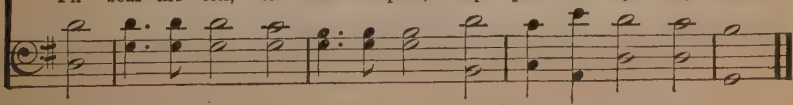
Thomas Arne.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.



No. 184. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed.

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 185. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-na'an on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

glo-ry in my soul Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 186.

All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my heart I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to [Omit] Him;
D. C.—Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be-longs to [Omit] Him.

Ev - er-more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell - ing,

2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Pleading for the young and hoary,
Telling of His power and glory,
Singing o'er and o'er the story,
It belongs to Him.

3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Loving Him for love unceasing,
For His mercy e'er increasing,
For His watch-care never ceasing,
It belongs to Him.

4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
It belongs to Him.

No. 187. Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

John G. Whittier, 1872.

Frederick C. Maker, 1887.

1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our fev'rish ways; Reclothe us in our
2. In simple trust like theirs who heard, Beside the Syr-ian sea, The gracious calling
3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i - leel O calm of hills a - bove! Where Jesus knelt to
4. Drop thy still dews of qui-et-ness Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
5. Breathe thro' the hearts of our de-sire Thy coolness and thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let

right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep-er rev-'rence praise.
of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word. Rise up and fol-low Thee.
share with thee The si-lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret-ed by love.
strain and stress, And let our ordered lives con-fess The beau - ty of thy peace.
flesh re - tire; Speak thro' the earth-quake, wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm!

No. 188.

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN. D. D.
USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di- vide you,-

CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je- sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

feet; God be with you till we meet a- gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 189.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door Let Him in;
 He has been there oft be-fore, [Omit] Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Savior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
 D. S.—Let Him in. D. S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
 Let Him in;
 If you wait He will depart,
 Let Him in;
 Let Him in, He is your Friend,
 He your soul will sure defend,
 He will keep you to the end,
 Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
 Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
 Let Him in;
 He is standing at your door,
 Joy to you He will restore,
 And His name you will adore,
 Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
 Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast,
 Let Him in;
 He will speak your sins forgiven,
 And when earth-ties all are riven,
 He will take you home to heav'n,
 Let Him in.

No. 191.

Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. M. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
 2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u-mi-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo-ry and the grace
 4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an-gels, on our eyes

REFRAIN

Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 192.

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ~~me~~ fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 193.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, } { In sea-sons }
 { And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } wishes known! { My soul has }
 D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return!
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 194. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.

1. { Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; }
 { Work while the dew is sparkling, } Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
 D.C.—Work for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute,
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming.
 When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset sky;
 While the bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeeth,
 Fadeeth to shine no more,
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

No. 195.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 196.

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 197

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher - u - bim and se - ra - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 198.

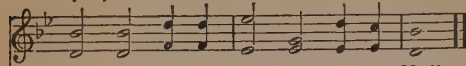
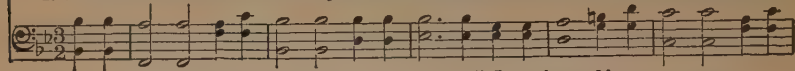
Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.

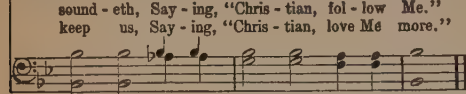


1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would



sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.



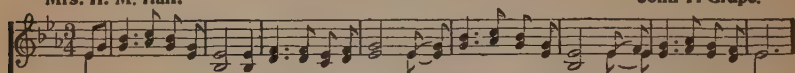
- 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 199.

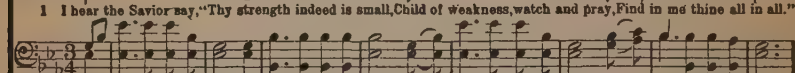
Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

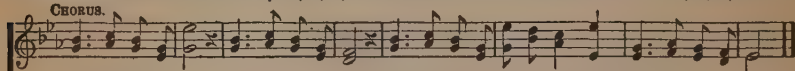
John T. Grape.



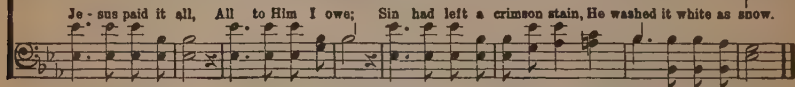
- 1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."



CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.



- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

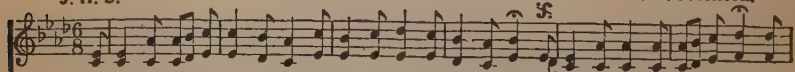
- 4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 200.

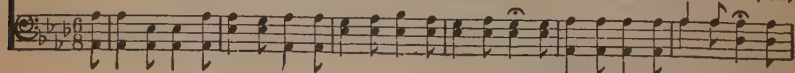
Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

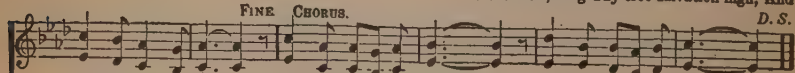
J. H. Stockton.



1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No pre - a - ration can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,



D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And



take me as I am.

Take me as I am,...

Take me as I am;.....

Take me, take me as I am.

Take me, take me as I am;



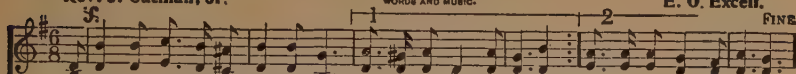
take me as I am.

No. 201. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

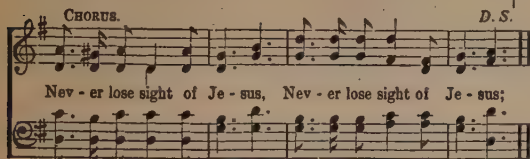


1. { O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus; } Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.
He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand, } Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, } Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.



CHORUS.

D. S.



Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus;

- 3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

- 1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly Never lose sight of Jesus; [land,
He'll lead you gently with loving Never lose sight of Jesus. [hand,
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go Never lose sight of Jesus; [astray,
Press onward, upward, the narrow Never lose sight of Jesus. [way,
4 When death is knocking outside the Never lose sight of Jesus; [door,
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore, Never lose sight of Jesus.

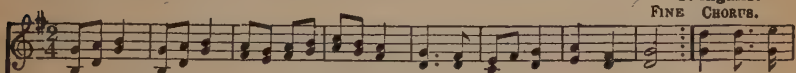
No. 202.

Come, Ye Sinners.

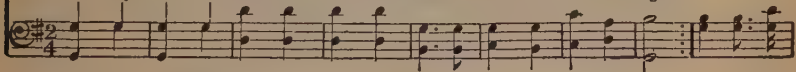
Hart.

J. Ingalls.

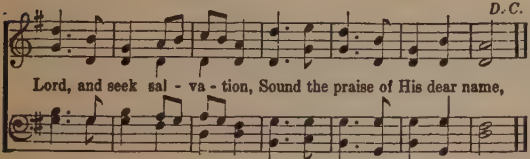
FINE CHORUS.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }
Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.



D. C.



Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

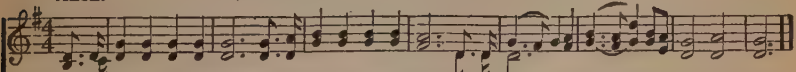
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance, All the fitness He requireth
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. Is to feel your need of Him.
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 203.

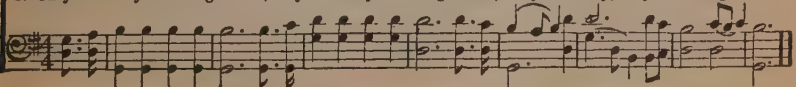
Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon.

Unknown.



1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.



- 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc. 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. 7 There is glory all around, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. 6 Let him that heareth come, etc. 8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 204. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor - rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, - A ran - somed soul.

No. 205. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 206. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } Sweetest note in ser - aph song,
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
 D. S. - Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

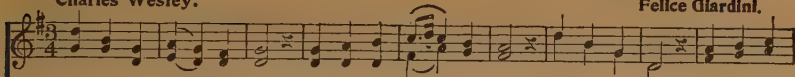
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

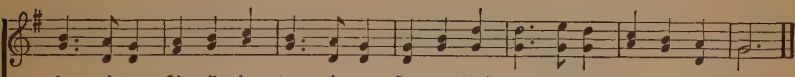
No. 207. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of - hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 208. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 209. Onward!

Key E.

- 1 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before!
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see His banner go!

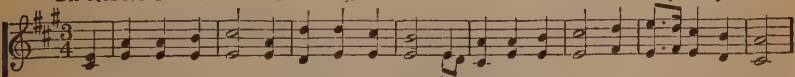
REFRAIN.

- Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
- 2 Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have
trod;
We are not divided; all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
- 3 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor, unto Christ the King;
This thro' countless ages men and angels sing,

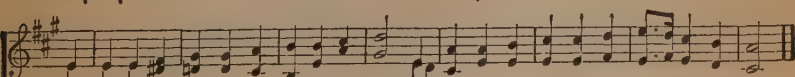
No. 210. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant.

Francis Joseph Hayden.



1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - ri - ous a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won - der - ful love;



Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.

No. 211.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 212.

Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
 2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

No. 213.

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

FINE

D. S.

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
 { And live re - joic - ing ev'-ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's
 done;

I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.

No. 214: O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

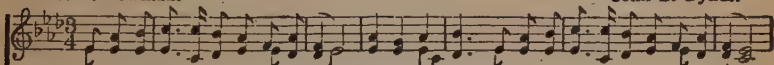


back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that a-ll end - less be.

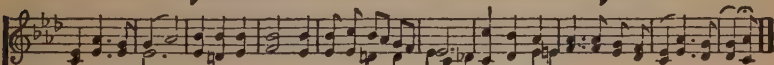
No. 215. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

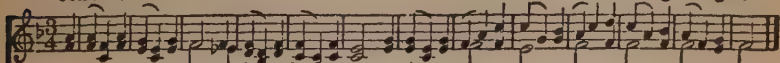


Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

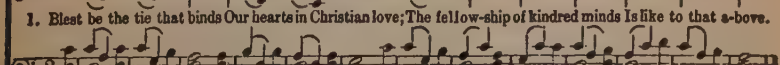
No. 216. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Nagel.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.



2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; [one, Our fears, our hopes, our aims are Our comforts and our cares.	3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.	4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
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No. 217. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. BY PER. OF THE ESTATE OF WM. G. FISCHER. DEC'D. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and His glo-ry
 2. I love to tell the sto-ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies
 3. I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing

Of Je-sus and His love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;
 Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me;
 More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry, For some have nev-er heard
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat-is-fies my long-ings as noth-ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry,
 The mes-sage of sal-va-tion From God's own ho-ly word.
 'Twill be the old, old sto-ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

No. 218. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long-ing for Thy
 4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

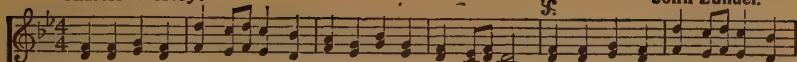
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 rath-er; Let Thy mer-cy light on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
 fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
 boundless Mag-ni-fy them all in me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.

No. 219.

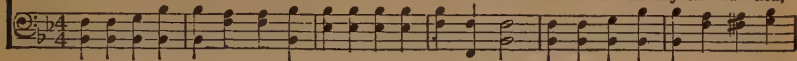
Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

John Zundel.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,



FINE

D. S.

All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart!



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! (Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
ing, Glory in Thy perfect love!

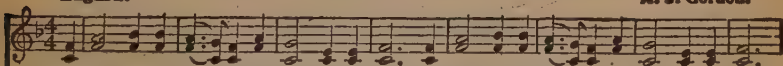
4 Finish then Thy new-creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and prai-se.

No. 220.

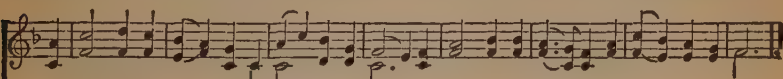
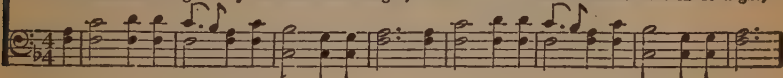
My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

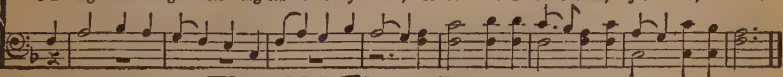
A. J. Gordon.



1. My Je-sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol-lies of sin I re-sign;
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-dore Thee in heav-en so bright;



My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my Sav-ior art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing crown on my brow; "If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now."

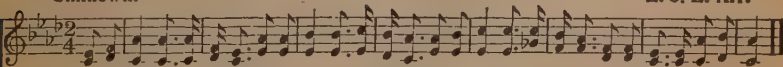


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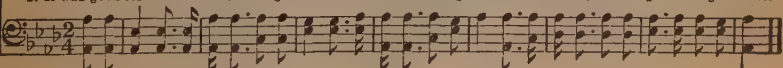
The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.



CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.



2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 222.

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privi - lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry

FINE D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!</p> | <p>2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.</p> | <p>3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. (these,</p> |
|---|---|---|

No. 223.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with -

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 224. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, (Omit) O Lamb of God, I come!

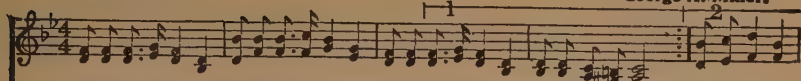
1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer.
2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

No. 225.

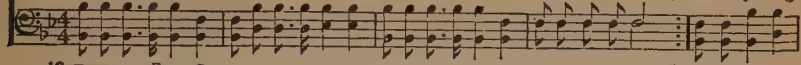
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

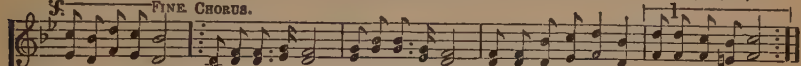
George A. Minor.



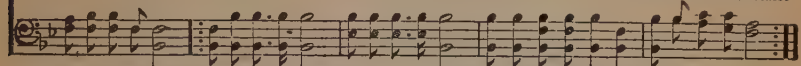
1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; }
 { Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing



5. FINE CHORUS.



bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 D.S.—Second time.



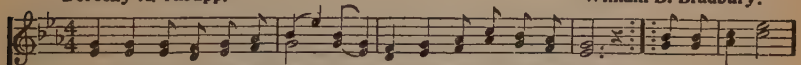
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 226.

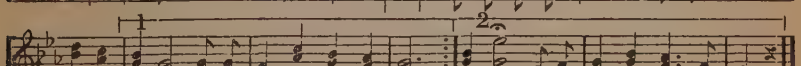
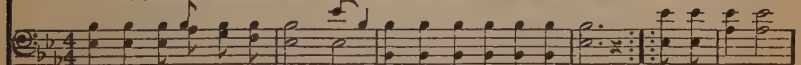
Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

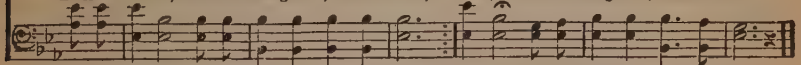
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: }
 { In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: } Bless-ed Je-sus,



Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.



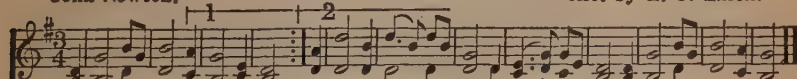
- 2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 227

Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.



1. { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.



- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
 And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
 I have already come; [snares,
 'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
 And grace will lead me home. [far,
- 4 When we've been there ten thou-
 Bright shining as the sun, [and years
 We've no less days to sing God's
 Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 228.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an- noy, Nev-er shall the

es-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for-sake me; Lol it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adda more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 229.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

John Wyeth.

FINE

2 D.C.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing; Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; (it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 230. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; }
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; }
Let the fiery, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey through: } Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my

want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

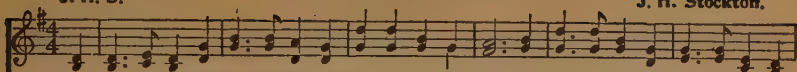
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 231.

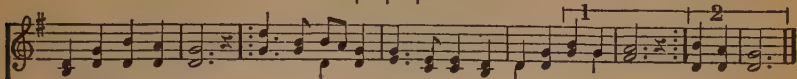
J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where



trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

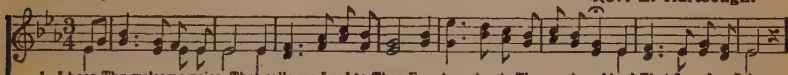


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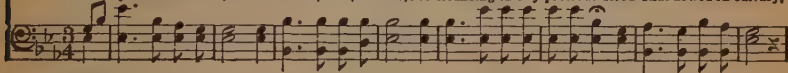
L. H.

I Am Coming, Lord.

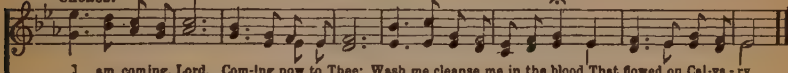
Rev. L. Hartsough.



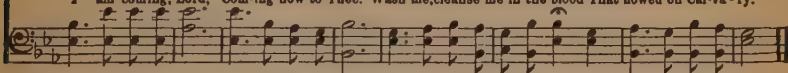
1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.



CHORUS.



- 1 am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.



- 2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

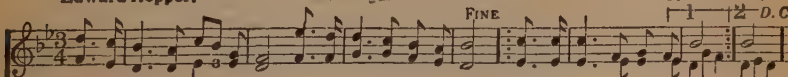
- 4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 233.

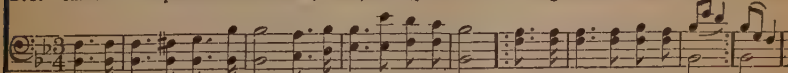
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un - known waves before me roll, }
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi - lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;



- 1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

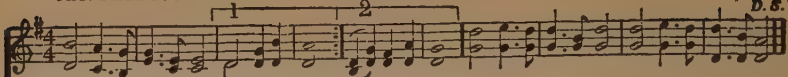
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 234. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

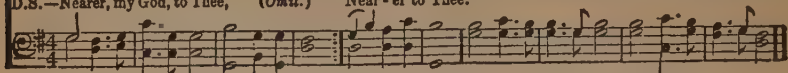
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.

D. S.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near-er to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

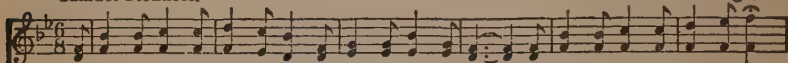
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

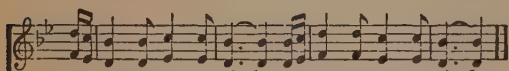
No. 235. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

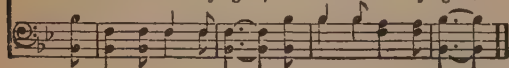
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.



4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

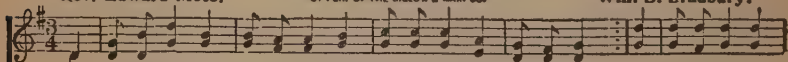
No. 236.

The Solid Rock.

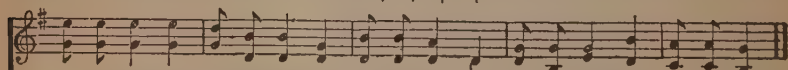
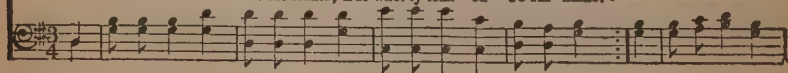
Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

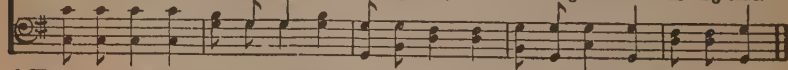
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1 { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.



Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.



2 When darkness veils His lovely face; 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
I rest on His unchanging grace; Support me in the whelming flood; O may I then in Him be found,
In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way, Drest in His righteousness alone,
My anchor holds within the veil, He then is all my hope and stay. Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 237.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished

FINE

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 238. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 239. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle;
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

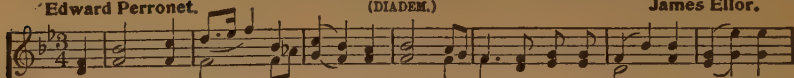
3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 240. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

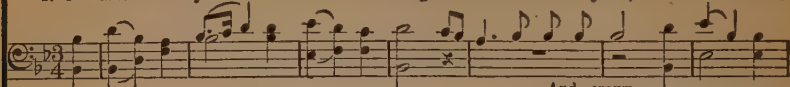
Edward Perronet.

(DIADEM.)

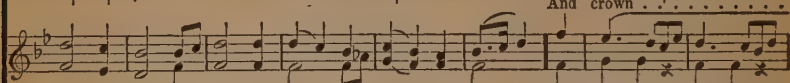
James Ellor.



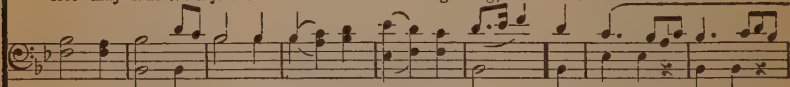
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His



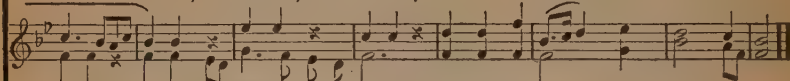
And crown



pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown



. Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him, crown Him,



crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;
. Him, Crown Him, crown . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!



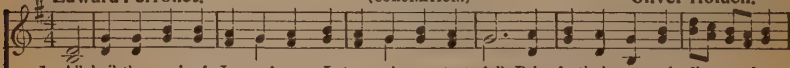
crown Him Crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 241. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

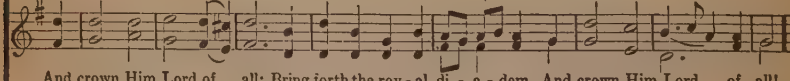
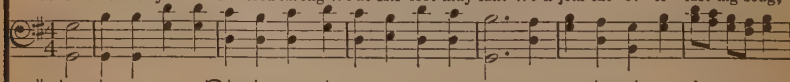
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

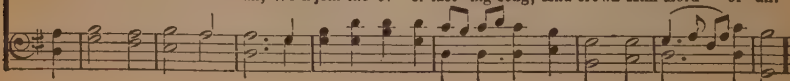
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - crite,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,



And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj-es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!



No. 242

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 243.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 244. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye
praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is to ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 245.

Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;
FINE
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

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